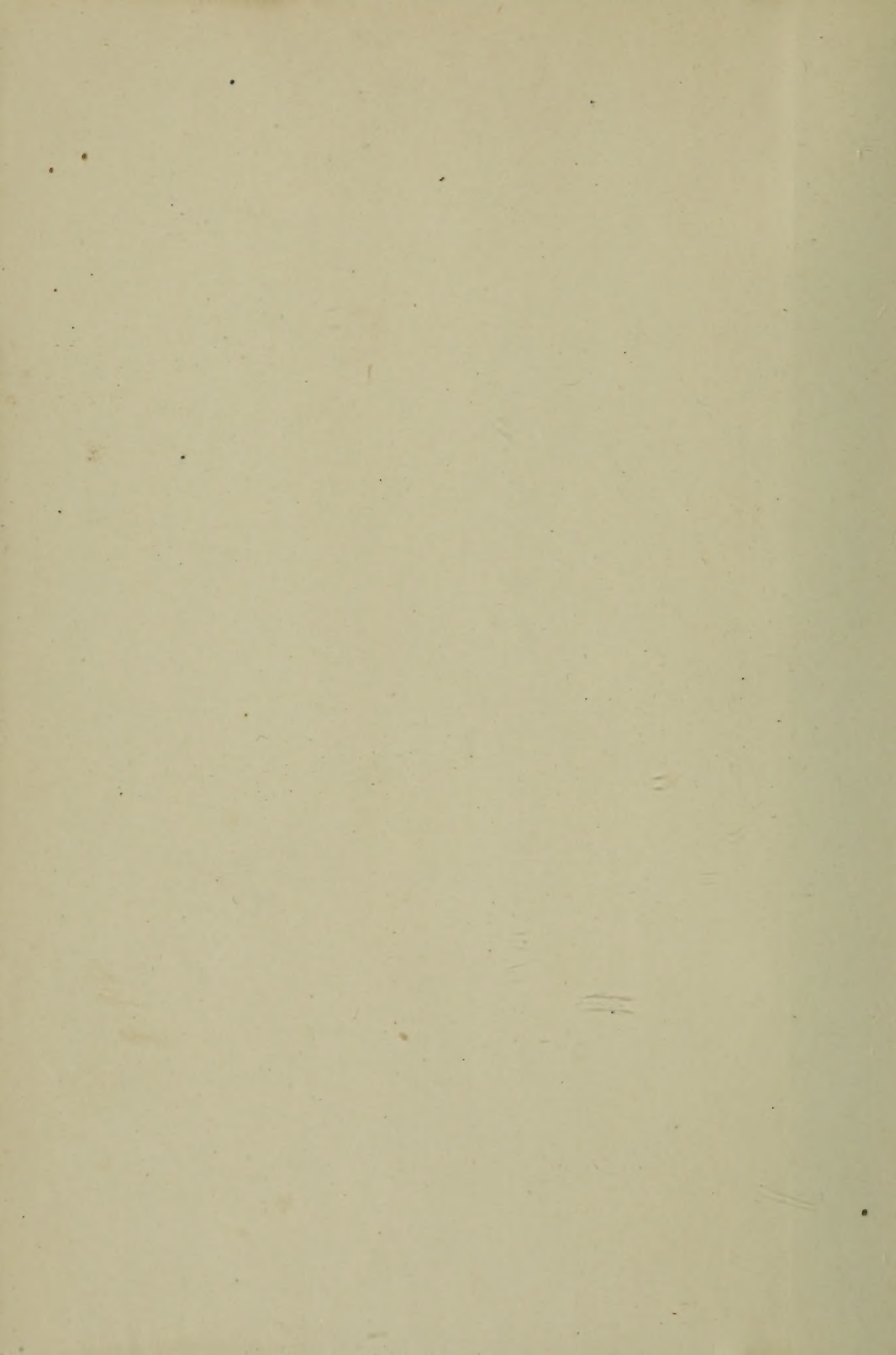
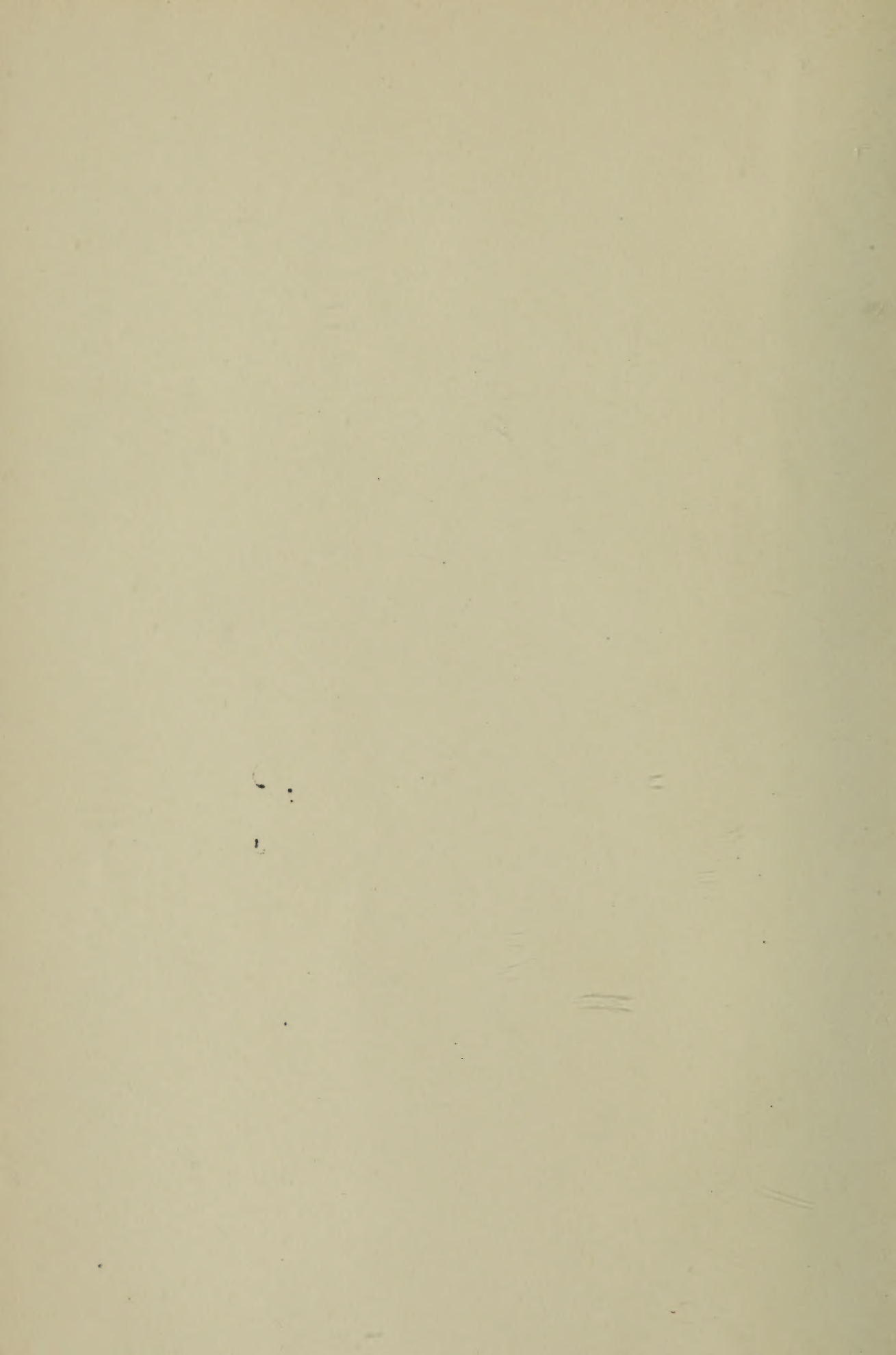




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The Forum

JANUARY, 1910

A MAN OF DEVON

I.

MOOR, July 20.

. . . It's quiet here, sleepy rather—a farm is never quiet; the sea, too, is only a quarter of a mile away, and when it's windy, the sound of it travels up the combe; for distraction you must go four miles to Brixham or five to Kingswear, and you won't find much then. The farm lies in a sheltered spot, scooped, so to speak, high up the combe side—behind is a rise of fields, and beyond, a sweep of down. You have the feeling of being able to see quite far, which is misleading, as you soon find out if you walk. It is true Devon country—hills, hollows, hedge-banks, lanes dipping down into the earth or going up like the sides of houses, coppices, cornfields, and little streams wherever there's a place for one; but the downs along the cliff, all gorse and ferns, are wild. The combe ends in a sandy cove with black rock on one side, pinkish cliffs away to the headland on the other, and a coastguard station. Just now, with the harvest coming on, everything looks its richest, the apples ripening, the trees almost too green. It's very hot, still weather; the country and the sea seem to sleep in the sun. In front of the farm are half-a-dozen pines that look as if they had stepped out of another land, but all round the back is orchard as lush, and gnarled, and orthodox as any one could wish. The house, a long, white building with three levels of roof, and splashes of brown all over it, looks as if it might be growing down into the earth. It was freshly thatched two years ago—and that's all the newness there is about it; they say the front door, oak, with iron knobs, is three hundred years old at least. You can touch the ceilings with your hand. The windows certainly might be larger—a heavenly old place, though, with a flavor of apples, smoke, sweetbrier, bacon, honeysuckle, and age, all over it.

The owner is a man called John Ford, about seventy, and seventeen stone in weight—very big, on long legs, with a gray, stubbly beard, gray, watery eyes, short neck and purplish complexion; he is asthmatic, and has a very courteous, autocratic manner. His clothes are made of Harris tweed—except on Sundays, when he puts on black—a seal ring, and a thick gold cable chain. There's nothing mean or small about John Ford; I suspect him of a warm heart, but he doesn't let you know much about him. He's a North-countryman by birth, and has been out in New Zealand all his life. This little Devonshire farm is all he has now. He had a large "station" in the North Island; and was much looked up to, kept open house, did everything, as one would guess, in a narrow-minded, large-handed way. He came to grief suddenly; I don't quite know how. I believe his only son lost money on the turf, and then, unable to face his father, shot himself; if you had seen John Ford, you could imagine that. His wife died, too, that year. He paid up to the last penny, and came home, to live on this farm. He told me the other night that he had only one relation in the world, his granddaughter, who lives here with him. Pasiance Voisey—old spelling for Patience, but they pronounce it Pash-yence—is sitting out here with me at this moment on a sort of rustic loggia that opens into the orchard. Her sleeves are rolled up, and she's stripping currants, ready for black currant tea. Now and then she rests her elbows on the table, eats a berry, pouts her lips, and begins again. She has a round, little face, a long, slender body; cheeks like poppies; a bushy mass of black-brown hair; and dark brown, almost black, eyes; her nose is snub, her lips quick; red, rather full, all her motions quick and soft. She loves bright colors. She's rather like a little cat; sometimes she seems all sympathy, then in a moment as hard as tortoiseshell. She's all impulse; yet she doesn't like to show her feelings; I sometimes wonder whether she has any. She plays the violin.

It's queer to see these two together, queer and rather sad. The old man has a fierce tenderness for her that strikes into the very roots of him. I see him torn between it and his cold North-country horror of his feelings; his life with her is an unconscious torture to him. She's a restless, chafing thing, demure enough one moment, then flashing out into mocking speeches or hard little laughs. She's fond of him in her fashion; I saw her kiss him once when he was asleep. She obeys him generally—in a way as if she couldn't breathe while she was doing it. She's had a queer sort of education—history, geography, elementary mathematics, and nothing else; never been to school; had a few lessons on the violin, but has taught herself most of what she knows. She is

well up in the lore of birds, flowers, and insects, and has three cats, who follow her about. She's full of pranks. The other day she called out to me, "I've something for you. Hold out your hand and shut your eyes!" It was a large black slug! She's the child of the old fellow's only daughter, who was sent home for schooling at Torquay, and made a runaway match with one Richard Voisey, a yeoman farmer—whom she met in the hunting field. John Ford was furious—his ancestors, it appears, used to lead ruffians on the Cumberland side of the Border—he looked on "Squire" Rick Voisey as a cut below him. He was called "Squire," as far as I can make out, because he used to play cards every evening with a parson in the neighborhood who went by the name of "Devil" Hawkins. Not that the Voisey stock is to be despised. They have had this farm since it was granted to one Richard Voisey by copy dated 8th September, 13 Henry VIII. Mrs. Hopgood, the wife of the bailiff—a dear, quaint, serene, old soul with cheeks like a rosy, withered apple, and an unbounded love of Pasiance—showed me the document.

"I kape it," she said. "Mr. Ford be tu proud—but other folks be proud tu. 'Tis a pra-aper old fam'ly: all the women is Margery, Pasiance, or Mary; all the men's Richards an' Johns an' Rogers; old as they apple-trees."

"Thickey" Rick Voisey was a rackety, hunting fellow, and "dipped" the old farm up to its thatched roof. John Ford took his revenge by buying up the mortgages, foreclosing, and commanding his daughter and Voisey to go on living here rent free; this they dutifully did until they were both killed in a dog-cart accident, eight years ago. Old Ford's financial smash came a year later, and since then he's lived here with Pasiance. I fancy it's the cross in her blood that makes her so restless and irresponsible; if she had been all a native she'd have been happy enough here, or all a stranger like John Ford himself, but the two strains struggling for mastery seem to give her no rest. You'll think this a far-fetched idea, but I believe it to be true. She'll stand with lips pressed together, her arms folded tight across her narrow chest, staring as if she could see beyond the things round her; then something catches her attention, her eyes will grow laughing, soft, or scornful all in a minute! She's eighteen, perfectly fearless in a boat, but you can't get her to mount a horse—a sore subject with her grandfather, who spends most of his day on a lean, half-bred pony, that carries him like a feather, for all his weight.

They put me up here as a favor to Dan Treffry; there's an arrangement of £.s.d. with Mrs. Hopgood in the background. They aren't at all well off; this is the largest farm about, but it doesn't bring them

in much. To look at John Ford, it seems incredible he should be short of money—he's too large. Queer thing, money! in the round of a sovereign there's all the laughter and tears you can get out of six books; all the beatitude of two good dinners; all the grins of forty hungry urchins, well-fed.

We have family prayers at eight, then breakfast—after that freedom for writing or anything else till supper and evening prayers. At mid-day one forages for one's self. On Sundays, two miles to church twice, or you get into John Ford's black books. . . . Dan Treffry himself is staying at Kingswear. He says he's made his pile; it suits him down here—like a sleep after years of being too wide-awake; he had a rough time in New Zealand, until that mine made his fortune. You'd hardly remember him; he reminds me of his uncle, old Nicholas Treffry; the same slow way of speaking, with a hesitation, and a trick of repeating your name with everything he says; left-handed too, and the same slow twinkle in his eyes. He has a dark, short beard, and red-brown cheeks; is a little bald on the temples, and a bit gray, but hard as iron. He rides over nearly every day, attended by a black spaniel with a wonderful nose and a horror of petticoats. He has told me lots of good stories of John Ford in the early squatter's times; his feats with horses live to this day; and he was through the Maori wars; as Dan says, "a man after Uncle Nic's own heart."

They are very good friends, and respect each other; Dan has a great admiration for the old man; but the attraction is Pasiance. He talks very little when she's in the room, but looks at her in a sidelong, wistful sort of way. Pasiance's conduct to him would be cruel in any one else, but in her, one takes it with a pinch of salt. Dan goes off, but turns up again as quiet and dogged as you please.

One morning when I was writing in the orchard, she came out singing:

"Mister Treffry,
I wish you would fly
Up into the sky,
Oh! ever so high!"

When she saw me she sang louder than ever.

I must tell you of last night. We were sitting in the loggia after supper. Pasiance was fingering the strings of her violin; and suddenly Dan (a bold thing for him) asked her to play.

"What!" she said, "before men? No, thank you!"

"Why not?"

"Because I hate them."

Down came John Ford's hand on the wicker table: "You forget yourself! Go to bed!"

She gave Dan a look, and went; we could hear her playing in her bedroom; it sounded like a dance of spirits; just when one thought she had finished, out it would break again like a burst of laughter. Presently, John Ford begged our pardons ceremoniously, and stumped off indoors. The violin stopped; we heard his voice growling at her; down he came again. Just as he was settled in his chair there was a soft swish, and something dark came falling through the apple boughs. The violin! You should have seen his face! Dan would have picked the violin up, but got a look that stopped him. Later, from my bedroom window, I saw the old man come out and stand looking at the violin. Once he raised his foot as if to stamp on it. At last he picked it up, wiped it carefully, and took it in. . . .

My room is next to hers. I kept hearing her laugh, a noise too as if she were dragging things about the room. Then I fell asleep, but woke with a start, and went to the window for a breath of air. Such a black breathless night! Nothing to be seen but the twisted, blacker branches; not the faintest stir of leaves, no sound but muffled grunting from the cow-house, and now and then a tiny sigh. I had the queerest feeling of unrest and fear, the last thing to expect on such a night. There *is* something here that's disturbing; a sort of suppressed struggle. I've never in my life seen anything so irresponsible as this girl, or so uncompromising as the old man; I keep thinking of the way he wiped that violin. It's just as if a spark would set everything in a blaze. There's a menace of tragedy—or—perhaps it's only the heat, and too much of Mother Hopgood's crame. . . .

II.

Tuesday.

. . . I've made a new acquaintance. I was lying in the orchard; and presently, not seeing me, he came along—a man of middle height, with a singularly good balance, and no lumber—rather old blue clothes, a flannel shirt, a dull red necktie, brown shoes, a cap with a leather peak pushed up on the forehead. Face long and narrow, bronzed with a kind of pale burnt-in brownness; a good forehead. A brown moustache, beard rather pointed, blackening about the cheeks; his chin not visible, but from the beard's growth must be big; mouth I should judge sensuous. Nose straight and blunt; eyes gray, with an upward look, not exactly

frank, because defiant; two parallel furrows down each cheek, one from the inner corner of the eye, one from the nostril; age perhaps thirty-five. About the face, attitude, movements, something immensely vital, adaptable, daring, and unprincipled.

He stood in front of the loggia, biting his fingers, a kind of nineteenth-century buccaneer, and I wondered what he was doing in this galley. They say you can tell a Kentish or a Somersetshire man; certainly you can often tell a Yorkshireman, and this fellow could only have been a man of Devon. He whistled; and out came Pasiance in a geranium-colored dress, looking like some tall poppy—you know the slight droop of a poppy's head, and the way the wind sways its stem. . . . She is a human poppy, her fuzzy dark hair is like a poppy's lustreless black heart, she has a poppy's tantalizing attraction and repulsion, something fatal, or rather fateful. She came walking up to my new friend, then caught sight of me, and stopped dead.

"That," she said to me, "is Zachary Pearse. This," she said to him, "is our *lodger*." She said it with a wonderful soft malice. She wanted to scratch me, and she scratched. Half an hour later I was in the yard, when up came this fellow Pearse.

"Glad to know you," he said, looking thoughtfully at the pigs. "You're a writer, aren't you?"

"A sort of one," I said.

"If by any chance," he said suddenly, "you're looking for a job or a subject, I could put something in your way. Walk down to the beach with me, and I'll tell you; my boat's at anchor, smartest little craft in these parts."

It was very hot, and I had no desire whatever to go down to the beach—but I went, all the same. We had not gone far when John Ford and Dan Treffry came into the lane. Our friend seemed a little disconcerted, but soon recovered himself. We met in the middle of the lane, where there was hardly room to pass. John Ford, who looked very haughty and purple, put on his *pince-nez* and stared at Pearse.

"Good-day!" said Pearse; "fine weather! I've been up to ask Pasiance to come for a sail. Wednesday we thought, weather permitting; this gentleman's coming. Perhaps you'll come too, Mr. Treffry. You've never seen my place. I'll give you lunch, and show you my father. He's worth a couple of hours' sail any day." It was said in such an odd way that one couldn't resent his impudence. John Ford was seized with a fit of wheezing, and seemed on the eve of an explosion; he glanced at me, and checked himself.

"You're very good," he said icily; "my granddaughter has other

things to do. You, gentlemen, will please yourselves;" and, with the slightest bow, he went stumping on. Dan looked at me, and I looked at him.

"You'll come?" said Pearse, rather wistfully. Dan stammered, "Thank you, Mr. Pearse; I'm a better man on a horse than in a boat, but—thank you." For cornered in this way, he's a shy, soft-hearted being. Pearse smiled his thanks. "Wednesday, then, at ten o'clock; you shan't regret it."

"Pertinacious beggar!" I heard Dan mutter in his beard; and I found myself marching down the lane again by Pearse's side. I asked him what he was good enough to mean by saying I was coming, without having asked me. He answered, unabashed:

"You see, I'm not friends with the old man; but I knew he'd not be impolite to you, so I took the liberty."

He has certainly a knack of turning one's anger to curiosity. We were down in the combe now; the tide was running out, and the sand was all little, wet, shining ridges. About a quarter of a mile out lay a cutter, with her tan sail half down, swinging to the swell. The sunlight was making the pink cliffs glow in the most wonderful way; and shifting in bright patches over the sea like moving shoals of gold fish. Pearse perched himself on his dinghey, and looked out under his hand. He seemed lost in admiration.

"If we could only net some of those spangles," he said, "an' make gold of 'em! No more work then."

"It's a big job I've got on," he said presently, "I'll tell you about it on Wednesday. I want a journalist."

"But I don't write for the papers," I said; "I do other sort of work. My game is archæology."

"It doesn't matter," he said, "the more imagination the better. It'd be a thundering good thing for you."

His assurance was amazing, but it was past supper-time, and hunger getting the better of my curiosity, I bade him good-night. When I looked back, he was still there, on the edge of his boat, gazing at the sea. A queer sort of bird altogether, but attractive somehow.

Nobody mentioned him that evening; but once old Ford, after staring a long time at Pasiance, muttered *à propos* of nothing, "Undutiful children!" She was softer than usual; listening quietly to our talk, and smiling if she was spoken to. At bedtime she went up to him, without waiting for the usual command, "Come and kiss me, child."

Dan did not stay to supper, and he has not been here since. This morning I asked Mother Hopgood who Zachary Pearse was. She's a true

Devonian; if there's anything she hates, it is to be committed to a definite statement. She ambled round her answer, and at last told me that he was "son of old Cap'en Jan Pearse tu Black Mill. 'T'es an old family tu Dartmouth an' Plymouth," she went on in a communicative outburst. "They du say Francis Drake tuke five o' they Pearses with 'en tu fight the Spaniards. At laste that's what I've heard Mr. Zachary zay; but Ha-ap-good can tell yu." Poor Hopgood, the amount of information she saddles him with in the course of the day! Having given me thus to understand that she had run dry, she at once went on—

"Cap'en Jan Pearse made a dale of ventures. He's old now—they du say nigh an 'undred. Ha-apgood can tell yu."

"But the son, Mrs. Hopgood?"

Her eyes twinkled with sudden shrewdness. She hugged herself placidly:

"An' what would yu take for dinner to-day? There's duck; or yu might like 'toad in the hole,' with an apple tart; or then, there's—Well! we'll see what we can du." And off she went, without waiting for my answer.

To-morrow is Wednesday. I shan't be sorry to get another look at this fellow Pearse. . . .

III.

Friday, July 29.

. . . Why do you ask me so many questions, and egg me on to write about these people instead of minding my business? If you really want to hear, I'll tell you of Wednesday's doings.

It was a splendid morning; and Dan turned up, to my surprise—though I might have known that when he says a thing, he does it. John Ford came out to shake hands with him, then, remembering why he had come, breathed loudly, said nothing, and went in again. Nothing was to be seen of Paisance, and we went down to the beach together.

"I don't like this fellow Pearse, George," Dan said to me on the way; "I was fool enough to say I'd go, and so I must, but what's he after? Not the man to do things without a reason, mind you."

I remarked that we should soon know.

"I'm not so sure—a queer beggar; I never look at him without thinking of a pirate."

The cutter lay in the cove as if she had never moved. There too was Zachary Pearse seated on the edge of his dinghey.

"A five-knot breeze," he said, "I'll run you down in a couple of

hours." He made no inquiry about Pasiance, but put us into his cockleshell and pulled toward the cutter. A lantern-jawed fellow, with a spiky, prominent beard, a long, clean-shaven upper lip, and tanned complexion, received us on board—a hard weather-bird, with a soft tongue, answering to the name of Prawle.

The cutter was beautifully clean; built for a Brixham trawler, and still had her number—DH. 113—uneffaced. We dived into a sort of cabin, airy, but dark, fitted with two bunks and a small table, on which stood some bottles of stout; there were lockers, too, and pegs for clothes. Prawle, who showed us round, seemed very proud of a steam contrivance for hoisting sails. It was some minutes before we came on deck again; and there, in the dinghey, being pulled toward the cutter, sat Pasiance.

"If I'd known this," stammered Dan, getting red, "I wouldn't have come." She had outwitted us, and there was nothing to be done.

It was a very pleasant sail. The breeze was light from the south-east, the sun warm, the air soft. Presently Pasiance began singing:

"Columbus is dead, and laid in his grave,
Oh, heigh ho! and laid in his grave;
Over his head the apple-trees wave—
Oh! heigh ho! the apple-trees wave. . . .

The apples are ripe and ready to fall,
Oh! heigh ho! and ready to fall;
There came an old woman and gathered them all,
Oh! heigh ho! and gathered them all. . . .

The apples are gathered and laid on the shelf,
Oh! heigh ho! and laid on the shelf;
If you want any more, you must sing for yourself,
Oh! heigh ho! and sing for yourself."

Her small, high voice came to us in trills and spurts, as the wind let it, like the singing of a skylark lost in the sky. Pearse went up to her and whispered something. I caught a glimpse of her face like a startled wild creature's; shrinking, tossing her hair, laughing, all in the same breath. She wouldn't sing again, but crouched in the bows with her chin on her hands, and the sun falling on one cheek, round, velvety, red as a peach. . . .

We passed Dartmouth, and half an hour later put into a little wooded bay. On a low reddish cliff was a house hedged round by pine-trees. A bit of broken jetty ran out from the bottom of the cliff. We hooked

on to this and landed. An ancient, fish-like man came slouching down and took charge of the cutter. Pearse led us toward the house, Pasiance following, apparently mortally shy all of a sudden.

The house had a dark, overhanging thatch of the rush reeds that grow in the marshes hereabouts; I remember nothing else remarkable. It was not old, nor new; not beautiful, nor exactly ugly; neither clean nor entirely squalid; it perched there with all its windows over the sea, turning its back contemptuously on the land.

Seated in a kind of porch, beside an immense telescope, was a very old man in a Panama hat, with a rattan cane. His pure-white beard and moustache and almost black eyebrows gave a very singular, piercing look to his little, restless, dark gray eyes; all over his mahogany cheeks and neck was a network of fine wrinkles. He sat quite upright, in the full sun, hardly blinking.

"Dad!" said Zachary, "*this* is Pasiance Voisey." The old man turned his eyes on her and muttered, "How do you do, ma'am?" then took no further notice. And Pasiance, who seemed to resent this, soon slipped away and went wandering about amongst the pines. An old woman brought some plates and bottles and laid them casually on a table; and we sat round the figure of old Captain Pearse without a word, as if we were all under a spell.

Before lunch there was a little scene between Zachary Pearse and Dan, as to which of them should summon Pasiance. It ended in both going, and coming back without her. She did not want any lunch, would stay where she was amongst the pines.

For lunch we had chops, wood-pigeons, mushrooms, and a kind of preserve of mulberries, and drank a wonderful Madeira out of common wine-glasses. I asked the old man where he got it; he looked at me curiously, and answered with a little bow.

"Stood me in tu shillin' the bottle, an' the country got nothing out of it, sir. In the early thirties; tu shillin' the bottle; there's no such wine nowaday; and," he added, looking at Zachary, "no such men."

Zachary smiled and said: "You did nothing so big, Dad, as what I'm after!"

The old man's eyes had a sort of disdain in them.

"You're goin' far then, in the Pied Witch, Zack?"

"I am," said Zachary.

"And *where* might yu be goin' in that old trampin' smut factory?"

"Morocco."

(*To be continued*)

THE ENFORCEMENT OF LAW¹

THE question at issue in New York City just at present is much more important than the question of a more or less liberal Sunday excise law. The question is as to whether public officials are to be true to their oaths of office, and see that the law is administered in good faith. The Police Board stands squarely in favor of the honest enforcement of the law. Our opponents of every grade and of every shade of political belief take the position that government officials, who have sworn to enforce the law, shall violate their oaths whenever they think it will please a sufficient number of the public to make the violation worth while. It seems almost incredible that in such a controversy it should be necessary to do more than state in precise terms both propositions. Yet it evidently is necessary. Not only have the wealthy brewers and liquor-sellers, whose illegal business was interfered with, venomously attacked the commissioners for enforcing the law ; but they have been joined by the major portion of the New York press and by the very large mass of voters who put the gratification of appetite above all law. These men have not dared to meet the issue squarely and fairly. They have tried to befog it and to raise false issues. They have especially sought to change the fight from the simple principle of the enforcement of law into a contest as to the extent of the restrictions which should properly be placed on the sale of liquors. They do not deny that we have enforced the law with fairness and impartiality, but they insist that we ought to connive at law-breaking.

Very many friends of the reform movement, and very many politicians of the party to which I belong, have become frightened at the issue thus raised ; and the great bulk of the machine leaders of the Democracy profess to be exultant at it, and to see in it a chance for securing their own return to power. Senator Hill and Tammany in particular have loudly welcomed the contest. On the other hand, certain Republican politicians and certain Republican newspapers have contended that our action in honestly doing our duty as public officers of the municipality of New York will jeopardize the success of the Republican Party, with which I, the President of the Board, am identified. The implication is that for the sake of the Republican Party, a party of which I am a very earnest member, I should violate my oath of office and connive at law-breaking. To this I can only answer that I am far too good a Republican to be willing to believe that the honest enforce-

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ment of law by a Republican can redound to the discredit of the party to which he belongs. This applies as much to the weak-kneed municipal reformers who fear that we have hurt the cause of municipal reform as it does to the Republicans. I am not an impractical theorist; I am a practical politician. But I do not believe that practical politics and foul politics are necessarily synonymous terms. I never expect to get absolute perfection; and I have small sympathy with those people who are always destroying good men and good causes because they are not the best of all possible men and all possible causes; but on a naked issue of right and wrong, such as the performance or non-performance of one's official duty, it is not possible to compromise. Indeed, according to the way we present commissioners feel, we have nothing to do with Republicanism or Democracy in the administration of the police force of the city of New York. Personally, I think I can best serve the Republican Party by taking the police force absolutely out of politics. Our duty is to preserve order, to protect life and property, to arrest criminals, and to secure honest elections. In striving to attain these ends we recognize no party; we pay no heed to any man's political predilections, whether he is within or without the police force. In the past, "politics," in the base sense of the term, has been the curse of the police force of New York; and the present Board has done away with such politics.

The position of Senator Hill and the Tammany leaders, when reduced to its simplest terms, is merely the expression of the conviction that it does not pay to be honest. They believe that advocacy of law-breaking is a good card before the people. As one of their newspapers frankly put it, the machine Democratic leaders intend to bid for the support of the voters on the ground that their party "will not enforce laws" which are distasteful to any considerable section of the public. Senator Hill declaims against the Board because it honestly enforces the law which was put on the statute-book but three years ago by his legislature and his governor (for he owned them both). This is of course a mere frank avowal that Senator Hill and the Democratic leaders who think with him believe that a majority in the State can be built up out of the combined votes of the dishonest men, the stupid men, the timid weaklings, and the men who put appetite above principle—who declare, in the language of Scripture, that their god is their belly, and who rank every consideration of honor, justice, and public morality below the gratification of their desire to drink beer at times when it is prohibited by law.

When such are the fears of our friends and the hopes of our foes,

it is worth while briefly to state exactly what the condition of affairs was when the present Board of Police Commissioners in New York took office, and what that course of conduct was which has caused such violent excitement. The task is simple. On entering office we found—what indeed had long been a matter of common notoriety—that various laws, and notably the excise law, were enforced rigidly against people who had no political pull, but were not enforced at all against the men who had a political pull, or who possessed sufficient means to buy off the high officials who controlled, or had influence in, the Police Department. All that we did was to enforce these laws, not against some wrong-doers, but honestly and impartially against all wrong-doers. We did not resurrect dead laws; we did not start a crusade to enforce blue laws. All that we did was to take a law which was very much alive, but which had been used only for purposes of blackmail, and to do away entirely with the blackmail feature by enforcing it equitably as regards all persons. Looked at soberly, this scarcely seems a revolutionary proceeding; and still less does it seem like one which needs an elaborate justification.

In an authorized interview with Mr. J. P. Smith, the editor of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, the position of the former Police Board—and of Senator Hill and his political allies as well—toward the enforcement of the excise law has been set forth with such clearness that I cannot do better than quote it. Mr. Smith's statement appeared on July 18th last. No attempt whatever has been made to controvert its truth, and it may be accepted as absolute. What makes it all the more important is that it was evidently made, not at all as an attack upon the persons implicated, but as a mere statement of fact to explain certain actions of the liquor-sellers in the past. The interview runs in part as follows:

Governor Flower, as well as the Legislature of 1892, was elected upon distinct pledges that relief would be given by the Democratic Party to the liquor-dealers, especially of the cities of the State. In accordance with this promise a Sunday-opening clause was inserted in the excise bill of 1892. Governor Flower then said that he could not approve the Sunday-opening clause; whereupon the Liquor Dealers' Association, which had charge of the bill, struck the Sunday-opening clause out. After Governor Hill had been elected for the second term I had several interviews with him on that very subject. He told me, "Do you know, I am the friend of the liquor-dealers and will go to almost any length to help them and give them relief; but do not ask me to recommend to the Legislature the passage of the law opening the saloons on Sunday. I cannot do it, for it will ruin the Democratic Party in the State." He gave the same interview to various members of the State Liquor Dealers' Association, who waited upon him for the purpose of getting relief from the blackmail of the police, stating that the lack of having the Sunday question properly regulated was at the bottom of

the trouble. Blackmail had been brought to such a state of perfection, and had become so oppressive to the liquor-dealers themselves, that they communicated first with Governor Hill and then with Mr. Croker. The *Wine and Spirit Gazette* had taken up the subject because of gross discrimination made by the police in the enforcement of the Sunday-closing law. The paper again and again called upon the police commissioners to either uniformly enforce the law or uniformly disregard it. A committee of the Central Association of Liquor Dealers of this city then took up the matter and called upon Police Commissioner Martin. *An agreement was then made between the leaders of Tammany Hall and the liquor-dealers, according to which the monthly blackmail paid to the police should be discontinued in return for political support.* In other words, the retail dealers should bind themselves to solidly support the Tammany ticket in consideration of the discontinuance of the monthly blackmail by the police. This agreement was carried out. Now what was the consequence? If the liquor-dealer, after the monthly blackmail ceased, showed any signs of independence, the Tammany Hall district leader would give the tip to the police captain, and that man would be pulled and arrested on the following Sunday.

Continuing, Mr. Smith inveighs against the law, but says:

The police commissioners [the present police commissioners] are honestly endeavoring to have the law impartially carried out. They are no respecters of persons. And our information from all classes of liquor-dealers is that the rich and the poor, the influential and the uninfluential, are required equally to obey the law.

I call particular attention to the portion of the interview which I have italicized above. It shows conclusively that the Sunday-closing feature was deliberately left in by Senator Hill and his aides because they did not believe they could afford to strike it out. It is idle to talk of a provision thus embodied in statute law as being a dead letter. Still more idle is it to talk of a law as "antiquated" when it was enacted only three years ago.

Mr. Smith's statement shows, moreover, that Tammany heartily approved of keeping the law in its present condition because, by so doing, they kept a sword suspended over the neck of every recalcitrant saloon-keeper. The law was never dead at all. It was very much alive. We revived it only in the sense that we revived the forgotten habit of administering it with decency and impartiality.

To show the nonsense of the talk that it was obsolete or a dead letter, I call attention to the following figures. In the year 1893, 4,063 arrests were made in New York City for violation of the excise law on Sunday. This represented a falling off from previous years. In 1888, for instance, the arrests had numbered 5,830. In 1894, the year before we took office, when the Tammany Board still had absolute power, the arrests rose to 8,464. On Sunday, September 30th of that year, they numbered 233;

on October 14th, 230; on the following January 13th, they rose to 254. During the time that the present Board has been enforcing the law the top number of arrests which we have reached was but 223, a much smaller number than was reached again and again under the old *régime*. Nevertheless, by our arrests we actually closed the saloons, for we arrested men indiscriminately, and indeed paid particular attention to the worst offenders—the rich saloon-keepers with a pull; whereas under the old system the worst men were never touched at all, and all of them understood well that any display of energy by the police was merely spasmodic and done with some special purpose; so that always, after one or two dry Sundays, affairs were allowed to go back to their former condition. The real difference, the immense, the immeasurable difference between the old and the new methods of enforcing the law, is not one of severity, but of honesty. The old Tammany Board was as ruthless in closing the saloons where the owners had no pull as we are in closing all saloons whether the owners have or have not a pull.

The corrupt and partial enforcement of the law under Tammany turned it into a gigantic implement for blackmailing a portion of the liquor-sellers, and for the wholesale corruption of the Police Department. The high Tammany officials and the police captains and patrolmen blackmailed and bullied the small liquor-sellers without a pull and turned them into abject slaves of Tammany Hall. On the other hand, the wealthy and politically influential liquor-sellers absolutely controlled the police, and made or marred captains, sergeants, and patrolmen at their pleasure. Many causes have tended to corrupt the police administration of New York, but no one cause was so potent as this.

In the foregoing interview the really startling feature is the matter-of-fact way in which Mr. Smith records his conference with the president of the Police Board, and the agreement by which the system of blackmail was commuted in view of faithful political service to be hereafter tendered to Tammany Hall. It is hard seriously to discuss the arguments of people who wish us to stop enforcing the law when they must know, if they are capable of thinking and willing to think, that only by the rigid and impartial enforcement of the law is it possible to cut out from the body politic this festering sore of political corruption. It was not a case for the use of salves and ointments. There was need of merciless use of the knife.

When we entered office the law was really enforced at the will of the police officials. In some precincts most of the saloons were closed; in others almost all were open. In general, the poor man without political influence and without money had to shut up, while his rich rival who

possessed a "pull" was never molested. Half of the liquor-sellers were allowed to violate the law. Half of them were not allowed to violate it. Under the circumstances we had one of two courses to follow. We could either instruct the police to allow all the saloon-keepers to become law-breakers, or else we could instruct them to stop all law-breaking. It is unnecessary to say that the latter course was the only one possible to officials who had respect for their oaths of office.

The clamor that followed our action was deafening; and it was also rather amusing in view of the fact that all we had done was to perform our obvious duty. At the outset the one invariable statement with which we were met was that we could not enforce the law. A hundred—aye, a thousand—times we were told by big politicians, by newspapers, by private individuals, that the excise law could not be enforced; that Mayor Hewitt had tried it and failed; that Superintendent Byrnes had tried it and failed; that nobody could succeed in such a task. Well, the answer is simple. We *have* enforced the law, so far. It is very badly drawn, so as to make it extremely difficult of enforcement; and some of the officials outside the Police Department hamper instead of aiding the police in their efforts to enforce it. However, we understand well that we must do the best we can with the tools actually at hand, if we cannot have the tools we wish. We cannot stop all illegal drinking on Sunday, any more than we can stop all theft; but so far we have succeeded in securing a substantial compliance with the law.

The next move of our opponents was to adopt the opposite tack, and to shriek that, in devoting our attention to enforcing the excise law, we were neglecting all other laws; and that in consequence crime was on the increase. We met this by publishing the comparative statistics of the felonies committed, and of the felons arrested, under our administration and under the previous administration. These showed that for a like period of time about one felony less a day occurred under our administration, while the number of arrests for felonies increased at the rate of nearly one a day. During our term of service fewer crimes were committed and more criminals were arrested. In the Sunday arrests for intoxication, and for disorderly conduct resulting from intoxication, the difference was more striking. Thus in the four Sundays of April, 1895, the last month of the old *régime*, there were 341 arrests on charges of intoxication and of being drunk and disorderly. For the four Sundays beginning with June 30th—the first day that we were able to rigidly enforce our policy of closing the saloons—the corresponding number of arrests was but 196. We put a stop to nearly half the violent drunkenness of the city.

The next argument advanced was that Americans of German origin demanded beer on Sundays, and that the popular sentiment was with them and must be heeded. To this we could only answer that we recognized popular sentiment only when embodied in law. To their discredit be it said, many men, who were themselves public officials, actually advocated our conniving at the violation of the law on this ground—of the alleged hostility of local sentiment. They took the view that as the law was passed by the State, for the entire State including the city, and was not (as they contended) upheld by public sentiment in the city, the officers of the law who are sworn to enforce it should connive at its violation. Such reasoning would justify any community in ignoring any law to which it objected. The income-tax law was passed through Congress by the votes of the Southerners and Westerners, but it was collected (prior to the time it was declared to be unconstitutional) mainly in the Northeast. Any argument which would justify us in refusing to obey the excise law in New York would justify the whole Northeast in refusing to obey the income-tax law.

The spirit shown by the men and the newspapers who denounce us for enforcing the law is simply one manifestation of the feeling which brings about and is responsible for lynchings, and for all the varieties of Whitecap outrages. The men who head a lynching party, and the officers who fail to protect criminals threatened with lynching, always advance as their excuse that public sentiment sanctions their action. The chief offenders often insist that they have taken such summary action because they fear lest the law be not enforced against the offender. In other words, they put public sentiment ahead of law in the first place; and in the second they offer, as a partial excuse for so doing, the fact that too often laws are not enforced by the men elected or appointed to enforce them. The only possible outcome of such an attitude is lawlessness, which gradually grows until it becomes mere anarchy. The one all-important element in good citizenship in our country is obedience to law. The greatest crimes that can be committed against our government are to put on the statute books, or to allow to remain there, laws that are not meant to be enforced, and to fail to enforce the laws that exist.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, in a recent article, has put this in words so excellent that I cannot refrain from quoting them:

That laws are made to break, not to obey, is a fact of which the street takes early notice, and shapes its conduct accordingly. Respect for the law is not going to spring from disregard of it. The boy who smokes his cigarette openly in defiance of one law, carries the growler early and late on week-days in defiance of

another, and on Sunday of a third; observes fourteen saloons clustering about the door of his school in contempt of a fourth which expressly forbids their being there; plays hookey secure from arrest because nobody thinks of enforcing the compulsory education law; or slaves in the sweat-shop under a perjured age-certificate bought for a quarter of a perjured notary; and so on to the end of the long register, while a shoal of offensive ordinances prohibit him from flying a kite, tossing a ball, or romping on the grass, where there is any, cannot be expected to grow up with a very exalted idea of law and order. The indifference or hypocrisy that makes dead letters of so many of our laws is one of the constantly active feeders of our jails. . . . The one breaks the law, the other has it broken for him. . . . The saloon is their ally, and the saloon is the boy's club as he grows into early manhood. It is not altogether his fault that he has no other. From it he takes his politics and gets his backing in his disputes with the police. That he knows it to be despised and denounced by the sentiment responsible for the laws he broke with impunity all his days, while to him it represents the one potent, practical force of life, is well calculated to add to his mental confusion as to the relationship of things, but hardly to increase his respect for the law or for the sentiment behind it. We need an era of enforcement of law—less of pretence—more of purpose.

The Police Board is doing its best to bring about precisely such an era.

The worst possible lesson to teach any citizen is contempt for the law. Laws should not be left on the statute books, still less put on the statute books, unless they are meant to be enforced. No man should take a public office unless he is willing to obey his oath and to enforce the law.

Many of the demagogues who have denounced us have reproached us especially because we took away "the poor man's beer," and have announced that, law or no law, the poor man had a right to his beer on Sunday if he wished it. These gentry, when they preach such doctrine, are simply preaching lawlessness. If the poor man has a right to break the law so as to get beer on Sunday, he has a right to break the law so as to get bread on any day. It is a good deal more important to the poor man that he should get fed on week-days than that he should get drunk on Sundays. The people who try to teach him that he has a right to break the law on one day to take beer are doing their best to prepare him for breaking the law some other day to take bread.

But as a matter of fact all the talk about the law being enforced chiefly at the expense of the poor man is the veriest nonsense and hypocrisy. We took especial care to close the bars of the big hotels. We shut every bar-room on Fifth Avenue as carefully as we shut every bar-room on Avenue A. We did not hurt the poor man at all. The people whom we hurt were the rich brewers and liquor-sellers, who had hitherto made money hand over fist by violating the Sunday law with the corrupt connivance of the police. There is small cause for wonder that they

should grow hot with anger when they found that we had taken away the hundreds of thousands of dollars which they had made by violation of the law. There is small cause for wonder that their newspaper allies should have raved, and that Senator Hill should eagerly have run to their support. But it is a wonder that any citizen wishing well to his country should have been misled for one moment by what they have said. The fight they have waged was not a fight for the poor man; it was a fight in the interest of the rich and unscrupulous man who had been accustomed to buy immunity from justice. As a matter of fact, we have helped the poor man and notably we have helped the poor man's wife and children. Many a man who before was accustomed to spend his week's wages getting drunk in a saloon now either puts them up or takes his wife and children for a day's outing. The hospitals found that their Monday labors were lessened by nearly half, owing to the startling diminution in cases of injury due to drunken brawls. The work of the magistrates who sat in the city courts for the trial of small offenders was correspondingly decreased. All this was brought about by our honest enforcement of the law.

To sum up, then, Senator Hill and his allies of every grade berate us because we have in good faith enforced an act which they, when they had complete control of the Legislature and the government, put on the statute books with the full belief that it would be enforced with corrupt partiality. They are responsible for the law. We are responsible for having executed it honestly—the first time it ever has been executed honestly. We are responsible for the fact that we refused to continue the old dishonest methods, and that we broke up the gigantic system of blackmail and corruption to which these methods had given rise; a system which was the most potent of all the causes that have combined to debase public life in New York and to eat the very heart out of the New York police force. Senator Hill and his allies passed a law which was designed to serve as the most potent of weapons for keeping the saloon-keepers bound hand and foot in the power of Tammany Hall and of the State Democratic organization which followed Tammany's lead. We have undone their work by the simple process of administering the law in accordance with the elementary rules of decency and morality. I am far too good an American to believe that in the long run a majority of our people will declare in favor of the dishonest enforcement of law; though I readily admit the possibility that at some given election they may be hopelessly misled by demagogues, and may for the moment make a selfish and cowardly surrender of principle. The men who last fall won the fight for municipal reform, for decent government in our cities, can-

not afford to borrow from their defeated antagonists the old methods of connivance at law-breaking.

In the end we shall win, in spite of the open opposition of the forces of evil, in spite of the timid surrender of the weakly good, if only we stand squarely and fairly on the platform of the honest enforcement of the law of the land. But if we were to face defeat instead of victory, that would not alter our convictions, and would not cause us to flinch one hand's breadth from the course we have been pursuing. There are prices too dear to be paid even for victory. We would rather face defeat as a consequence of honestly enforcing the law than win a suicidal triumph by a corrupt connivance at its violation.

Theodore Roosevelt.

A PRAYER

O God of earth and sky and shining star,
Who madest man not vainly, nor to be
Vassal to peace, and slave to misery,
Descend again, a glorious avatar!
Come in thy might and panoply of war,
A scourging pestilence to men not free
From fear, who cannot love, and will not be
Gods to themselves, nor worship One afar.
Call out thy children from the barren horde
Of dead, decayed, and dying souls that fill
The earth with lamentation and discord.
Thy sons are eager: let no mercy still
Confound us with our enemies. The sword
Of vengeance draw, Lord, if it be thy will.

Alfred E. Randall.

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CELT AND SAXON¹

CHAPTER I

WHEREIN AN EXCURSION IS MADE IN A CELTIC MIND

A YOUNG Irish gentleman of the numerous clan O'Donnells, and a Patrick, hardly a distinction of him until we know him, had bound himself, by purchase of a railway-ticket, to travel direct to the borders of North Wales, on a visit to a notable landowner of those marches, the Squire Adister, whose family-seat was where the hills begin to lift and spy into the heart of black mountains. Examining his ticket with an apparent curiosity, the son of a greener island debated whether it would not be better for him to follow his inclinations, now that he had gone so far as to pay for the journey, and stay. But his inclinations were also subject to question, upon his considering that he had expended pounds English for the privilege of making the journey in this very train. He asked himself earnestly what was the nature of the power which forced him to do it—a bad genius or a good: and it seemed to him a sort of answer, inasmuch as it silenced the contending parties, that he had been the victim of an impetus. True; still his present position involved a certain outlay of money simply, not at all his bondage to the instrument it had procured for him, and that was true; nevertheless, to buy a ticket to shy it away is an incident so uncommon, that if we can but pause to dwell on the singularity of the act, we are unlikely to abjure our fellowship with them who would not be guilty of it; and therefore, by the aid of his reflections and a remainder of the impetus, Mr. Patrick O'Donnell stepped into a carriage of the train like any ordinary English traveller, between whom and his destination there is an agreement to meet if they can.

It is an experience of hesitating minds, be they Saxon or others, that when we have submitted our persons to the charge of public companies, immediately, as if the renouncing of our independence into their hands had given us a taste of a will of our own, we are eager for the performance of their contract to do what we are only half inclined to; the train cannot go fast enough to please us, though we could excuse it for breaking down; stoppages at stations are impertinences, and the delivery of us at last on the platform is an astonishment, for it is not we who have done it—we have not even desired it. To be imperfectly in accord with the velocity precipitating us upon a certain point, is to be going without

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our heads, which have so much the habit of supposing it must be whither we intend, when we go in a determined manner, that a doubt of it distracts the understanding—decapitates us; suddenly to alight, moreover, and find ourselves dropped at the heels of flying Time, like an unconsidered bundle, is anything but a reconstruction of the edifice. The natural revelry of the blood in speed suffers a violent shock, not to speak of our notion of being left behind, quite isolated and unsound. Or, if you insist, the condition shall be said to belong exclusively to Celtic nature, seeing that it had been drawn directly from a scion of one of those tribes.

Young Patrick jumped from the train as headless as good St. Denis. He was a juvenile thinker, and to discover himself here, where he both wished and wished not to be, now deeming the negative sternly in the ascendant, flicked his imagination with awe of the influence of the railway service upon the destinies of man. Settling a mental debate about a backward flight, he drove across the land so foreign to his eyes and affections, and breasted a strong tide of wishes that it were in a contrary direction. He would rather have looked upon the desert under a sand-storm, or upon a London suburb: yet he looked thirstingly. Each variation of landscape of the curved highway offered him in a moment decisive features: he fitted them to a story he knew: the whole circle was animated by a couple of pale mounted figures beneath no happy light. For this was the air once breathed by Adiante Adister, his elder brother Philip's love and lost love: here she had been to Philip flame along the hill-ridges, his rose-world in the dust-world, the saintly in his earthly. And how had she rewarded him for that reverential love of her? She had forborne to kill him. The bitter sylph of the mountain lures men to climb till she winds them in vapor and leaves them groping, innocent of the red crags below. The delicate thing had not picked his bones: Patrick admitted it; he had seen his brother hale and stout not long back. But oh! she was merciless, she was a witch. If ever queen-witch was, she was the crowned one!

For a personal proof, now: he had her all round him in a strange district though he had never cast eye on her. Yonder bare hill she came racing up with a plume in the wind: she was over the long brown moor, look where he would: and vividly was she beside the hurrying beck where it made edges and chattered white. He had not seen, he could not imagine her face: angelic dashed with demon beauty, was his idea of the woman, and there is little of a portrait in that; but he was of a world where the elemental is more individual than the concrete, and unconceived of sight she was a recognized presence for the green-island brain

of a youth whose manner of hating was to conjure her spirit from the air and let fly his own in pursuit of her.

It has to be stated that the object of the youngster's expedition to Earlsfont was perfectly simple in his mind, however much it went against his nature to perform it. He came for the purpose of obtaining Miss Adister's Continental address; to gather what he could of her from her relatives, and then forthwith to proceed in search of her, that he might plead with her on behalf of his brother Philip, after a four years' division of the lovers. Could anything be simpler? He had familiarized himself with the thought of his advocacy during those four years. His reluctance to come would have been accountable to the Adisters by a sentiment of shame at his family's dealings with theirs: in fact, a military captain of the O'Donnells had in old days played the adventurer and charmed a maid of a certain age into yielding her hand to him; and the lady was the squire of Earlsfont's only sister: she possessed funded property. Shortly after the union, as one that has achieved the goal of enterprise, the gallant officer retired from the service; nor did northwestern England put much to his credit the declaration of his wife's pronouncing him to be the best of husbands. She naturally said it of him in eulogy; his own relatives accepted it in some contempt, mixed with a relish of his hospitality: his wife's were constant in citing his gain by the marriage. Could he possibly have been less than that? they exclaimed. An excellent husband, who might easily have been less than that, was the most devoted of cousins, and the liberal expenditure of his native eloquence for the furtherance of Philip's love-suit was the principal cause of the misfortune, if misfortune it could subsequently be called to lose an *Adiante*.

The Adister family were not gifted to read into the heart of a young man of a fanciful turn. Patrick had not a thought of shame devolving on him from a kinsman that had shot at a mark and hit it. Who sees the shame of taking an apple from a garden of the Hesperides? And as England cultivates those golden, if sometimes wrinkled, fruits, it would have seemed to him, in thinking about it, an entirely lucky thing for the finder; while a question of blood would have fired his veins to rival heat of self-assertion, very loftily towering: there were Kings in Ireland: cry for one of them in Uladh and you will hear his name, and he has descendants yet! But the youth was not disposed unnecessarily to blazon his princeliness. He kept it in modest reserve, as common gentlemen keep their physical strength. His reluctance to look on Earlsfont sprang from the same source as unacknowledged craving to see the place, which had precipitated him thus far upon his road: he had a horror of scenes

where a faithless girl had betrayed her lover. Love was his visionary temple, and his idea of love was the solitary light in it, painfully susceptible to cold-air currents from the stories of love abroad over the world. Faithlessness he conceived to be obnoxious to nature; it stained the earth and was excommunicated; there could be no pardon of the crime, barely any for repentance. He conceived it in the feminine; for men are not those holy creatures whose conduct strikes on the soul with direct edge: a faithless man is but a general villain or funny monster, a subject rejected of poets, taking no hue in the flat chronicle of history: but a faithless woman, how shall we speak of her! Women, sacredly endowed with beauty and the wonderful vibrating note about the very mention of them, are criminal to hideousness when they betray. Cry, False! on them, and there is an instant echo of bleeding males in many circles, like the poor quavering flute-howl of transformed beasts, which at some remembering touch bewail their higher state. Those women are sovereignly attractive, too, loathsomely. Therein you may detect the fiend.

Our moralist had for some time been glancing at a broad, handsome old country mansion on the top of a wooded hill backed by a swarm of mountain heads all purple-dark under clouds flying thick to shallow, as from a brush of sepia. The dim silver of half lighted lake water shot along below the terrace. He knew the kind of sky, having oftener seen that than any other, and he knew the house before it was named to him and he had flung a discoloring thought across it. He contemplated it placably and studiously, perhaps because the shower-folding armies of the fields above likened its shadowed stillness to that of his Irish home. There had this woman lived! At the name of Earlsfont she became this witch, snake, deception. Earlsfont was the title and summary of her black story: the reverberation of the word shook up all the chapters to pour out their poison.

CHAPTER II

MR. ADISTER

MR. PATRICK O'DONNELL drove up to the gates of Earlsfont notwithstanding these emotions, upon which light matter it is the habit of men of his blood too much to brood; though it is for our better future to have a capacity for them, and the insensible race is the oxenish.

But if he did so when alone, the second man residing in the Celt put

that fellow by and at once assumed the social character on his being requested to follow his card into Mr. Adister's library. He took his impression of the hall that had heard her voice, the stairs she had descended, the door she had passed through, and the globes she had perchance laid hand on, and the old mappemonde, and the severely-shining orderly regiment of books breathing of her whether she had opened them or not, as he bowed to his host, and in reply to, "So, sir! I am glad to see you," said swimmingly that Earlsfont was the first house he had visited in this country: and the scenery reminded him of his part of Ireland: and on landing at Holyhead he had gone off straight to the metropolis by appointment to meet his brother Philip, just returned from Canada a full captain, who heartily despatched his compliments and respects, and hoped to hear of perfect health in this quarter of the world. And Captain Con the same, and he was very flourishing.

Patrick's opening speech concluded on the sound of a short laugh coming from Mr. Adister.

It struck the young Irishman's ear as injurious and scornful in relation to Captain Con; but the remark ensuing calmed him:

"He has no children."

"No, sir; Captain Con wasn't born to increase the number of our clan," Patrick rejoined; and thought: By heaven! I get a likeness of her out of you, with a dash of the mother mayhap somewhere. This was his Puck-manner of pulling a girdle round about from what was foremost in his head to the secret of his hosts's quiet observation; for, guessing that such features as he beheld would be slumped on a handsome family, he was led by the splendid severity of their lines to perceive an illimitable pride in the man likely to punish him in his offspring, who would inherit that as well; so, as is the way with the livelier races, whether they seize first or second the matter or the spirit of what they hear, the vivid indulgence of his own ideas helped him to catch the right meaning by the tail, and he was enlightened upon a domestic unhappiness, although Mr. Adister had not spoken miserably. The "dash of the mother" was thrown in to make *Adiante* softer, and leave a loophole for her relenting.

The master of Earlsfont stood for a promise of beauty in his issue, requiring to be softened at the mouth and along the brows, even in men. He was tall, and had clear Greek outlines: the lips were locked metal, thin as edges of steel, and his eyes, when he directed them on the person he addressed or the person speaking, were as little varied by motion of the lids as eyeballs of a stone bust. If they expressed more, because they were not sculptured eyes, it was the expression of his high and frigid

nature rather than any of the diversities pertaining to sentiment and shades of meaning.

Patrick watched him for signs of that unknown *Adiante*.

"You have had the bequest of an estate," Mr. Adister said, to compliment him by touching on his affairs.

"A small one; not a quarter of a county," said Patrick.

"Productive, sir?"

"'Tis a tramp of discovery, sir, to where bog ends and cultivation begins."

"Bequeathed to you exclusively over the head of your elder brother, I understand."

Patrick nodded assent. "But my purse is Philip's, and my house, and my horses."

"Not bequeathed by a member of your family?"

"By a distant cousin, chancing to have been one of my godmothers."

"Women do these things," Mr. Adister said, not in perfect approbation of their doings.

"And I think too, it might have gone to the elder," Patrick replied to his tone.

"It is not your intention to be an idle gentleman?"

"No, nor a vagrant Irishman, sir."

"You propose to sit down over there?"

"When I've more brains to be of service to them and the land, I do."

Mr. Adister pulled the arm of his chair. "The professions are crammed. An Irish gentleman owning land might do worse. I am in favor of some degree of military training for all gentlemen. You hunt?"

Patrick's look was, "Give me a chance"; and Mr. Adister continued: "Good runs are to be had here; you shall try them. You are something of a shot, I suppose. We hear of gentlemen now who neither hunt nor shoot. You fence?"

"That's to say, I've had lessons in the art."

"I am not aware that there is now an art of fencing taught in Ireland."

"Nor am I," said Patrick; "though there's no knowing what goes on in the cabins."

Mr. Adister appeared to acquiesce. Observations of sly import went by him like the whispering wind.

"Your priests should know," he said.

To this Patrick thought it well not to reply. After a pause between them, he referred to the fencing.

"I was taught by a Parisian master of the art, sir."

"You have been to Paris?"

"I was educated in Paris."

"How? Ah!" Mr. Adister corrected himself in the higher notes of recollection. "I think I have heard something of a Jesuit seminary."

"The Fathers did me the service to knock all I know into me, and call it education, by courtesy," said Patrick, basking in the unobscured frown of his host.

"Then you are accustomed to speak French?" The interrogation was put to extract some balm from the circumstance.

Patrick tried his art of fence with the absurdity by saying: "All but like a native."

"These Jesuits taught you the use of the foils?"

"They allowed me the privilege of learning, sir."

After meditation, Mr. Adister said: "You don't dance?" He said it speculating on the kind of gentleman produced in Paris by the disciples of Loyola.

"Pardon me, sir, you hit on another of my accomplishments."

"These Jesuits encourage dancing?"

"The square dance—short of the embracing: the valse is under interdict."

Mr. Adister peered into his brows profoundly for a glimpse of the devilry in that exclusion of the valse.

What object had those people in encouraging the young fellow to be a perfect fencer and dancer, so that he should be of the school of the polite world, and yet subservient to them?

"Thanks to the Jesuits, then, you are almost a Parisian," he remarked; provoking the retort:

"Thanks to them, I've stored a little, and Paris is to me as pure a place as four whitewashed walls," Patrick added, "without a shadow of a monk on them." Perhaps it was thrown in for the comfort of mundane ears afflicted sorely, and no point of principle pertained to the slur on a monk.

Mr. Adister could have exclaimed, That shadow of the monk! had he been in an exclamatory mood. He said: "They have not made a monk of you, then."

Patrick was minded to explain how that the Jesuits are a religious order exercising worldly weapons. The lack of precise words admonished him of the virtue of silence, and he retreated with a quiet negative: "They have not."

"Then, you are no Jesuit?" he was asked.

Thinking it scarcely required a response, he shrugged.

"You would not change your religion, sir?" said Mr. Adister in seeming anger.

Patrick thought he would have to rise: he half fancied himself summoned to change his religion or depart from the house.

"Not I," said he.

"Not for the title of Prince?" he was further pressed, and he replied:

"I don't happen to have an ambition for the title of Prince."

"Or any title!" interjected Mr. Adister, "or whatever the devil can offer!—or," he spoke more pointedly, "for what fools call a brilliant marriage?"

"My religion?" Patrick now treated the question seriously and raised his head: "I'd not suffer myself to be asked twice."

The sceptical northern-blue eyes of his host dwelt on him with their full repellent stare.

The young Catholic gentleman expected he might hear a frenetic zealot roar out: Be off!

He was not immediately reassured by the words: "Dead or alive, then, you have a father!"

The spectacle of a state of excitement without a show of feeling, was novel to Patrick. He began to see that he was not implicated in a wrath that referred to some great offender, and Mr. Adister soon confirmed his view by saying: "You are no disgrace to your begetting, sir!"

With that he quitted his chair, and hospitably proposed to conduct his guest over the house and grounds.

CHAPTER III

CAROLINE

MEN of the Adister family having taken to themselves brides of a very dusty pedigree from the Principality, there were curious rough heirlooms to be seen about the house, shields on the armory walls and hunting-horns, and drinking-horns, and spears, and chain-belts bearing clasps of heads of beasts; old gold ornaments, torques, blue-stone necklaces, under glass-cases, were in the library; huge rings that must have given the wearers fearful fists; a shirt of coarse linen with a pale brown spot on the breast, like a fallen beech-leaf; and many sealed parchment-skins, very precious, for an inspection of which, as Patrick was bidden to understand, History humbly knocked at the Earlsfont hall-doors; and the proud muse made her transcripts of them kneeling. He would have been affected by these

wonders had any relic of Adiante appeased his thirst. Or had there been one mention of her, it would have disengaged him from the incessant speculations regarding the daughter of the house, of whom not a word was uttered. No portrait of her was shown. Why was she absent from her home so long? Where was she? How could her name be started? And was it she who was the sinner in her father's mind? But the idolatrous love between Adiante and her father was once a legend: they could not have been cut asunder. She had offered up her love of Philip as a sacrifice to it: Patrick recollected that, and now with a softer gloom on his brooding he released her from the burden of his grand charge of unfaithfulness to the truest of lovers, by acknowledging that he was in the presence of the sole rival of his brother. Glorious girl that she was, her betrayal of Philip had nothing of a woman's caprice to make it infamous: she had sacrificed him to her reading of duty; and that was duty to her father; and the point of duty was in this instance rather a sacred one. He heard voices murmur that she might be praised. He remonstrated with them, assuring them, as one who knew, that a woman's first duty is her duty to her lover; her parents are her second thought. Her lover, in the consideration of a real soul among the shift creatures, is her husband; and have we not the word of heaven directing her to submit herself to him who is her husband before all others? That peerless Adiante had grievously erred in the upper sphere where she received her condemnation, but such a sphere is ladder and ladder and silver ladder high above your hair-splitting pates, you children of earth, and it is not for you to act on the verdict in decrying her: rather 'tis for you to raise hymns of worship to a saint!

Thus did the ingenious Patrick change his ground and gain his argument with the celerity of one who wins a game by playing it without an adversary. Mr. Adister had sprung a new sense in him on the subject of the renunciation of the religion. No thought of a possible apostasy had ever occurred to the youth, and as he was aware that the difference of their faith had been the main cause of the division of Adiante and Philip, he could at least consent to think well of her down here, that is, on our flat surface of earth. Up there, among the immortals, he was compelled to shake his head at her still, and more than sadly in certain moods of exaltation, reprovably; though she interested him beyond all her sisterhood above, it had to be confessed.

They traversed a banquet hall hung with portraits, to two or three of which the master of Earlsfont carelessly pointed, for his guest to be interested in them or not as he might please. A reception hall flung folding-doors on a grand drawing-room, where the fires in the grates went

through the ceremony of warming nobody, and made a show of keeping the house alive. A modern steel cuirass, helmet and plume at a corner of the armory reminded Mr. Adister to say that he had worn the uniform in his day. He cast an odd look at the old shell containing him when he was a brilliant youth. Patrick was marched on to Colonel Arthur's rooms, and to Captain David's, the sailor. Their father talked of his two sons. They appeared to satisfy him. If that was the case, they could hardly have thrown off their religion. Already Patrick had a dread of naming the daughter. An idea struck him that she might be the person who had been guilty of it over there on the Continent. What if she had done it, upon a review of her treatment of her lover, and gone into a convent to wait for Philip to come and claim her?—saying, "Philip, I've put the knife to my father's love of me; love me double"; and so she just half swoons, enough to show how the dear angel looks in her sleep: a trick of kindness these heavenly women have, that we heathen may get a peep of their secret rose-enfolded selves; and dream's no word, nor drunken, for the blessed mischief it works with us.

Supposing it so, it accounted for everything: for her absence, and her father's abstention from a mention of her, and the pretty good sort of welcome Patrick had received; for as yet it was unknown that she did it all for an O'Donnell.

These being his reflections, he at once accepted a view of her that so agreeably quieted his perplexity, and he leapt out of his tangle into the happy open spaces where the romantic things of life are as natural as the sun that rises and sets. There you imagine what you will; you live what you imagine. An *Adiante* meets her lover; another *Adiante*, the phantom likeness of her, similar to the finger-tips, hovers to a meeting with some one whose heart shakes your manful frame at but a thought of it. But this other *Adiante* is altogether a secondary conception, barely descried, and chased by you that she may interpret the mystical nature of the happiness of those two, close-linked to eternity, in advance. You would learn it, if she would expound it; you are ready to learn it, for the sake of knowledge; and if you link yourself to her and do as those two are doing, it is chiefly in a spirit of imitation, in sympathy with the darting couple ahead. . . .

Meanwhile he conversed, and seemed, to a gentleman unaware of the vaporous activities of his brain, a young fellow of a certain practical sense.

"We have not much to teach you in horseflesh," Mr. Adister said, quitting the stables to proceed to the gardens.

"We must look alive to keep up our breed, sir," said Patrick. "We're

breeding too fine; and soon we shan't be able to horse our troopers. I call that the land for horses where the cavalry's well mounted on a native breed."

"You have your brother's notions of cavalry, have you?"

"I leave it to Philip to boast what cavalry can do on the field. He knows; but he knows that troopers must be mounted; and we're fineing more and more from bone—with the sales to foreigners! and the only chance of their not beating us is that they'll be so good as follow our bad example. Prussia's well horsed, and for the work it's intended to do, the Austrian light cavalry's a model. So I'm told. I'll see for myself. Then we sit our horses too heavy. The Saxon trooper runs headlong to flesh. 'Tis the beer that fattens and swells him. Properly to speak, we've no light cavalry. The French are studying it, and when they take to studying, they come to the fore. I'll pay a visit to their breeding establishments. We've no studying here, and not a scrap of system that I see. All the country seems armed for bullying the facts, till the periodical panic arrives, and then it's for lying flat and roaring—and we'll drop the curtain, if you please."

"You say *we*," returned Mr. Adister. "I hear *you* launched at us English by the captain, your cousin, who has apparently yet to learn that we are one people."

"We're held together and a trifle intermixed; I fancy it's *we* with him and with me when we're talking of army or navy," said Patrick. "But Captain Con's a bit of a politician; a poor business, when there's nothing to be done."

"A very poor business!" Mr. Adister rejoined.

"If you'd have the goodness to kindle his enthusiasm, he'd be for the first person plural, with his cap in the air," said Patrick.

"I detest enthusiasm."

"You're not obliged to adore it to give it a waker."

"Pray, what does that mean?"

Patrick cast about to reply to the formal challenge for an explanation.

He began on it as it surged up to him: "Well, sir, the country that's got hold of us, if we're not to get loose. We don't count many millions in Europe, and there's no shame in submitting to *force majeure*, if a stand was once made; and we're mixed up, 'tis true, well or ill; and we're stronger, both of us, united than tearing to strips; and so, there, for the past! so long as we can set our eyes upon something to admire, instead of a bundle squatting fat on a pile of possessions and vowing she

won't budge; and taking kicks from a big foot across the Atlantic, and shaking bayonets out of her mob-cap for a little one's cock of the eye at her; and she's all for the fleshpots, and calls the rest of mankind fools because they're not the same; and so long as she can trim her ribands and have her hot toast and tea, with a suspicion of a dram in it, she doesn't mind how heavy she sits; nor that's not the point, nor's the land question, nor the potato crop, if only she wore the right sort of face to look at, with a bit of brightness about it, to show an idea inside striking a light from the day that's not yet nodding at us, as the tops of big mountains do; or if she were only braced and gallant, and cried, Ready, though I havent much outlook! We'd be satisfied with her for a handsome figure. I don't know whether we wouldn't be satisfied with her for politeness in her manners. We'd like her better for a spice of devotion to a light higher up in politics and religion. But the key of the difficulty's a sparkle of enthusiasm. It's part business, and the greater part sentiment. We want a rousing in the heart of us; or else we'd be pleased with her for sitting so as not to overlap us entirely; we'd feel more at home, and behold her more respectfully. We'd see the policy of an honorable union, and be joined to you by more than a telegraphic cable. That's Captain Con, I think, and many like him."

Patrick finished his airy sketch of the Irish case in a key signifying that he might be one among the many, but unobtrusive.

"Stick to horses!" observed Mr. Adister.

It was pronounced as the termination to sheer maundering.

Patrick talked on the uppermost topic for the remainder of their stroll.

He noticed that his host occasionally allowed himself to say, "You Irish"; and he reflected that the saying, "You English" had been hinted as an offence.

He forgot to think that he had possibly provoked this alienation in a scornfully proud spirit. The language of metaphor was to Mr. Adister fool's froth. He conceded the use of it to the Irish and the Welsh as a right that stamped them for what they were by adopting it; and they might look on a country as a "she," if it amused them; so long as they were not recalcitrant, they were to be tolerated, they were a part of us; doubtless the nether part, yet not the less a part for which we are bound to exercise a specially considerate care, or else we suffer, for we are sensitive there: this is justice; but the indications by fiddle-faddle verbiage of anything objectionable to the whole in the part aroused an irritability that speedily endued him with the sense of sanity opposing lunacy; when,

not having a wide command of the undecorated plain speech which enjoyed his approval, he withdrew into the entrenchments of contempt.

Patrick heard enough to let him understand why the lord of Earlsfont and Captain Con were not on the best of terms. Once or twice he had a twinge or suspicion of a sting from the tone of his host, though he was not political and was of a mood to pity the poor gentleman's melancholy state of solitariness, with all his children absent, his wife dead, only a niece, a young lady of twenty, to lend an air of grace and warmth to his home.

She was a Caroline, and as he had never taken a liking to a Caroline, he classed her in the tribe of Carolines. To a Kathleen, an Eveleen, a Nora, or a Bessy, or an Alicia, he would have bowed more cordially on his introduction to her, for these were names with portraits and vistas beyond, that shook leaves of recollection of the happiest of life—the sweet things dreamed undesiringly in opening youth. A Caroline awakened no soft association of fancies, no mysterious heaven and earth. The others had variously tinted skies above them; their features wooed the dream, led it on as the wooded glen leads the eye till we are deep in richness. Nor would he have throbbed had one of any of his favorite names appeared in the place of Caroline Adister. They had not moved his heart, they had only stirred the sources of wonder. An Eveleen had carried him farthest to imagine the splendors of an Adiante, and the announcement of the coming of an Eveleen would perchance have sped a little wild fire, to which what the world calls curiosity is frozenly akin, through his veins.

Mr. Adister had spoken of his niece Caroline. A lackey, receiving orders from his master, mentioned Miss Adister. There was but one Miss Adister for Patrick. Against reason, he was raised to anticipate the possible beholding of her, and Caroline's entrance into the drawing-room brought him to the ground. Disappointment is a poor term for the descent from an immoderate height, but the acknowledgment that we have shot up irrationally reconciles even unphilosophical youth to the necessity of the fall, though we must continue sensible of a shock. She was the Miss Adister; and how, and why? No one else accompanied them on their march to the dinner-table. Patrick pursued his double task of hunting his thousand speculations and conversing fluently, so that it is not astonishing if, when he retired to his room, the impression made on him by this young Caroline was inefficient to distinguish her from the horde of her baptismal sisters. And she had a pleasant face: he was able to see that, and some individuality in the look of it, the next morning; and then he remembered the niceness of her manners. He supposed her to

have been educated where the interfusion of a natural liveliness with a veiling *retenue* gives the title of lady. She had enjoyed the advantage of having an estimable French lady for her governess, she informed him, as they sauntered together on the terrace.

"A Protestant, of course," Patrick spoke as he thought.

"Madame Dugué is a Catholic of Catholics, and the most honorable of women."

"That I'll believe; and wasn't for proselytisms," said he.

"Oh, no; she was faithful to her trust."

"Save for the grand example!"

"That," said Caroline, "one could strive to imitate without embracing her faith."

"There's my mind clear as print!" Patrick exclaimed. "The Faith of my fathers! and any pattern you like for my conduct, if it's a good one."

Caroline hesitated before she said: "You have noticed my Uncle Adister's prepossession; I mean, his extreme sensitiveness on that subject."

"He blazed on me, and he seemed to end by a sort of approval."

She sighed. "He has had cause for great unhappiness."

"Is it the colonel, or the captain? Forgive me!"

Her head shook.

"Is it she? Is it his daughter? I must ask!"

"You have not heard?"

"Oh! then, I guessed it," cried Patrick, with a flash of pride in his arrowy sagacity. "Not a word have I heard, but I thought it out for myself; because I love my brother, I fancy. And now, if you'll be so good, Miss Caroline, let me beg, it's just the address, or the city, or the country—where she is, can you tell me?—just whereabouts! You're surprised: but I want her address, to be off, to see her; I'm anxious to speak to her. It's anywhere she may be in a ring, only show me the ring, I'll find her, for I've a load; and there's nothing like that for sending you straight, though it's in the dark; it acts like an instinct. But you know the clear address, and won't let me be running blindfold. She's on the Continent and has been a long time, and it was the capital of Austria, which is a Catholic country, and they've Irish blood in the service there, or they had. I could drop on my knees to you!"

The declaration was fortunately hushed by a supplicating ardor, or Mr. Adister would have looked more surprised than his niece. He stepped out of the library window as they were passing, and, evidently with a mind occupied by his own affairs, held up an opened letter for Caroline's perusal. She took a view of the handwriting.

"Any others?" she said.

"You will consider that one enough for the day," was his answer.

Patrick descended the terrace and strolled by the waterside, grieved at their having bad news, and vexed with himself for being a stranger, unable to console them.

Half an hour later they were all three riding to the market-town, where Mr. Adister paid a fruitless call on his lawyer.

"And never is at home! never was known to be at home when wanted!" he said, springing back to the saddle.

Caroline murmured some soothing words. They had a perverse effect.

"His partner! yes, his partner is at home, but I do not communicate upon personal business with his partner; and by and by there will be, I suppose, a third partner. I might as well deposit my family history in the hands of a club. His partner is always visible. It is my belief that Camminy has taken a partner that he may act the independent gentleman at his leisure. I, meantime, must continue to be the mark for these letters. I shall expect soon to hear myself abused as the positive cause of the loss of a Crown!"

"Mr. Camminy will probably appear at the dinner hour," said Caroline.

"Claret attracts him; I wish I could say as much of duty," rejoined her uncle.

Patrick managed to restrain a bubbling remark on the respective charms of claret and duty, tempting though the occasion was for him to throw in a conversational word or two.

He was rewarded for listening devoutly.

Mr. Adister burst out again: "And why not come over here to settle this transaction herself?—provided that I am spared the presence of her Schinderhannes! She could very well come. I have now received three letters bearing on this matter within as many months. Down to the sale of her hereditary jewels! I profess no astonishment. The jewels may well go too, if Crydney and Welvas are to go. Disrooted body and soul!—for a moonshine title!—a gaming-table foreign knave!—Known for a knave!—A young gentlewoman?—a wild Welsh . . . !"

Caroline put her horse to a canter, and the exclamations ended, leaving Patrick to shuffle them together and read the riddle they presented, and toss them to the wind, that they might be blown back on him by the powers of air in an intelligible form.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRINCESS

DINNER and a little piano-music and a song closed an evening that was not dull to Patrick in spite of prolonged silences. The quiet course of things within the house appeared to him to have a listening ear for big events outside. He dreaded a single step in the wrong direction, and therefore forbore to hang on any of his conjectures; for he might perchance be unjust to the blessedest heroine on the surface of the earth—a truly awful thought! Yet her name would no longer bear the speaking of it to himself. It conjured up a smoky moon under confounding eclipse.

Who was Schinderhannes?

Mr. Adister had said, *her* Schinderhannes.

Patrick merely wished to be informed who the man was and whether he had a title, and was much of a knave; and particularly Patrick would have liked to be informed of the fellow's religion. But asking was not easy.

It was not possible. And there was a barrel of powder to lay a fiery head on, for a pillow!

To confess that he had not the courage to inquire was as good as an acknowledgment that he knew too much for an innocent questioner. And what did he know? His brother Philip's fair angel forbade him to open the door upon what he knew. He took a peep through fancy's keyhole, and delighted himself to think that he had seen nothing.

After a turbulent night with Schinderhannes, who let him go no earlier than the opening of a December day, Patrick hied away to one of the dusky nooks by the lake for a bracing plunge. He attributed to his desire for it the strange deadness of the atmosphere, and his incapacity to get an idea out of anything he looked on; he had not a sensation of cold till the stinging element gripped him. It is the finest school for the cure of dreamers; two minutes of stout watery battle, with the enemy close all round, laughing, but not the less inveterate, convinced him that, in winter at least, we have only to jump out of our clothes to feel the reality of things in a trice. The dip was sharpening; he could say that his prescription was good for him; his craving to get an idea ceased with it absolutely, and he stood in far better trim to meet his redoubtable adversary of overnight; but the rascal was a bandit and had robbed him of his purse; that was a positive fact; his vision had gone; he felt himself poor and empty and rejoicing in the keenness of his hunger for breakfast, singularly lean. A youth despoiled of his vision and made

sensible by the activity of his physical state that he is a common machine, is eager for meat, for excess of whatsoever you may offer him; he is on the high road of recklessness, and had it been the bottle instead of Caroline's coffee-cup, Patrick would soon have received a priming for a delivery of views upon the sex, and upon love, and the fools known as lovers, acrid enough to win the applause of cynics.

Boasting was the best relief that a young man not without modesty could find. Mr. Adister complimented him on the robustness of his habits, and Patrick "would like to hear of the temptation that could keep him from his morning swim."

Caroline's needle-thrust was provoked:

"Would not Arctic weather deter you, Mr. O'Donnell?"

He hummed, and her eyes filled with the sparkle.

"Short of Arctic," he had to say. "But a gallop, after an Arctic bath, would soon spin the blood—upon an Esquimaux dog, of course," he pursued, to anticipate his critic's remark on the absence of horses, with a bow.

She smiled, accepting the mental alertness he fastened on her.

We must perforce be critics of these tear-away wits; which are, moreover, so threadbare to conceal the character! Caroline led him to vaunt his riding and his shooting, and a certain time passed before she perceived that though he responded naturally to her first sly attacks, his gross exaggerations upon them had not been the triumph of absurdity she supposed herself to have evoked.

Her wish was to divert her uncle. Patrick discerned the intention and aided her.

"As for entertainment," he said, in answer to Mr. Adister's courteous regrets that he would have to be a prisoner in the house until his legal adviser thought proper to appear, "I'll be perfectly happy if Miss Caroline will give me as much of her company as she can spare. It's amusing to be shot at, too, by a lady who's a good marksman! And birds and hares are always willing to wait for us; they keep better alive. I forgot to say that I can sing."

"Then I was in the presence of a connoisseur last night," said Caroline.

Mr. Adister consulted his watch and the mantelpiece clock for a minute of difference between them, remarking that he was a prisoner indeed, and for the whole day, unless Camminy should decide to come. "There is the library," he said, "if you care for books; the best books on agriculture will be found there. You can make your choice in the stables, if you would like to explore the country. I am detained here by a man who seems to

think my business of less importance than his pleasures. And it is not my business; it is very much the reverse; but I am compelled to undertake it as my own, when I abhor the business. It is hard for me to speak of it, much more to act a part in it."

"Perhaps," Caroline interposed hurriedly, "Mr. O'Donnell would not be unwilling to begin the day with some duets?"

Patrick eagerly put on his shame-face to accept her invitation, protesting that his bloodiness was entirely due to his delight in music.

"But I've heard," said he, "that the best fortification for the exercise of the voice is hearty eating, so I'll pay court again to that game-pie. I'm one with the pigs for truffles."

His host thanked him for spreading the contagion of good appetite, and followed his example. Robust habits and heartiness were signs with him of a conscience at peace, and he thought the Jesuits particularly forbearing in the amount of harm they had done to this young man. So they were still at table when Mr. Camminy was announced and ushered in.

The man of law murmured an excuse or two; he knew his client's eye, and how to thaw it.

"No, Miss Adister, I have not breakfasted," he said, taking the chair placed for him. "I was all day yesterday at Windlemont, engaged in assisting to settle the succession. Where estates are not entailed——"

"The expectations of the family are undisciplined and certain not to be satisfied," Mr. Adister carried on the broken sentence. "That house will fall! However, you have lost no time this morning.—Mr. Patrick O'Donnell."

Mr. Camminy bowed busily somewhere in the direction between Patrick and the sideboard.

"Our lawyers have us inside out, like our physicians," Mr. Adister resumed, talking to blunt his impatience for a private discussion with his own.

"Surgery's a little in their practice too, we think in Ireland," said Patrick.

Mr. Camminy assented: "No doubt." He was hungry, and enjoyed the look of the table, but the look of his client chilled the prospect, considered in its genial appearance as a feast of stages; having luminous extension; so, to ease his client's mind, he ventured to say: "I thought it might be urgent."

"It is urgent," was the answer.

"Ah! foreign? domestic?"

A frown replied.

Caroline, in haste to have her duties over, that she might escape the dreaded outburst, pressed another cup of tea on Mr. Camminy and groaned to see him fill his plate. She tried to start a topic with Patrick.

"The princess is well, I hope?" Mr. Camminy asked in the voice of discretion. "It concerns her Highness?"

"It concerns my daughter and her inheritance from her mad grandmother!" Mr. Adister rejoined loudly; and he continued like a retreating thunder: "A princess with a title as empty as a skull! At best a princess of swamps, and swine that fight for acorns, and men that fight for swine!"

Patrick caught a glance from Caroline, and the pair rose together.

"They did that in our mountains a couple of thousand years ago," said Mr. Camminy, "and the cause was not so bad, to judge by this ham. Men must fight: the law is only a quieter field for them."

"And a fatter for the ravens," Patrick joined in softly, as if carrying on a song.

"Have at us, Mr. O'Donnell! I'm ashamed of my appetite, Miss Adister, but the morning's drive must be my excuse, and I'm bounden to you for not forcing me to detain you. Yes, I can finish breakfast at my leisure, and talk of business, which is never particularly interesting to ladies—though," Mr. Camminy turned to her uncle, "I know Miss Adister has a head for it."

Patrick hummed a bar or two of an air, to hint of his being *fanatico per la musica*, as a pretext for their departure.

"If you'll deign to give me a lesson," said he, as Caroline came away from pressing her lips to her uncle's forehead.

"I may discover that I am about to receive one," said she.

They quitted the room together.

Mr. Camminy had seen another Miss Adister duetting with a young Irishman and an O'Donnell, with lamentable results to that union of voices, and he permitted himself to be a little astonished at his respected client's defective memory or indifference to the admonition of identical circumstances.

(To be continued)

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION

ON Saturday, November 20th, the Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Missouri handed down a decision in the suit of the United States Government against the Standard Oil Company. The decision ran strongly against the Standard Oil in its present shape of a holding company, which carries in its treasury the stocks of nineteen subsidiary corporations, and which manages their affairs as a result of such ownership. In its concluding decree, the court ordered that within thirty days of its decision, the stocks held in this manner should be returned to their original owners and the holding company as such dissolved.

The decision when it came was a complete surprise to Wall Street and the financial community, and this was for a somewhat peculiar reason. When President Roosevelt, in his special message of May 4, 1906, submitted to Congress the report of the special Government investigators on the Standard Oil Company, two Government suits were instituted. One was based on the Elkins Law of 1905, which provided that "every person or corporation who shall offer, grant, give or solicit, accept or receive" from any railway either "rebates, concession, or discrimination," shall, if convicted of such offence, be punished for each violation of the law by a fine of not less than \$1,000 or more than \$20,000. The other suit was instituted by the Department of Justice under the Anti-Trust Act of 1890, and had for its purpose the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company in its present form.

Now, for various reasons, popular interest converged almost entirely on the suit under the Elkins Law. In the first place, the other suit dragged along very slowly and the taking of voluminous evidence was in progress even as late as the early part of the present year. But aside from this, the prosecution for rebating soon developed some very startling aspects. In August, 1907, the Indiana jury before whom the case was brought found wholly against the company. It remained to settle the amount of fine which should be imposed. It will perhaps be recalled that the company's counsel asked for one of three methods of imposing this fine—first, that all the railway rebates, which were spread between the autumn of 1903 and the spring of 1905, should be considered a single violation of the law; or second, that the violations should be declared three in number, the rate having been fixed between the company and the railways once a year; or third, that since the testimony had shown thirty-six separate bills to have been presented by the railways in connection with the rebated charges, the offences under the law should be fixed at thirty-six.

Any of these three interpretations would have ended in a not abnormally onerous fine, even if the maximum amount of \$20,000 should have been imposed for each offence. Judge Landis, however, having in mind the imposition of an exemplary fine, declared that each loaded car sent forward under the discriminatory rates was a separate offence. The number of such cars was 1,462. For each of these he imposed the maximum penalty of \$20,000, which made the sum total of the fine imposed amount to \$29,240,000.

This monumental penalty happened to be imposed at a time when financial markets generally were on the verge of panic; it may have had some part in causing the financial disorder which ensued during the balance of 1907; the late Mr. Harriman always insisted that it had. However this may be, the company appealed the case to the Federal Circuit Court, which, in July, 1908, declared that Judge Landis's method of computing the fine "had no basis in any intention or fixed rule discoverable in the statute," and on this basis of reasoning remanded the case to the District Court for retrial. Last March, that court summarily directed a verdict of acquittal for lack of proper evidence.

It was not altogether strange that, in view of this striking series of incidents in the rebate suit, the public at large and the financial public in particular should have lost sight of the other suit under the Anti-Trust law, which was slowly approaching completion. Nevertheless, this second case went in the natural order of events before the Circuit Court last summer, and the decision of the court was, in point of fact, to have been expected about the time when it was handed down. The effect on Wall Street of the decision of November 20th was somewhat demoralizing. During the two days following the announcement of the court's opinion active stocks declined in many cases four to five points, then recovered slightly, and a week later once more plunged down with considerable violence. It may be said, therefore, that the effect of the decision was unsettling, and although it must be added that all the losses then incurred were recovered on the Stock Exchange within the next few weeks, still it is fair to discuss the matter from that point of view.

There were, in fact, plausible reasons for imagining such influence in financial circles from the court's opinion. The extreme view taken as to its dangerous consequences was that of Mr. John D. Archbold, Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company, who, a day or two after the Circuit Court's decision, stated in a public interview that, with this latest interpretation of the Anti-Trust Law, "under that law it is not only impossible for practically every corporation to transact business, but even co-partnerships may be attacked." If this was a reasonably correct in-

ference from the decision of the Circuit Court, then it would be manifest that a situation of the most extraordinary nature immediately confronts the country. It is the purpose of this article to look into the nature of the decision, and to ascertain, if possible, both what the court itself meant to say and what the bearing of its decision, on financial interests generally, ought to be.

In the first place, as to its immediate effect. The decision against the Northern Securities, which was rendered by the Federal Circuit Court in 1903, contained a similar order of dissolution within thirty days; but when the case went up to the highest court on the company's appeal, the order that stocks should be returned to original holders, and that the holding company should neither receive nor declare dividends, was suspended during such appeal. As a matter of fact, the regular quarterly dividends on Northern Securities stock were duly paid at each quarter-day in the eleven months' period between the Circuit Court's decision and the Supreme Court's decision on appeal. It was presumed by those who knew the law that similar action would be taken in the present case.

As to the Supreme Court's probable decision, when the case comes up to it on appeal, there has been a rather general opinion that the Circuit Court will be sustained. That view arises from the fact that, although the Supreme Court's opinion of 1904 against the Northern Securities was rendered only by vote of five to four, there has been one death in the court since that time—Justice Peckham, who, as it happened, was one of the judges concurring in the minority opinion. The presumption, therefore, was that in any case the majority would still uphold the decision against the company, while, if Judge Peckham's successor were to take a different view from his of the law in the case, the majority for the Government would be increased.

Finally, as to what result would follow if the Circuit Court's decision is reaffirmed by the highest court. On that point we have only precedent to guide us. Predictions of great financial demoralization were common when the Northern Securities had been finally ordered to dissolve; yet the dissolving of that holding company was accomplished with a minimum of friction or disturbance, and along with a great advance in Stock Exchange prices. Business of the constituent companies went on as usual. Not only so, but the Union Pacific Treasury, which, under Mr. Harriman's domination, held a very large interest in Northern Securities and in the railway stocks held by that company, retained its holdings during all the litigation and through the dismemberment of the holding company, and by Mr. Harriman's own admission sold the bulk of its part in that investment two or three years later at a profit of \$34,000,000.

This bit of history casts a somewhat interesting light on the problem of Standard Oil. It does not touch, however, on the larger question suggested by Mr. Archbold's interview as to the further application of the law. The Anti-Trust law itself, enacted in 1890, stated that "every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce in the several States or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal." With the numerous interpretations of the law by the highest court, in the suits against railway traffic combinations and industrial alliances formed to suppress certain lines of trade to their own special advantage, we need not concern ourselves. The admittedly important point is the construction of the law as applied to great "holding companies," whose contention has been that they were not marking up prices to extortionate heights against consumers.

The Northern Securities case, decided by the Supreme Court in 1904, was the first in which the Anti-Trust law was clearly applied under such conditions. I have already stated that the court's vote on that case was a vote of five to four. It was peculiar, however, in that four Justices found absolutely and sweepingly against the company, that four other Justices found against the Government, while the ninth Justice, who obviously had the casting vote, gave judgment against the company, but on a basis of application of the law much more limited than that of the Justices with whom he concurred.

The four Justices who ruled against the Northern Securities declared in their opinion that the evidence showed "a violation of the Act of Congress in so far as it declares illegal every combination or conspiracy in restraint of commerce;" that as controlled by the holding company, "the constituent companies ceased under such a combination to be in active competition for trade and commerce along their respective lines." They upheld the view of the lower court that the merger "destroyed every motive for competition between the two roads engaged in Interstate traffic which were natural competitors for business;" and they ended by rejecting the argument that disaster to business would result from their decision, stating bluntly that "such predictions were made in all the cases heretofore arising under that act, but they have not been verified."

Thus much for what is commonly called the majority opinion. The dissenting Justices based their position generally on the contention that Congress had no right to restrain ownership of corporate stock. Justice Holmes argued that "the same monopoly may be admitted and effected by an individual and is made equally illegal in that case; but I do not expect to hear it maintained that Mr. Morgan could be sent to prison for

buying as many shares as he liked of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, even if he bought them both at the same time and got more than half the stock of each road." Justice White, in dissenting, further argued that there was "no foundation for the proposition that there exists in Government a power to limit the quantity and character of property which may be acquired and owned."

There was left Justice Brewer's opinion against the company, which determined the court's decision as a whole. It began by dissenting from the broader application of the law in the majority opinion. "Congress," Justice Brewer remarked, "did not intend by that act to reach and destroy those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade which the long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable and ought to be upheld." But when he came to the specific case of Northern Securities, he pointed out that "if the parties interested in these two railroad companies can, through the instrumentality of the holding corporation, place both under one control, then in like manner, as was conceded in the argument by one of the counsel for the appellants, could the control of all the railroad companies in the country be placed in a single corporation." "A single corporation," he concluded, "whose stock was owned by three or four parties, would be in practical control of both roads, or, having before us the possibilities of combination, the control of the whole transportation system of the country."

It will be observed, from these limitations of Justice Brewer, both what the court ultimately aimed at in its decision and what it did not aim at. Now, let us see what appeared in this connection in the text of the recent Standard Oil decision. In the first place, it is obvious that the court kept carefully in mind Judge Brewer's limitations. The opinion of November 20th went out of its way to admit that the effort of every person or company engaged in the Interstate commerce necessarily is "to draw to himself to the exclusion of others, and thereby to monopolize, a part of that trade." This, the court declares, is not illegal, and the opinion goes on carefully to point out that the criminality of the Standard Oil lay in the methods by which that monopoly was obtained and in the possibilities which it acquired through such monopoly. Proceeding further, it remarks:

Undoubtedly, every person engaged in interstate commerce necessarily attempts to draw to himself, to the exclusion of others, and thereby to monopolize a part of that trade. Every sale and every transportation of an article which is the subject of interstate commerce evidences a successful attempt to monopolize that trade or commerce which concerns that sale or transportation. If the second section of the act prohibits every attempt to monopolize any part of interstate commerce, it forbids all competition therein and defeats the only purpose of the

law, for there can be no competition unless each competitor is prompted to attempt to draw to himself and thereby to monopolize some part of the commerce.

This is not, it cannot be, the proper interpretation of this section. It must be so construed as to abate the mischief it was passed to destroy and to promote the remedy it provided. It was enacted not to stifle, but to foster, competition, and its true construction is that while unlawful means to monopolize and to continue an unlawful monopoly of interstate and international commerce are misdemeanors and enjoined under it, monopolies of part of interstate and international commerce by legitimate competition, however successful, are not denounced by the law, and may not be forbidden by the courts.

And the opinion makes, in addition, this very pregnant comment on the scope of the law:

The test of the legality of a combination under this act is its necessary effect upon competition in commerce among the States or with foreign nations. If its necessary effect is only incidentally or indirectly to restrict that competition, while its chief result is to foster the trade and increase the business of those who make and operate it, it does not violate the law. But if its necessary effect is to stifle or directly and substantially to restrict freight competition in commerce among the States or with foreign nations, it is illegal within the meaning of that statute. . . .

It is not difficult to see, after careful and unbiassed consideration of these paragraphs, that so far from Mr. Archbold's theory being right that every partnership and corporation has been placed in jeopardy, the court has distinctly affirmed that the decision does not run against the ordinary corporation and individual, even where his efforts are theoretically tending toward monopoly. "Intent," "necessary effect," and "means employed," are the considerations to which the court directs its attention in this case, and to which it will undoubtedly direct it hereafter if this decision is affirmed. But it will also be observed that these limitations follow precisely on the lines which President Taft had advocated in his suggestions for amendment of the Anti-Trust law, made in his speech at Des Moines last summer. He then advised the revision of the law so that its application should be restricted to "combinations, conspiracies, and contracts made with intent to monopolize or partly monopolize trade." There is at least fair ground, then, for assuming that in advance of any amendment to the law, the courts themselves are acting in the line of such restriction. As every one familiar with the history of American jurisprudence is aware, the courts have played quite as important a part in defining and restricting the application of Congressional statutes as Congress itself has done through alteration or amendment.

There is left, nevertheless, the question whether this Standard Oil decision is not, or may not in its longer sequel become, a dangerous and unsettling influence in financial affairs. To answer this question, and to

arrive at some idea as to whether or not these vigorous prosecutions under the Anti-Trust act are a good or bad factor in the movement of affairs, one must look both to recent history and to the actual financial and industrial conditions of the day. I have pointed out already that in its later applications, the Anti-Trust law has been levelled primarily against the holding company. Now, although our eminent financiers speak of dismemberment of this or that holding company as a disaster which would bring about financial and industrial chaos, the truth is that the holding company is an exceedingly recent device and that the community got along fairly well before it was ever invented. The Standard Oil Company in its present form was itself only organized in 1899, and its organization was the signal for imitation by almost every other projected combination.

It certainly was imitated with amazing rapidity and with far-reaching results. The "Trust," as it was conceived of at the time of the Anti-Trust law's enactment in 1890, has become a very different thing, and an institution with much wider possibilities. It is in fact by no means possible, even yet, to measure the logical scope and outcome of industrial combination under this device. One way of judging its theoretical possibilities is through the admission made in court by Mr. John G. Johnson, counsel for the Northern Securities and referred to by Justice Brewer in the part of his opinion which I have already cited. Mr. Johnson had been asked from the bench if the machinery of the Northern Securities might not be so applied as to enable a few individuals to get control of all the railways of the United States. Too wise and experienced to attempt to quibble with the court, he answered frankly that, although such an outcome of the holding company device was, in his judgment, altogether improbable, it was not impossible.

The question of control of prices is another consideration. The greater part of the Standard Oil Company's defense in the Government's suit rested on its allegation that it had not advanced the price of oil. But there are trusts which, by common knowledge, have arbitrarily marked up, through use of their aggregated capital in holding enormous amounts of their products off the market, the price of commodities whose production they controlled in part or wholly, and the instances are such as to point out very grave possibilities of such action by other holding companies which have not yet done so. No one familiar with the course of the copper market during 1901 and 1906 would think of denying that the \$155,000,000 Amalgamated Copper Company deliberately, and through use of its great capital resources, established and stubbornly maintained, in the face of trade conditions pointing a different way,

an exorbitantly high price for copper. This very season there has been under consideration a wider extension of this so-called Copper Trust, with a view to including many other producers whose competition has lately been awkward to the Amalgamated Copper, and whose sales of copper have had the effect of preventing restoration of the former high prices. The United States Steel Corporation, under a conservative management, has been careful to abstain from fixing exorbitant prices, and has in fact undoubtedly at times restrained the activities of smaller competitors in that direction. Yet even in the Steel Trust's case, its influence toward holding of prices at an arbitrary level has been very great. Of this no stronger proof could be asked than the statement of the company's own chairman, early in 1908, when almost the whole Steel trade was demanding lower prices for that commodity as a result of the after-panic trade stagnation. Judge Gary answered that "the mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply does not justify an increase in price, nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply furnish an argument for lowering the price." Even if applied for beneficent ends, such a statement of the case is pretty clear assumption of the power of a holding company of this sort to establish and maintain prices as it chooses.

No one denies that the path of our Federal courts has been difficult, when construing a law drawn in such general terms as the Anti-Trust Act of 1890. It is the business of courts, however, to construe the law with a view both to the purpose of its authors and the actual situation of the day. In both regards, I believe that the series of decisions in favor of the Government, and against the holding companies which have been brought into court, have been conservative. What would have followed the Northern Securities' experiment, if that experiment had not been halted by the courts, it would be difficult for any one to conjecture. It only need be said that even Wall Street had begun to feel dismay at the dangerous possibilities which lay before it. It was a director in the company itself and an eminent Wall Street capitalist, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, who declared, on receiving the news of the Supreme Court's final decision against the Northern Securities, that the decree against the company was "a blessing in disguise, for promotion and combination have been carried entirely too far."

Pretty much all careful thinkers recognize to-day that the protection against ambitious and reckless financiering, provided by these decisions of the court, has indirectly been most salutary. That the holding company device has unlimited possibilities of adding to its power in the longer future; that its use has led repeatedly to unrestrained speculation; that its natural end is irresponsible control by parties who cannot in

the nature of things be dislodged by shareholders; that it admits of dangerous financiering on its own account, and that it leads not seldom to notorious over-capitalization—these are facts which have been proven even in the brief ten-year history of the institution. If one believes, in addition to this, that the holding company device is not an absolute necessity of our modern business, and that American prosperity managed to assert itself pretty positively during the long series of years before such contrivances were ever heard of, he will be more disposed perhaps to recognize that the law, imperfect as its terms may be, and the courts, hampered as they may be by doubt over possible consequences, have performed a service of timely and inestimable value for the American people, in fixing the line which such combinations may not overstep, except on penalty of compulsory dissolution.

Alexander D. Noyes.

WHAT IS THY WILL?

WHAT is thy will now thou hast led me here,
To this lone wilderness whose heavens sneer?
Lo, I have left the living world for thee:
What is thy will? What wilt thou do with me?
Hast thou no solace now, no word of cheer?

There is no comfort in the falling tear.
God laughs along my prayers: yet thou art near,
Thou that art stronger than eternity.
What is thy will?

I feel thee wicked sometimes, and I fear
That thou hast touched my soul and left it sere.
My heart is heavy with mortality.
Oh thou hast won a goodly mastery!
Pause we a little; for the angels hear.
What is thy will?

Muriel Rice.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS SELF, THE LATEST NOVELTY

It may be impossible to "fool all the people all the time," but it is very possible to fool a good many people much of the time. When the fools and the foolers are in full play, it is to be said that folks "just love it." There is just enough of a screw loose in all wits, or a deeply implanted yearning after the magical and mysterious in every heart, to make it easy at any time for any new doctrine or cult that deals with the unknown to win a ready following. In all the devices for playing the game, long-gaited terms are the most common and the most effective. It is a far cry from the Abracadabra of the old magicians to the "Psychotherapeutics" and the "Subconscious Self" of the wise men of to-day, but, like the augurs in ancient Rome, the coiners of those terms could not pass one another without a wink. Your sick man, furnished with a long Greek name for his infirmity, and an unintelligible prescription in Latin, pays the fee and walks out of the doctor's office wrapped in an importance equal to that of a newly appointed Irish policeman. Christian Science captures its thousands, and Psychotherapy is starting out for its tens of thousands. Both deal in mystery and both attack humanity at its weakest point where bodily ailments furnish the line of easy approach to the credulous mind. We are all keen for the things that are not dreamed of in our philosophies; and it is hard to tell which is the more exciting, to start on the quest with fingers playing on the "Subconscious Self," or with the thought in our mind that, to the measure of our faith, we are going to work again, or to have worked for us, the miracles of Jesus. "Christianity" and "Science" reformers, with "Absent Treatment," make a brave team for flight into the realm of the unknown; and "Psychotherapy" astride the "Subconscious Self," and attended by "Telepathy," is a strong second; while "Metaphysical Healing" and "Occultism" and "Theosophy" press on behind. Hypnotism, with its element of very real danger, stands ready to be used by all, adding not a little to the zest.

This "Subconscious Self" is comparatively a new discovery, or invention, but brave things are said of him. We have had "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," without being able to say which was the real man. In the new dual personage we are not left in doubt. The new creation is furnished with all the virtues. The friends of the "Emmanuel Movement" tell us that the "Subconscious mind is purer, more sensitive to good and evil, than the conscious;" and Professor William James, in his recent excursion into the realm of religious experience, where he has made so

great a stir, would have us know that he inclines to the same opinion. He says: "Starbuck seems to put his finger on the root of the matter when he says that to exercise the personal will is still to live in the region where the imperfect self is the most emphasized. Where, on the contrary, the subconscious forces take the lead, it is more probably the better self *in posse* which directs the operation."

It is a comfort to know that the experts attribute to us all virtue of which we ourselves have little knowledge, and locate it in that part of us where, if it is not entirely removed from temptation, we at least escape responsibility for its possible overthrow. We had supposed before this that when a man was summoned to resist the Devil and his works, it was a task cut out for one in the full possession of his faculties, or for which the hopes of success lay in the extent to which he possessed conscious mastery of his known powers. The mystery, as when Bunyan's Pilgrim found that he had to pass through the Valley of Apollyon, lay in the realm of evil. But now it appears that a man's hopes of a successful contest with evil must lie chiefly in his mysterious "other self," over which he has little command, and of which he knows less.

What with the "Metaphysician," the "Cerebral Anatomist" and the "Physiological-psychologist," we have cut a man up into almost as many and as intricate parts as the veriest jig-saw puzzle, but through it all he has remained largely himself, in the last analysis, one and indivisible. Now we find that he is, in fact, not one, but two. And the lesser known self is both the more important and the more noble; that is, if we look wise, and accept all that we are told.

And there is no end to the tales. At first, it was "Spiritualism" and "Psychic Phenomena." Now it is "Healings," bodily and mental, and a broad and easy "way that leadeth into life." Prompt cessation of pain, quick winning of victory over vicious habits, high spiritual attainment, and comfortable release from all further anxiety, are the immediate results. "Psychotherapy" does it. And for explanation they give us the "Subconscious Self."

To be sure we have as little exact knowledge of the "Subconscious Self" as we have of Mrs. Eddy and her "Science." Not he who runs can read. But we are in the heart of the great realm of mystery, and that suffices—especially if we have acquaintances who are healed.

But it may be worth while to inquire what evidences there are of this remarkable genie who comes at command out of the Aladdin's lamp of our humble body and does such wonderful things for us.

Plain men of science who study the facts of the bodily structure and functions tell us that the thoughts, emotions and general expressions of

the self with which we are familiar are all related to certain more or less clearly traceable changes in the condition or action of the nerves. Which is cause and which is effect in this connection, it is impossible as yet to determine. A pill of known robust qualities taken into the stomach will act promptly upon the liver, and before long dispel the look of yellow ill-health that appears in the cheek and the eye, and with that will go the "blue" thoughts which we all associate with a disordered liver. And on the other hand the arrival of a cheerful friend with good news and a pleasant story will at times work the same result back from the thoughts upon the digestion.

We are all ready to believe that the extent of these influences working from the body upon the mind, or from the mind upon the body, may at any time be greatly enlarged.

Furthermore, we know that concentrating the mind upon one line of thought and summoning the will to hold it there while we direct our energies in a given course, leaves a wide realm of contiguous and more or less related mental activity lying for a time measurably dormant, and constituting what may be called an "area of mental subconsciousness." This subconscious area of the mind, we know only too well, is open meanwhile to receive impressions; for these impressions are too often the disturbing elements distracting our thoughts from the business in hand, and a large part of the discipline of life and of the education of life is to hold this realm in control, and to keep its impulses and suggestions out of the way, while we exercise the faculties which are immediately related to the task or the problems before us. A mother, for example, may be eagerly talking with a friend and apparently giving all her attention to the conversation, while at the same time she is ready to respond instantly to the first movement of her sleeping child; or we may be intently reading a book and at the same time aware that a street organ is playing the "Merry Widow" under our window. How deep and permanent or how available are these side impressions which are borne in upon the subconscious mentality may be a matter for careful investigation, but they lie apparently quite within the realm of knowable fact, and do not go farther toward confirming the idea of another self, either appearing in them or existing beyond them.

When also we turn to the action of the nerves, when a single group of cells is called into motion by some external irritation and held in that condition in connection with certain lines of thought or feeling, the rest of the nervous system may be regarded as for the time being out of play, at least it is very incidentally connected with the immediate irritation of the cells in question. It also in separate parts, or in its

entirety, may meanwhile be stirred by other incitements, as when a man smokes a cigar or rocks back and forth in his chair while he sits worrying over some mental disturbance, or when he plays with his watch-chain while he reads an amusing book. But again this area of nervous excitement does not seem to stand in any recognizable relation to another self than the one with which we are familiar. All this inactive nervous area may, however, be receiving impressions from external stimulus; and that these may be important and permanent and stand related to the health of the body or the strength of the mind is probably true. For just such purposes various practitioners induce patients to sit in a blue ray, or on an electric stool; and it is quite probable that with advancing knowledge it will be found possible to build up the bodily health and perhaps cure serious physical disorders by dealing with this part of the nervous system which lies, as we may say, out of use when some other part is held in steady employment. But again it does not seem at all clear that this is to be connected with a mysterious *alter-ego*, who, like a good or bad spirit, flits about the boundaries of consciousness. We are not unaware of the powers of the hypnotist, little as they are as yet understood; nor would we for a moment venture to limit the possibilities for both mental and physical control that may be proved to be within his reach; but so far as is known, the full scope of his power seems to be found within the range of the recognized self and the definite field of the, as yet, imperfectly understood physical organism. A group of nervous cells may, in turn, tend to make those thoughts continuous.

There is this close interaction between the mind and the body which everybody knows and which probably has a much wider range than has yet been developed. Character lies wholly in the power of the will to control the thoughts and the passions, and this control, which is the witness to established character, tends to stability, and therefore to the health of the nerves. The unstirred area of thoughts and passions and the unemployed nerve cells may retain impressions and get an accumulated stability available for constant use. In other words, a man may build up health both of mind and of body within such limitations as are fixed for him by the Providence of God, whether those limitations be greater or less. Eventually, we must all yield to the inevitable dissolution which comes with advancing years, and, finally, with death. This constitutes the only self that any one may know here, the self of the embodied spirit.

We often discuss the conceivable conditions of the disembodied soul, but no one knows what those conditions are; and, in fact, we have no basis for the conception of the spirit disembodied, at all. The term

“body” is undergoing tremendous change in the advance of modern science. The old definitions of matter are no longer of any value, and, in the absolute ignorance which still maintains as to what matter is, and how the material body is constituted, we are probably to accept St. Paul’s statement: “There is a body terrestrial, and there is a body celestial.”

The inference, and it is sustained by such progress as modern science has made, is that the self which we now know as the personality composed of the spirit inhabiting, and inseparable from, the body, through which and by means of which it reveals itself and does its work, is a distinct and complete entity. It has no shadowy and subconscious alternate, living in the background of its life and introducing into it influences more or less powerful, but over which it has little or no control. On the contrary, it is complete in itself, exercising its own functions, responsible for its own acts, guided by its own conscience, summoning and employing its own powers of will, obedient always and at last only to its God.

This character of the Self, which we are, is confirmed by all that we know of the moral life, for that rests upon the axiom that morality and responsibility are inseparable. There can be no virtue nor guilt where there is not this freedom of the will, this responsibility for one’s own character. This doctrine of the “Subconscious Self” belongs to the realm of determinism, so far as it has any validity, and is equally to be condemned by every ethical impulse of which we are capable.

As a plaything, it may amuse would-be investigators, and as a panacea, it may be better than some patent medicines for invalids. It is of small value for the intelligent, and only a hindrance to those who desire a thoroughly ethical foundation for life. Of course, healings innumerable will probably be produced in connection with it. It may do some people good for the time to be fooled, and it may be folly to teach wisdom where “ignorance is bliss,” but as Dr. Henry R. Marshall, the eminent philosopher, who has recently called attention to those facts in an article in the *Hibbert Journal*, says, “There are other evils in life more important than the healing of pain,” and “in the long run it will be better for the race to risk the tendency of some suffering among weaklings whom the arts of magic can wholly relieve, rather than to curtail the development of clear thinking among the common people.”

Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D.

THE POETRY OF JESUS

I

THE POETRY OF HIS CAREER

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of five articles on this subject which Mr. Markham is writing for this magazine, and which will be published in the four ensuing numbers.

THE career of Jesus was a romantic poem, an epic of passion and grief and heroic hope—one of the terrific tragedies in the Wars of God. It everywhere touches on the Ideal, the one eternal kingdom of poesy. It begins with a soft idyl of wonder and joy, passes through whirlwind and earthquake, rising at last to the white calm of eternity.

In the days of Herod the king there was an expectancy in all hearts, an upward looking on all faces. With the coming of the lilies in March, "the Angel Gabriel was sent from God, to a city of Galilee named Nazareth," to announce to a virgin that she should bring forth a son and call his name Jesus. It was an obscure annunciation to a young Hebrew maiden, but how trivial beside it are all the flamboyant proclamations of the Cæsars and the Pharaohs!

Next we find this virgin mother knocking at the doors in little Bethlehem, asking for a place to lay the Child of Mystery. There was a rush of wings and a transport of holy passion up in the soft ethereal fields of air. Seraphs dipped their feet into the gray morning of our little world.

It was "good tidings to all people!" For in the bibles of all lands had been inscribed the hope of an Avatar, the descent of a Divine Child to poise the shaken earth. This babe from the hollow of the manger was the child that the Aryan poets had beheld in vision rising out of the hollow of the lotos-flower that floats upon the immeasurable waters of the Mother-sea. The ancient Vedas had said of him: "In the beginning arose the Golden Child: he was the only born Lord of all that is. He stablished the earth and this sky." The Sibyls had also whispered of the wonder in their secret books. The poet-prophets of Israel had caught the vision; and the impassioned Isaiah, looking down the centuries, had cried: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful." The wise magi of Persia—so runs tradition—also waited for the Avatar. For ages twelve searchers of the skies had kept vigil upon the lofty towers, watching for the Saviour Star; and now the wise men were hastening over the Syrian sands. A beautiful and mysterious trembling was going out upon the hearts of men. Strange rumors were running on all roads.

Shepherds, watching their flocks by night, heard the embassy of angels announcing the new king; and straightway they left their sheep on David's hill and went hastening to pay homage to the babe lying in the fragrant hay of the manger, where the oxen warmed the little one with their breath, where the cart-wheel leaned to the wall and the plough and yoke were resting idly in an empty corner. Convoyed by a strange new star (was it an angel in the form of a star?) came the wise men drawn out of the cryptic East, with myrrh for the mortal, gold for the king, incense for the God. Now warned by a dream, Joseph with the young child and the mother fled from the wrath of Herod into Egypt, to wander for years in that strange land whose imperishable stones whisper of eternity. Did the young child stray among the reeds and lilies of the Nile? Did he pass the Pyramids that hold the humbled dust of Memphian kings? Did he return the solemn gaze of the Sphinx—Mystery staring upon Mystery?

Three years they wandered, till the angel of the dream pointed them back to the land of Israel, to storied Galilee. One swift line tells all his youth—"He grew in grace and stature, in favor with God and man." So that white childhood is swept into the innocent silence of all childhood. We think of it as going lightly, like a rose-leaf dancing on the shining floor of a river.

The growing boy spent beautiful years at Nazareth, a little hill-nested Galilean village, with the low peaks notching the skies around it. Behind him was a lineage that ran back to a poet-king, and yet he mingled in sweet democracy with all the folk of the town. He had comrades, perhaps, in all the gray little houses whose flat roofs were shared with the doves and the wandering vines. He knew the terraced gardens and the one fountain where the women came with their urns for water. He must have known as old friends all the rocks and trees along the hoof-beaten trails that pronged out from Nazareth. Often he must have lain on the grassy hillsides watching the ant tugging its load over twig and pebble to its hidden barns, or stood looking up at the swallows building their happy Babylons under the eaves of the synagogue. Often perhaps the little warm fingers came bringing flowers from the wild gardens that made clouds of color on the hills—pimpernels, anemones, morning glories, geraniums, rock-roses. No doubt those eager boyish eyes watched the figs of the orchard rounding their velvet purses of preciousness and the grapes of the vineyard orbing into dusty purple. We can well believe that nothing escaped his poet's glance, down to the delicate and evanescent. He saw the thin reed of the pool shaken in the wind; the tender branch put-

ting forth its green leaves in the April light; the lilies in their glory trembling in the dark furrow; the birds feeding as the guests of God.

Perhaps, too, the curious, earnest boy spent lingering hours at the market-place and the fountain, questioning and listening as the dusty caravans passed to and fro—Syrians, Romans, Arabs, Phœnicians, Greeks. For through the low hills of Nazareth went pulsing three of the ancient highways—one the way to Tyre and Sidon by the sea, one the way to Damascus, one the way to Rome. All the civilizations of the world sent some waft of their rumor and fragrance through the crooked streets of the little Galilean town.

But the boy's heart was drawn doubtless with a tender interest to the low shop, where with Joseph the carpenter he spent long hours among the fragrant chips and shavings torn from cedars of Lebanon and oaks of Tabor. The tools were his first teachers. While his hand was learning to saw the straight line, his mind was learning to follow the straight line of rectitude; and while his arm was learning to send home the wooden nail, his mind was learning to drive the truth to its ultimate reach. And all the while his heart was quickening under the poetry of the strange scriptures descended from the mysterious antiquity of his race. His earliest memory was perhaps a memory of his poet-mother's voice singing her Magnificat, or crooning some chant that sheltered the heart of the nation; as, "Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

But the wondrous boy must have ever been touched with that high seriousness, that noble sorrow, which is the mark of all great souls. And we can well believe that again and again he climbed alone to the top of the little hill to the west, leaving behind the cisterns, the olive orchards, the vineyards, the tombs in the cliffs, and the oleander thickets, mounting upward to the broken summits above Nazareth, to look away into the interminable distances and to muse over the mystery of it all. There at his feet lay Galilee, all fragrant and bright in the rich Eastern air. Far in the north swam the ghostly peak of Hermon. Toward the east was the light-hung cone of Tabor, and a thin gleam of the blue Tiberias. Farther toward the south shot up the dim peaks of Gilboa, and the more shadowy peaks of Gilead that are beyond the tumultuous flood of the Jordan. On the west the gazing boy could discern in violet light the laurelled ridges of Carmel that plunge down to the sea, far peaks where Elijah had parleyed with the prophets of Baal and cried the prayer that called down the fire. And there farther toward the north, he caught the faint sparkle of the Mediterranean, whose shores were to echo his name down all the ages of the world. So on the little hill behind Nazareth, the boy stood wondering over the immensity without him and the infinity within him—wondering

over the mystery of the world's beauty that is forever ebbing and flowing around the mystery of our pain.

Again and again the proud city of Jerusalem sweeps into the story, touching it always with shadow and portent. At twelve years of age, the boy went with his parents to the Passover feast in the great city. The journey must have been rich with meaning and marvel. Mile by mile the heroic past of Israel unrolled: here was Jericho, there was Jordan, yonder was the plane of Esdraelon that had been watered by the battle-blood of all kingdoms and ages. And further on was Jerusalem, where the towers cried their memories and the gates their glory. Slowly the great idea of History took form within him. As he neared the Temple, he touched the converging streams of pilgrims from many lands; and soon he felt the shock of the crowded and excited city, the city consecrated by memories of the grief of Jeremiah, the poetry of David, and the lofty passion of Isaiah. Everywhere drifting about the young boy were throngs of strange forms and faces—swart Egyptians, subtle Persians, cunning Arabs, grave Romans, graceful Greeks. Now, if never before, the vast idea of Humanity swept as a solemn vision over the sensitive mind of the growing boy. Long thoughts of things that had been and that were to be now passed across his wistful, wondering heart.

At twelve years his form fades and his voice is heard to cease. Up to this hour his life had been one lyric of serenity and joy—a song of the skylark in the first brightness of the morning. Now eighteen years of silence engulf his works and his ways. Astounding reticence in one so rich in wisdom and eloquence! Was he sequestered in the clefts and canyons of Galilee pondering the problem of our sorrows? Was he training himself at plough and mill and carpenter's bench that he might know the ache in the back and the ache in the heart of those that "labor and are heavy laden"? Or did he go wandering through old cities and lands to know yet more of the griefs of men? Did he walk under the cliffs of Parnassus, pausing at Delphi to hear some word of the dying oracle of the Pythian Apollo? Did he look on the many-volumed learning of Alexandria? Did he stand in the ruined porches of the palaces of On, brooding over the dust of fallen gods and the humbled pride of men? Did he journey past Tadmora in the desert, past golden Ophir, pushing back the doors of the East to hold communion with the Magi of Iran and the more ancient hierophants of hoary Ind?

All this may have been, still I like to think that Jesus thought out life's difficult and anxious problems while he worked at the carpenter's bench. And I like to think of that last day when the purpose to go forth to the Father's greater business was finally fixed in his heart—the day

when he finished the plough and the yoke he had been making, and then hung up his saw on its wooden nail and laid away the adze and axe and hammer in their right places on the accustomed shelf. I think too how he swept up the littered floor, leaving all clean and orderly behind him. Then as he stepped out into the air of the early spring, I fancy how he paused a moment on the edge of the slope for a last look at Nazareth nestled among the low hills, then turned and pressed on never to waver in that sublime devotion to conscience that drew him on to Calvary. And as he went did he see it all—the message, the rejection, the cross, and then the long ages wherein men would take his name but neglect his mandates?

Eighteen years of silence . . . and lo, a Voice in the Wilderness! It is the hairy Baptist come from his long struggle with the Unseen. The Spirit of the Desert is upon him, and he cries a glowing message that sweeps all Judea into the flame of its burning. Suddenly Jesus appears from the north to enter on his lonely and terrible apostolate. Kings are silent, priests make no sign. No one stands forth for the young Messiah—no one but John of the Sands! He bears witness; yet behind him stands no dominion, no hierarchy, no tradition—only the Desert!

So John looms up out of the wilderness, crying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" It was a cry of revolt, a clarion of conscience, the herald of the coming hero. At the ford of the Jordan, Jesus is suddenly hailed as the Messiah by this Voice of the Desert—hailed as the one who should "baptize with fire," who should touch life with a white and sacred passion. Hereupon comes a Voice from Heaven bearing witness to the young prophet, as he enters upon the long career weighted with the fate of men.

Now breaks in a crash of tragic chords. For at this cry from the heavens, he is shaken with new strange questions of deed and destiny—How? When? Whither? Should he fight the world with flame from hell or with fire from heaven? So straightway he is driven of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil. Only the tempted can reach holiness, for holiness is conquered territory. To every strong man comes the watch in the wilderness and the dread hour of the questionings: "Shall I take the easy way or the hard way? Shall it be mammon or manhood? Shall it be a coward safety or a lyric dare?"

So Jesus was driven into the solitary mountains of Moab beyond the Jordan, away among sterile cliffs of hoary stone, hollowed with caves and furrowed by ravines—a lair of wild beasts. The first days were doubtless days of rapture and passionate peace; for had he not heard a Voice from Heaven saying, "This is my beloved son!" Rapture and passionate peace,

for he knew his spirit to be one with the Father, knew his will to be one with the cosmic will.

Forty days he fasted among the grim gorges. He was alone with desolation, in the abode of demons, in the place of whisperings. Under his feet by day were the scorched rocks; and over his head at night was the heaven of stars, with great Orion pulsing on the rim. Long, long thoughts must have passed over his mind as he wandered in the bare brown solitudes, pondering the mystery of our world.

Suddenly the Tempter of men and gods appeared, and Jesus stood facing the two careers possible to men and gods. The Son of Man must choose. It was the battle of the soul with the World Spirit. We seem to hear the Dark Voice cry, "Fool, fool! only the old way is the safe way. I am the god of this world, and I give to whomsoever I will. Kneel to me, and I will give you all. Kneel to me: there is no other God!" And we hear the young seer answer, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" And again the Dark Voice cries, "Son of Genius, reject me and I will crush you. Son of Genius, renounce your dreams: they disturb the feast of Cæsar. Renounce your dreams!" And again we hear the irrevocable answer, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

And now at this lyric height of the soul, a new rapture thrilled over the lonely desert watcher, a waft of mystic wind from secret worlds. He had sounded the inward deeps of his own being, probed into the soul and its mystery. In that hour, the horizon of consciousness widened within him. He passed more deeply into humanity, into God—became the Messiah through the free energy of the unconquerable will—became the Messiah, the Son of the Highest.

So for a dark season the lyric seer faced the visage of the Abyss. He weighed the bribes of Hell and put them by. He would not win his way to empire through privilege and pride, through miracle and the sword: he would appeal only to the reason of the heart. Jesus saw deep enough to know that love is the meaning of the world's enigma—the meaning even of its pain. He would set his steps in a new path: he would summon men to the beautiful adventure of love. He would sweep away the cold prose prudence of the world, and call men to the lyrical wisdom of the heroic life.

Now suddenly the young Messiah returned to Galilee and began to say, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." In the poetic passion of his spirit, he had rejected "the kingdoms of the world." He would establish a kingdom of a higher order, a kingdom founded on service and self-denial—a kingdom that would be rejected by the proud prince and satisfied Pharisee, but welcomed by "the poor in spirit" and by

those "who hunger and thirst after righteousness." So he set himself to the organization of a social order that should shift the centre of spiritual gravity from a common greed to a common God, from private weal to the commonweal. Love was to be dramatized in life: the state was to be made the organ of Fraternity. Sublime conception! this purpose to unite the sacred and the secular, to give the Spirit a working body in the world.

Jesus spent a golden season near the Sea of Galilee, threading his way among the reeds in the shallows, among the oleanders on the shores, and up among the gardens on the soft slopes of the low hills. After the stern peaks and naked rocks of the desert, came the plashing waters of Galilee, with the gulls dipping to the waves and the clouds of pigeons homing in slow circles to the gray cliffs. Here, on the way from Damascus to the Mediterranean, he saw the long caravans go creeping down the road with cargoes of myrrh, spices, and balm of Gilead, leaving their fragrant odors upon the soft wind. Here he saw the rich Romans sweep by in chariots with gleaming wheels or in barges with flashing oars. He beheld their palaces and votive temples in the groves, and looked perhaps upon the statues of bearded Pan and on the more beautiful forms and faces of the fading gods.

Here Jesus came with the lost secret of earthly joy. Crowds thronged out to hear his strange and daring discourse. There were blind men feeling their way; sick men carried on their beds; women robed in white and azure; scoffing Pharisees with broad phylacteries on their foreheads; haughty scribes with fringed and tasseled robes; wondering merchants on their camels dusty and worn by the road; Herodians clad in purple, looking on with supercilious eye. Sometimes Jesus spoke from a boat, sometimes from a hillside; and sometimes all the city were gathered together by his door in the first hush of the coming night.

So passed his Galilean days touched with a light from the Ideal. How strange it must have seemed to those crowds with their up-wondering faces and their dim, half-awakened lives. Earnest men heard in his poesy the meanings that had ever stammered on their own lips. It was all a lyric wisdom keen with the life of the moment—a wisdom deeper than Solomon sounded in the Temple, a wisdom sweeter than Plato uttered in the Grove. Men felt in his presence the peace they had longed for through the travail of a lifetime. They felt the thrill of beauty men would feel should they come suddenly upon the starry heaven after it had been hidden away for a thousand years.

But as the green leaves were looking forth in the April light, Jesus left the quiet of Galilee for the press and pageant of Jerusalem. Everywhere the pilgrim caravans were winding among blossoming almonds and

olive trees whose leaves were turning silver at every little wind. One stride carried him from word to deed. Suddenly we see him in the mood of the artist, angered at moral ugliness and scourging from the temple the coarse crew that profaned the shrine of beauty.

Soon he was back again in Galilee, passing from place to place, as teacher, consoler, healer. He was a fountain of energies to the wasted and way-worn: he gave out life as a harp gives out music. It was not miracle, but Law. It was all as natural as the blossoming of a wayside rose. At his word, the lame cast their crutches into the fire: at his touch, the blind looked again upon the beauty of the day. But greater wonders were to come: in the might of the Mystic Power under which he was moving, the dead would take on the color of life again, coming softly back from the Silence to whisper the story of it all at the wondering fireside.

Now in the Sermon on the Mount he outlines the Constitution of the New Order, founded on unselfish service and lighted by the poet's dream. In this New Order, whoever is struck on one cheek shall turn the other, whoever asks for a coat shall get a cloak also. Indeed, we are told that no one will need to take thought for his life, "what he shall eat or what he shall drink; nor yet for his body, what he shall put on." These things will be provided in the Kingdom. All shall live the care-free life of the wild birds. "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns: yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." It was the passionate purpose of Jesus to draw men out of their sterile prose life into the lyrical life of his Comrade Kingdom.

So he turned to the heavy-laden world and cried, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!" What an astounding promise to issue from the lips of a lonely wayfarer, this man with no purse, no prestige, no party, no palace. It was the poet's dream, the divine dare. He had rest for all the world—for the pleasure seekers pallid in their pleasures, for the rich men poor in their riches, for the toilers robbed of the fruits of their toil, and for all the hordes of the miserable that drift down into the poverties and horrors of great cities. In the dimensions of his compassion, he had rest even for the priests in their impieties and for the kings in their treasons. He saw the ages in their desolations—Ireland in her miseries, India in her poverties, France in her revolutions, Russia in her wrongs; and yet he could bear away the burden of it all. He turned to the world lying dumb and desolate under the blight of selfishness, and he made it all his own territory to be transformed by heroic love into something beautiful and heavenly.

Rest, rest from hate and rest from greed, rest that would give time for love and joy—this was the world's great need. Sages had sought for

it; illuminati had longed for it; magi had waited for it; and now here was a young carpenter from unlettered Nazareth, who came declaring that he carried the world's secret in his breast.

For a season the people were drawn by the ideal sentiment and poetic utterance of the young Messiah. They "heard him gladly" in those first hours before they had come to know the searching self-renunciation that is the door to his Kingdom. Then they fell away, and a gulf of isolation deepened around him. Soon he broke completely with the Tradition of the Elders, and dark antagonisms began to wall him in. Finally, as the preacher of the higher law and order of his Comrade Kingdom, he was rejected and despised by the ruling classes as the enemy of "law and order." He was a marked man, a dangerous character.

Because of his battle with a dead church and his toil with a lifeless following, his sacred strength was wasted; so that again and again he was forced to flee to the desert and the mountain to refresh his worn spirit in the ancient quiet and the unwasted fountains of the Divine. More and more he bent under the weight of the burden. Little by little a lonely sublimity settled down upon his life. He was one man against the world. It is ever so: all prophets are rejected—Socrates is murdered, Dante is exiled. All are rejected till they pass from human vision: then their gospels of deliverance are translated into a fiction of compromise, or remanded to the shelf of scholarly speculation.

Yet in spite of human failure, Jesus had his moments of joy, moments of beautiful communion with the central Peace. We are told of one night of stars and wonder—one rift of rapture in the descending doom. With three disciples—his dearest ones—he climbed the long slope of Hermon in the cool of the afternoon. Far to the south was a glint of the Sea of Galilee among the golden hills. The shadow of Hermon, like a prostrate pyramid, slanted seventy miles across the valley of Damascus, away toward parched Arabia. Flushes of ruby and mists of amethyst filled the evening sky, waning slowly into the soft silver of the dusk, as the sun slid down to burn a fiery moment on the sea beyond Tyre and Sidon. It was an hour of solemn quiet broken only by the delicate fall of far waters or the low call of a late bird homing to its nest on the secret bough. The dark gathered, and the stars took their ancient places.

There on the mountain he lifted his arms to the Eternal, when suddenly his garments became dazzling white as snow, and the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his face did shine as the sun. Let us not wonder at this sacred mystery, for he had taken his divine degree, had entered into the universal sympathies. So shall it be with all who overcome the world: their faces shall grow luminous. Divine passion throws

out upon the countenance a mysterious splendor. There is a solar light that shines from heroic faces—a light that awes while it rejoices, that hushes while it attracts. Is it not written that in the end of days “the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father”? And the poet David sings that “God is a sun,” that he “covers himself with light as with a garment.” So in the Christ, garmented with light, men may find the Solar Word—find all that Hellas dreamed of in sun-bright Apollo, all that Persia cried to in shining Oromazes, all that the white North longed for in Balder the Beautiful.

And in that glorious moment on the mountain, Moses and Elias stood beside the Christ—the patriots of Israel beside the patriot of humanity. And in that moment of joy they talked with him of his nearing death. Strange union here of ecstasy and pain, of noble rapture and heroic grief. Who knows, indeed, but that these two great emotions are one? Who knows but that sacrifice is the very heart of every noble joy?

Now he has reached the hour of the great resolve. Antagonisms are closing in upon him like iron walls. At last he will descend to Jerusalem to face the Pharisees in that place of plottings. As he nears the doomed city he sees its proud palaces, its massive walls, its countless towers, all glistening in the morning light and yet impermanent to his far-seeing eye—impermanent as the shapes of summer cloud that the next wind will blow to nothingness.

But a rift of light broke across the dark. For as Jesus went riding into Jerusalem, a multitude took branches of palms and went out to meet him, spreading their garments in his way and crying, “Hosanna, blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!” For an hour—but only for an hour—it looked as though the Christ-passion had touched the people, and that “a nation would be born in a day.” But alas, the rude chords of the world came crashing in upon this idyl of love and joy; and hope and dream were gone again. For soon we hear that piteous cry of the heart, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!”

So the final day darkens upon him. Yet he never loses the high state: he goes about the duty of the hour as one who has business in remote ages. More than Dantean in its pathos and dignity is that last supper in the upper chamber where he breaks bread with the Twelve, knowing all the while that one of them has betrayed him to death for a handful of silver. Piteously tender and majestic are his parting words: “But I say unto you that I shall not drink hereafter of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it with you in my Father’s kingdom. Let not your hearts

be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." Touched with pity and terror is that little garden of Gethsemane, its shivering olives white in the moon as he prays that prayer carrying all the heart-break of humanity—that shadowed garden so suddenly lighted by the torches of the Temple guards come to seize the son of Peace.

Now the hours run swiftly to the end. Soon the young seer is out on the Via Dolorosa, the way of sorrow to the hill of agony. They are sending to the cross the one whose only crime was his purpose to form a church that should be a Social Paradise, to build a state that should be a Fraternity. The King appeared, and men had no throne for him but the Cross!

Here was the master of words, yet think how few his words as he goes down to death. There is one cry in that last hour in Gethsemane. Then he is still: Pilate trembles before the thunder of that silence. As the shames are heaped on the pale sufferer, he rises ever higher in a divine dignity, till he stands solitary in moral grandeur. Once he cries on the road to the awful hill, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children." And he cries his forgiveness from the accursed tree; and then he turns to a thief on the next cross and snatches his soul from death with those nailed and bleeding hands. Jesus was a king in the judgment hall; on the cross he was a God!

Nothing in Eschylean drama rises to the tragic height of the last hours of Jesus in the courts and streets of Jerusalem and on the horrible hill beyond the gates of the city. Stripped and scourged at the pillar of the Tribunal, clad in mocking purple, sceptred with a reed, crowned with oaken thorns, he stands, while the soldiers kneel in ironic homage, crying, "Hail, king!" Then the rabble drag him through the streets, spit upon him, buffet him, jeer him. Out on the hill the priests and politicians of Judea spike him to the cross. . . . O pitiless priests, when were you not waiting to stone the prophet who cries your impieties? O pliant politicians, when were you not waiting to crush the reformer who uncovers your treasons?

But the tragic spectacle moves on. In the sixth hour, Jesus cries with a loud voice, "It is finished!" Nature too is wrenched with agony: the sun is darkened, the earth trembles, the dead arise and flee through the streets of the city.

To all appearance, the Hero of the Cross had gone down in final overthrow. Near the gate of a city "a disturber" had been crucified, with a few terrified women looking on from afar and a swarm of impious soldiers casting dice under the bleeding feet. In the long vista of time would it not all seem only a momentary whirl of insects in the gray light of an

endless road? No, verily, for soon this obscure cross would be lifted up until its shadow fell across the world, across the heavens. It was soon to become the eternal symbol of the sacrifice that is at the heart of all heroic life, the symbol of "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world." That which was small as historic fact was soon to become stupendous as poetry. In the light of the cross, men were to see the diviner joy and more glorious meaning of their existence. It was to become poetry to them, the poetry that arouses and redeems the world.

To all appearance, the Dark Powers had broken forever the hope of humanity: the Deliverer was dead, his body sealed in a sepulchre of stone. But this tomb was only a door to more wondrous happenings in the long adventure of redemption. For while the bruised body was lying in the grave-linen, the Hero was treading the dim roads of the old abyss, preaching to "the spirits in prison," setting free the captives, and lighting lamps for the souls lost in the dark.

Nor are his followers left with the world all black and their hearts dead within them. Softer notes steal in after the crash of doom: after the tempest comes a hush of stars. A few trembling friends lay the Hero in a rock-built tomb, and roll a stone against the door. He is next seen in the soft early morning of the third day, walking among the trees in the Garden of the Sepulchre. By the strong lever of the Law, he has forced himself back again into earthly vision. He walks at peace with the Magdalen in the liliated garden, and on a blossoming road he journeys with two whose eyes are holden. Twice in an upper chamber and once at the seaside, he appears to his friends, and each time the Risen One comes to them at their homely work. Beside the sea, where he found his first disciples, he gives his last tender command: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." Then on the appointed mountain, in a still dawn, he parts from them all, and the heaven receives him from their mortal eyes—the morning drinks up the morning star.

So runs in outline this life that is a poem, a poem struck through with chords of grief and tenderness, of faith and failure, of unreckoned valors and unpublished victories—a poem unparalleled in the pathos of its pain and in the tragic passion of its catastrophe. It everywhere rises to the lyric levels of the spirit. It is an epic of service and sorrow, a story of treason and tragedy, ending in lofty harmonies of hope and joy.

And all the long centuries since Calvary, the Crucified has been faithful to love, preparing the "many mansions," setting in order the nations of the dead, still consecrated to human service as the Invisible Warrior in the world-struggle.

He has travelled the road. Up lonely and terrible pathways of battle, pressing forever on, this Lover and Hero has won the right to be our God!

Edwin Markham.

THE ENDOWED THEATRE

THERE is nothing at once so terrifying and so invigorating as to look conditions unflinchingly in the face. New York now possesses an endowed theatre. It might almost be agreed with its ardent supporters, when one takes into consideration the relation of New York to the rest of the country, that the United States now possesses an endowed theatre. Let us regard that fact unwaveringly.

What does it mean? What is it to mean? Is it really a National Theatre? Is it to be the authoritative representative of American dramatic art? Is it to lead the stage of the country on and up to better things? Will it be the Theatre of the People? Can it?

Terms are confusing. The drama has always been considered an essentially democratic art. Indeed, it is. The soul of it is struggle, and struggle is the soul of all the world. And so the fate of the drama has always rested with the people. The people have always supported it. But the majority never has. For the people and the majority are not the same. The latter forms the greater part of all mankind, those upon whom the punishment of Adam has descended most nearly as a curse, those who, from the world's beginning to the present time, have had to struggle for existence, not metaphorically but literally, from day to day. In the Periclean Age, the heyday of the democracy of the drama, the Athenian *people* attended and applauded the play—but the *majority* did not; they were far too busy working. They had neither the money, nor, as a result, the leisure, nor, as a result, the thought. They were the slaves. And to-day in America, when we are all more or less expecting the advent of an American golden dramatic age, the majority is still the same. They are the laborers to whom the increase of a cent a pound in the price of meat is a matter of vital importance; to whom the loss of a position means a descent into actual penury; many of whom do not even read the newspaper regularly. They are not slaves. They hold the right to vote. But can they spend fifty cents, the minimum price of a seat in a first-class theatre, to see a play? Have they the energy left after work to remain physically and mentally awake until near midnight? And would they, on a holiday for instance, enjoy a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*? Not that there has been no advance since the days of Pericles. Then they were slaves, and none questioned the eternal fitness of the situation. Now they are fellow-citizens, and are beginning to be considered fellow-men. Thought develops very slowly into deed—but very surely. Only, when we discuss a theatre of the people, it is neces-

sary not to allow the broader humanitarian spirit to confuse the hoped-for future with the factual present.

And now that our terms are defined, we may proceed to a consideration of the possibility of the New Theatre's developing into a theatre of the people. In other words: will the people, the majority of the remaining minority, welcome, cherish and uphold this institution? The first important factor in the determination of this question is another of the many proofs that the physical bears an influence on the spiritual almost as great as the contrary influence, which is so much more acceptable to the mind of idealistic man. The new building is so very large, and the subscription seating so managed, that, almost as at the Metropolitan Opera House, those whose purses are not large enough to compass the most expensive seats are forced to be so very far from the stage as to be in imminent danger of breathing another atmosphere.

There is, however, another factor in the question, not physical, but emotional, and therefore of far greater moment while the emotion lasts. The New Theatre is a theatre *for* the people, but it is not *by* the people, and, most important of all, it is not *of* the people. The American Government has accustomed its citizens to an institution *of* the people, if not entirely *by* or *for* them. And for that reason, in spite of shortcomings and a realization of them, it has been loyally supported. It arose *from* the people. The New Theatre has arisen from the limited aristocracy of wealth. The few of the minority have given to the many of the minority an endowed stage for the uplift of the many, and even, eventually, of those below them. But the dominant characteristic of the American people is to do for *themselves*. They resent being helped. Will they, therefore, help their helpers? Denver has builded a municipal theatre *from* the people, where "first-class" plays are given at reduced rates, made possible by the size of the structure. It may be seen at a glance that such an arrangement has many artistic and physical drawbacks. But it has arisen *from* the people, and they are said to be zealously and enthusiastically supporting it. In tendency, therefore, it comes far nearer the National Theatre than the New York institution, though artistically it may fall far short of its more cultured prototype.

And according to its art-achievement, in the end, the New Theatre must rise or fall. For, quite aside from the prejudice of the little-moneyed against the art-philanthropy of the opulent, and quite aside from the aims and endeavors of the owners of the institution, and the motives behind those aims and endeavors, if this theatre is so managed as to present an excellent, appealing, and absolutely catholic range of plays, excellently, appealingly and catholically cast, the prejudice of the many

will be overcome, the motives of the founders will no longer arouse speculation, even the physical disadvantages will be overlooked, or, hopefully, in some way, remedied, and the institution will be well on its way to the fullest success it is possible for it to achieve.

That it can ever be all in all to American drama is, of course, preposterous. One institution cannot supply the almost unlimited demand. But if, for instance, the New Theatre should give less expensive performances on some occasions, for the benefit of those who do not, and cannot afford to attend, for the sake of the social display; if the rigid insistence on the class-distinction in the seating, of which frequent complaint has been made, should be eliminated; and if, above all, artistic discretion, and that alone, be used in the selection and presentation of plays, then will the New Theatre be able to raise the standard of dramatic art, by leading the people to demand a higher level of entertainment from the commercial managers, whose business and pleasure it will be, then as now, to answer the demand. Then and thus only can the New Theatre attain a unique and progressive position.

Therefore, both to the possible "National Theatre," which must establish by work its claim to be the authoritative representative of American dramatic art; and to the theatre of the nation, which must have definite example to help it attain to better things, it is at the moment of greatest importance to turn to a consideration of the New Theatre productions.

The first did not foreshadow the millennium. A magnificent theatre, a company of players of, on the whole, very excellent possibilities, a production of that rarely produced tragedy, *Antony and Cleopatra*—and the total result was boredom.

"Antony and Cleopatra"

Yet this is not condemnation nor hopelessness. An institution cannot spring forth a full-grown goddess from the mind of man, however strong the will and the impatience of the great American promoter. The New Theatre bears its limitations in its title. Not until that name is no longer fit can the theatre which bears it be entirely so. It is rumored that a president of Harvard once said to Leland Stanford, Jr., in answer to a question as to how much money it would require to build another such university, "You can buy similar buildings, but you cannot buy similar traditions." This did not, however, prevent Mr. Stanford from founding his university; and to-day it is a vital force in its home. It is not that traditions in themselves are necessarily of value; it is that they imply the mellowing influence of experience. Time and this greatest, though most expensive, of teachers may well develop this newly born into a vital dramatic force.

Only, its initial step was an error. The first and greater part of this

lay in its assignment of rôles to its two chief performers. The choice of these players has been questioned by no one. Julia Marlowe is undoubtedly the greatest poetic actress in America, and Edward H. Sothern stands practically alone here in his field. Certainly his one or two rivals stand as far below him as does he below the pinnacle. But even a great actress must have bounds to her ability. It was rather unexpected to find that Miss Marlowe's lay on this side of the rôle of the siren queen—but it was indisputable. Her Cleopatra was Shaw's rather than Shakespeare's: a hot-tempered Juliet rather than the "rare Egyptian" within whose power it lay to "make hungry where most she satisfied." The poise, the sweep, the rich luxuriance of matured alluringness, she lost. Two fine moments she had: the scene with the messenger who brings the news of Antony's second marriage—played splendidly by a man whose rôle was not listed on the programme—and her suicide. The blind abandon to interplaying grief and rage in the first case, and the dignified reserve of tragedy in the second, Miss Marlowe's art was able to compass with success characteristic of her former achievements. But for the rest—she was out of age and nationality. And Mr. Sothern as Antony—the weak note he accomplished. But the cause for it, the overmastering surge of passion, and the rare contrasting gleams of his dying manhood—these he lost. We saw a fallen Antony, not an Antony falling from the heights which he was struggling feebly to regain. And so we missed the figure's sweeping tragedy.

Some of the other rôles were well played: Miss Busley making a very appealing Charmian; Mr. McVay an effectively unpolished Enobarbus; and especially Mr. Balsar, an Eros poetically appealing to the eye, the ear and the intellect. But *Antony and Cleopatra* is a two-part play. The other characters are merely background for these two colossal figures, standing out as the link between private passion and universal doom. Producers may justify its performance only by making sure that they have two actors capable of filling—and this word is used advisedly—these two gigantic rôles. That the New Theatre management did not, was its initial mistake.

The next lay in the choice of this play at all. Why? It is fairly pardonable to desire to start such an institution with Shakespeare, still considered, in spite of Ibsen, the greatest of all dramatists. Besides, it is of importance to use Shakespeare's plays as fully as possible while they last. One by one they are retiring to the honor and endearment of the shelf. There is still enough magic in his name to induce some one, at intervals, to lose energy and money in a foredoomed attempt to make a success of the performance of a "history," or some more rarely produced

piece. But one scarcely expects the New Theatre not to realize that these rarely produced plays should be the never-produced; that they have been outdistanced, no blame to them, by the conditions of our stage. Of course, those Shakespearean plays still fit for production would have none of the artificial effect of novelty. What of that? Is not a good *Romeo and Juliet*, though ever so familiar, better than an outworn *Antony and Cleopatra*, though new with age? The latter tragedy, with its kaleidoscope of scenery, is next to impossible on our stage to-day; and will be entirely so to-morrow. Is the progressive stage to become antiquarian? It is not a trivial question, but one to be very seriously considered in the selection of other old plays for revival. Many of them are very fine in the comfort of an easychair, but have entirely lost strength enough to walk across the boards.

In encouraging contrast to this performance was the production of John Galsworthy's *Strife*. Here is a play instinct with the present-day absorbing struggle between capital and labor, a struggle that is more than a temporary one between one faction and another, that is one groping forth to a dim but glorious future, when it may be possible to practise, as well as to preach, the teachings of Christ.

That Mr. Galsworthy realizes this, is the greatest message of his play. Before he is a socialist he is a dramatist; and with the dramatic sympathy and understanding, he presents to us both sides of the conflict in a thoroughly unprejudiced manner. If we approach the production in the same spirit, we can also sympathize with each faction, so humanly and tenderly is each portrayed. But because he is a good dramatist, he is a better, bigger socialist. It is his very broad, unbiassed outlook that causes his conclusion to be the more impressive and convincing. He is no bigoted partisan railing at people on the other side of a wall, through which he cannot see, because of the condition of people on this side of the wall, among whom he is mingling. Rather he sits above, and by the aid of the spiritual X-ray, the exclusive possession of the great dramatic sympathy, sees into the souls on both sides of the wall—and then pronounces prophecy.

The story is that of a strike bringing much suffering to both combatants, a strike prolonged against the will of these combatants by the idealistically blind persistence of the head of each side. Finally these heads are both overthrown, and the strike is settled on the same terms of compromise as were suggested months before. Both leaders are broken men: they have lost their pride; one has lost his wife and the other his health; and both have failed in the struggle for their ideal. Otherwise, things

are exactly as before. "That's where the fun comes in," is the last line of the play.

The programme prints the following in regard to this piece: ". . . the author holds no brief for either side. . . . Its message [is] . . . that it is only by mutual and fair-minded concession, that the enormous suffering and financial waste involved in such conflicts between capital and labor can be avoided." And the critics, having read, have been hypnotized into acquiescence. But it is nevertheless untrue, or but partially true. The author speaks his decision in unmistakable lines throughout the play. "There can be only one master, capital or labor," both of the leaders admit. Therefore a conclusion leaving two masters cannot be final. "Roberts says a working-man's life is all a gamble, from the time he's born to the time he dies. He says that when a working-man's baby's born, it's a toss-up from breath to breath whether it ever draws another, and so on, all his life; and when he comes to be old, it's the workhouse or the grave." This is another uncontradicted statement in the play. Could the author of that endorse a continuance of such a state? And then, read the meaning-fraught words of the very man who brings the compromise about, and says the already quoted closing line. He is addressing the strikers; "I've been through it all, I tell you; the brand's on my soul yet," he says. "I didn't say they were paid enough; I said they were paid as much as the furnace men in similar works elsewhere." And, finally, the most important statement in the play: "I don't say you go too far for that which you're entitled to, but you're going too far for the moment." Is that a message of eternal compromise? No; it is the same message that his brother socialist, Shaw, puts forth in his masterpiece, *Major Barbara*. A little individual socialism is helpless, hopeless and ruinous under the present social system. The goal is entire social change. That is the only help for these evils. It is for that great goal we must strive." Yes, he advocates compromise—but only as a preachment against the belief in a compromise between the two social régimes. No, he doesn't take sides between capital and labor—but only because he stands above, and realizes that all mankind must labor, and that the solution of difficulties lies not in strife, but in co-operation. His play is a note prophesying the harmony of a glorious future, a big note, and one that will greatly help the New Theatre in its claim for intellectual and spiritual uplift.

The highest praise that can be granted to the management, after that for the selection of this moving, well-wrought, intensely interesting drama, is that the portrayal of it equals the writing of it. Miss Forbes-Robertson, to be sure, is of too essentially a gentle, sweet disposition to picture the native force of the capitalist's daughter; but the rest of the

cast were so thoroughly adequate, that to give praise wherever due would result almost in a reprinting of the entire, somewhat long, list of performers, and of the unlisted, vividly managed mob. It must, therefore, suffice to single out those whose achievements signalized the surmounting of the greatest difficulties. Among these were Mr. A. E. Anson, whose *Cæsar* in the first production was a noteworthy piece of sincere and dignified action. As Edgar Anthony, the son of the capitalist, with a "sentimental" belief in a responsibility the directors bore to their workmen, which finally asserted itself in triumph over his private filial love, he brought before us with a few deft strokes a figure of commanding sincerity, and of moving, though never sentimental, appeal. He is an actor of fine presence, intelligence, poise, and adaptability to both modern and poetical work—an acquisition of whom those who have engaged him may be proud. Then there was the very effective work of Mr. Louis Calvert as the capitalist idealist. The part called for him to be seated during almost all the time he appeared; yet from his chair he succeeded in sending forth over the footlights the impression of the dominant, immovable force he was, without once spoiling the picture by over-emphasis. It was a delightful and significant contrast to the emphatic caricatures of "the big man" that have been recently so frequently behind the footlights. But the greatest art of all was Mr. Albert Bruning's impersonation of the leader of the workmen. That was really an *impersonation*, a getting within the person. The idealistic fervor was fully portrayed, without abating a whit in the depiction of the man of such an environment. Costly jewels do not always come in velvet boxes, and Mr. Bruning knows how to make the soul shine while the manner scratches. His Roberts was a thinker and a dreamer—but he was not a Hamlet. He was an orator, but not a Mark Antony. And he was a tender lover, too, but not a Romeo. In short, he lacked poise, restraint and breeding—and yet he was one of God's elect. It was a task that would tax the capabilities of the greatest actor, and one that he accomplished entirely. From the time, some few years ago, that Mr. Bruning made a three-minute part in *The Reckoning* stand out superbly, through increasingly important rôles which he has mastered equally well, he has been steadily advancing to the front. Now he is there.

There is one minor point which might easily be improved in this production. The scene has been transferred from England to America. Why, then, has not the dropping of h's been entirely eliminated in the adaptation? This may seem hair-splitting. But details make art; and in a production that is such a splendid achievement it seems unfortunate to have any point overlooked.

Edward Goodman.

BOOKS AND MEN

SOME REMINISCENCES OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WE in America live in the present, because we have no past. Nations, like women, without a past are at a disadvantage from the point of view of the poet. Bernard Shaw has said of us that we still live in the eighteenth century. I am willing to abide by his verdict. Our culture is even younger than our country. One century comprehends our entire literary history.

Our literature is a forced plant. Public taste has not kept pace with its growth. That is very unfortunate. To my mind the function of art is to provide caviare for the general. Our populace have not yet developed a propensity for the literary *delicatesse*. In our vulgarian Hall of Fame Poe and Whitman are still without honor.

But our youthfulness is not without compensation. I look forward to wonderful things among our people. The awakening of America will be more startling than the awakening of China.

And there is this also: Goethe and Schiller seem far removed from the latter-day German. The figures of Shakespeare and of Milton loom up shadow-like in the obscure distance.

We are still in close touch with our classics. Two: Mark Twain and Henry James are contemporary with ourselves. There are men still among us who have lunched with Whitman and dined with Poe. We are still within hail, so to say, of our immortal dead.

One whose own voice is now hushed was the friend of them all. The history of Richard Watson Gilder's friendships is the history of American literature. With the single exception of Poe he has been in living touch with all the lords of song in our literary peerage.

If Mr. Gilder had never prisoned in rhythm the white loveliness of his vision, his companionships would suffice to carry his name to posterity.

The celebrated Friday evenings at Gilder's house have been for forty years the only American equivalent of the French *salon*. His home has been the battlefield of bright spirits. Poets and presidents have met there on equal ground.

A queer little house near Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street is the place where Mr. and Mrs. Gilder have held their first *jour fixe*. The building itself has passed through three metamorphoses, having been at various times a stable, a poet's mansion and a clubhouse. Gilder inhabited this strange edifice for almost fourteen years. It is the birthplace

of the Society of American Artists, amalgamated subsequently with the Academy of Fine Arts.

Within the precincts of this house Stanford White, Saint Gaudens and La Farge were frequent and welcome guests. Walt Whitman has many times crossed its threshold. R. H. Stoddard and James Russell Lowell, both intimate friends of the Gilders were often seen there. Lowell, by the way, was the first to recognize the high poetic endowment of Mr. Gilder. "You," he exclaimed, "write in my spirit."

Those who were unable to present themselves in the flesh communed with the Gilders at least in spirit. In those days letter-writing was still considered an art. Longfellow, Whittier, Margaret Fuller and Emerson were in ardent correspondence with Mr. and Mrs. Gilder. Mrs. Gilder possesses over one hundred letters from Lowell, each of which begins with a different rhyme on her name—a task that would have baffled even the author of *Faustine*.

Walt Whitman was almost an obsession in Gilder's life. He felt the tremendous and virile power of the "good gray poet," but the militant Puritan in him shrank instinctively from certain aspects of Whitman's life and art. We must remember that Gilder was the son of a clergyman, reared in New England traditions. Strange as it may seem to us, his unwavering loyalty to the author of *Leaves of Grass* required qualities that were almost heroic.

"I shall always be proud," he once said to me, "that I continued on terms of social amenity with Whitman." Of course that is not the way we would put it. To-day Whitman is a world-figure. His detractors are scattered as chaff before the wind of time. We must understand the limitations of Gilder's environment in order to understand the generosity of his attitude toward Whitman.

Whitman himself, as Horace Traubel has testified, appreciated Gilder's nobility.

One could not converse with Gilder for half an hour without feeling the contact through him with our honored dead. A little word here and there, an epigram, perhaps, or an anecdote, brought them humanly nearer to us.

Among the many curious literary relics he possessed—it breaks my heart to have to employ the past tense in writing of Gilder—are certain still unpublished letters of Poe's and a death-mask of Keats.

But Richard Watson Gilder was not linked only to the past. He lives in the hearts of our younger poets as he lived in the hearts of Lowell and Whitman. Moody, Woodberry, Robinson—who shall count the names?—all are his debtors.

No inconsiderable portion of his busy life was given to the six hundred poems submitted to him every month as the editor of the *Century*. He was the most generous of critics. His life is one long tribute to others.

His poems are mostly consecrated to the praise of his idols. Unlike the poems of Elizabethan and Latin writers, they were not insincere flatteries of some wealthy Mæcenas, but spontaneous and sincere outbursts of admiration. He sang Carl Schurz, Wagner, Emma Lazarus, Saint Gaudens and MacDowell. Of these poems his tribute to MacDowell is perhaps the most eloquent:

Rejoice! Rejoice!

The New World has new music, and a voice.

Gilder believed in his country; he overestimated its literature. Once in a pessimistic mood I had spoken ill of contemporaneous American verse. Gilder insisted that we have many poets of considerable achievement.

"Among eight thousand poems sent to me every year," he said, "there are many extraordinary poetical compositions. But there are so many that the individual accomplishment is almost lost sight of. We have not few poets, but many. Poetry, in a word, has become more democratic."

Gilder's love for poetry was not confined to America. He was a member—an honorary member—of the league of Provençal poets.

"I cannot tell you," Mrs. Gilder once said to me, "how proud Richard was when he was introduced there as '*Monsieur le Poète*.'"

"Yes," Gilder remarked with a little pathetic smile, "you see I had come from a country where it is almost an insult to call a man a poet, because it implies a mild interrogation of his sanity."

Richard Watson Gilder was an editor and a civic reformer, but at heart and always, a poet,—a poet, moreover, of no mean achievement. He often permitted his enthusiasm for others to obscure his own gifts. Thus he always proclaimed his brother-in-law, Charles de Kay, a greater poet than himself.

The public rejected De Kay's poetical offerings, and I cannot but indorse for once the majority verdict, although the minority who applauded his efforts includes Emma Lazarus and Emerson. The latter remarked to Emma Lazarus once: "De Kay has at least two people who believe in him—you and me. That is more than I had in the beginning of my career, when not even my brother had faith in me."

Perhaps the French may discover De Kay some day for America, as they have discovered Poe. Gilder tirelessly proclaimed his genius, but his voice was lost in the wilderness of indifference.

Personally Gilder was shy and retiring; he loathed publicity. Only

one man before me has ever been indiscreet enough to "write up" Gilder and his salon. That man was Walt Whitman. Let me add, however, that Gilder sanctioned *my* indiscretion.

There was still another element that, through its absence, mars the authenticity of Gilder's poetic achievement. His ingrained Puritanical prejudices filled him with an ineradicable dislike for the passional in literature. It has been said of him that he reached beauty through goodness. But the full-blown rose of song is always scented with passion.

Swinburne put his passion into his verse. Gilder spent his passion in tenement-house reform and in social service. That is why his life is infinitely greater than his poetry.

When *Nineveh*, my collection of verse, was published, I received a letter from Gilder that I shall treasure forever as a monument of the nobility of his soul and the generosity of his genius. But it is also a human document. I may perhaps be pardoned for quoting extracts from his letter; for in these lines he *lives*:

MY DEAR MR. VIERECK: The reason I have not before written is that I felt I had so much to say about your poems that I was in the condition of one choked in the utterance. . . . I have read and reread the book. . . . Of the things that you know perpetually will repel me I imagine it hardly worth while, or useful, for me to say anything. You would discount, naturally, anything I might say—and turn for justification to brilliant precedent and the praise of bright minds. Let me nevertheless be true to that which I am sure you do not despise in me. . . .

There are all sorts and ways of dealing in art with the sex phenomena—some extremely legitimate. I don't object to the nude, but to the disgusting, to something that suggests a bad smell; or to a certain self-satisfaction in the parade of a knowledge of vice. . . . I am saying this on general principle and looking over the whole range of modern literature. If you doubt that I have a pretty strong stomach, see what Walt Whitman says about the way I treated him and his unblushing *Leaves of Grass*. . . .

. . . I have an immense respect for sin, but I cherish no illusion about the "roses and raptures of vice." It is only an evidence of a certain grade in evolution. The older I grow the more tolerant I find myself with "human frailty," so called; with lack of control; with certain actions and thoughts showing that humanity is simply evolving slowly. I can forgive all this in myself—in others. But I have no illusions about it. On the other hand, the older I grow the more I become the militant purist. For I *know* that pure love is incomparably beyond lust; I *know* that the only sane aim in life is the noble, the well-nigh unattainable best—and above all do I intensely feel that *noblesse oblige* applies primarily to the poets. You remember what Milton says in that wonderful passage: "I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate in his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem—that is a composition and pattern of the best."

Perhaps the nature in contemporary literature, on this side of the water,

leaning most to sensuous beauty, like Keats and Swinburne, was Lafcadio Hearn. It is most interesting, in his life and letters, to watch his development through the experience of true love and of fatherhood into absolute responsibility and devotion of character. He lived through illusion into the deepest realities. He now determined that his children should be brought into a knowledge and friendship of the "best and honorablest."

I seem to be pouring on your head a lot of pent-up thinking and feeling occasioned by various recent circumstances. Wherever it fits—if it fits at all—take it as an evidence of my anxious and great interest in your career. Where it doesn't fit—apply it to some "other fellow who may need it."

I was saved some poetic errors by wise advice in my youth. I had some resentment at the time. Please "resent" as little as you can, and believe me

Yours in the love of Beauty, in Art—and most of all in Poetry,

R. W. GILDER.

Here Mr. Gilder adds an afterword, one of the little things that emphasize even more than this wonderful letter his genius for kindness. Ungracious as it may seem to say, his letter also illustrates why Richard Watson Gilder's poetry—fine as it is—is not commensurate with his life.

In the great circle of human experience those poets whose voices reverberate through ages have expressed every segment—whether purple or golden, sombre and bright. They have not banished evil from the domain of art: they have banned only vulgarity; not necessarily the description of vulgarity, but vulgarity in the description.

We are all instruments in the hands of the Unknown God who directs our activities toward some hidden and wonderful end. There is a mysterious unity in all God-ward endeavor; grossness, which has had no place in Gilder's dream, had no place in theirs. Being a Puritan by blood and tradition, he could never fully realize that the things of the flesh are no less holy than the things of the spirit. But for this one limitation Richard Watson Gilder would have been as great a poet as he was a *man*.

There are many things I would have liked to have said to him, had I known that the end was so near. But death, as Wilde has remarked, is one of the few things that we cannot explain away. Let me conclude with some verses I dedicated to Gilder; he always liked them; they were his favorites among my poems. He himself was their inspiration: they embody an unforgettable afternoon at the National Arts Club. I have attempted to express in them, however imperfectly, his poetic faith and my own:

CONSOLATION

TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THE sun-god in his robe of gold
That trails the argent clouds upon
One day shall be a story told,
And hidden in oblivion.

The thunder of his chariot
 Seems but as playing on a lute
 To the Most High who careth not
 If all the starry mouths be mute.

Yea, when the cosmic cycles ring
 No more around the Central Throne,
 Shall not the Void beyond Him sing
 His praise in monstrous monotone?

The earth and her constellate peers
 Are fleeting as an evening chime,
 And the irrevocable years
 Roll down the cataract of time.

Yet are we not all dust; the night,
 By Love's own breath made exquisite,
 Shall for a space in passion's might
 Conjoin us with the Infinite.

And though the planets falling reel
 We shall escape the primal curse,
 And in immortal numbers feel
 The heart-beat of the Universe.

George Sylvester Viereck.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC ON AMERICAN LITERATURE¹

THE history of literary criticism in the American branch of English literature is yet to be written. Perhaps it is not yet quite worth writing. It has been outlined by Mr. William Morton Payne in his volume in the Wampum Series, and it makes an honorable showing in the interesting specimens which the editor chose to justify his survey. Emerson had the critical faculty, although he never practised as a critic of letters pure and simple. Poe had flashes of insight, although his culture was shallow and his limitations were narrow. Lowell had the gift of the winged phrase, although he is independent rather than original. Stedman was large-minded and well equipped, but perhaps a trifle placid and a little complacent. In their several degrees they were all competent; they were free from Landor's reproach and they did not "admire by tradition and criticise by caprice." And most of them were exempt from the traditional

¹*American Prose Masters.* By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

American tendency to overpraise our own, to exalt native geese into swans of Avon—a tendency which might be called provincial if parochial did not immediately present itself as more exactly descriptive. When we remind ourselves that the American branch of English literature can count only a scant century of life—since Irving published *Knickerbocker's History of New York* just a hundred years ago—we have no reason to be painfully dissatisfied with our contribution to literary criticism, which is relatively as important as our contribution to poetry. While competent book-reviewing is never common, genuine criticism is always very rare. And we may now esteem ourselves fortunate that our present possession of Mr. Henry James and of Mr. W. C. Brownell puts us in a position where we may contemplate the British branch of English literature without envy. In this latest book dealing with half-a-dozen *American Prose Masters*, Mr. Brownell has dissected Mr. James; and it would be delightful if we might hope for an essay from Mr. James, returning the compliment. Mr. Brownell has here declared that Mr. James “is not merely detached; his detachment is enthusiastic,” and that “he is ardently frigid.” No doubt, Mr. James would find many brilliant and subtle things to say about Mr. Brownell; but never would he assert that his critic is frigid. Detached Mr. Brownell may be, or at least, honestly disinterested. He does not hold a brief for or against any of the authors whom he analyzes. He is judicial always as well as judicious; and although he may seem a little chilly toward Hawthorne, and almost icy toward Poe, he is compensatingly warm toward Cooper and Emerson. Mr. Brownell is quite as clever as Mr. James, quite as capable of the pungent phrase and of the unforgettable epithet, quite as swift in opening unsuspected vistas; but he is like Mr. James again in that his cleverness never exists for its own sake only; it is never thrust forward violently; it is never that disagreeable thing, mere cleverness, which Mr. La Farge has defined as “merely the intelligence working for the moment without a background of previous thought or strong sentiment.” Mr. Brownell is no purveyor of quick-lunch literature, inexpensive and indigestible. Indeed, what is perhaps the most obvious characteristic of his criticism is that it is always based on strong sentiment and that it has always an ample background of previous thought.

The reproach that he brings here against Lowell—that the author of *Among My Books* tended to what was after all only a personal rephrasing of generally accepted views, because he had “the kind of independence which even in reflecting makes its own the general consensus”—no one could urge against Mr. Brownell himself. He not only does his own thinking but he does it abundantly and incessantly. There is no

trace of intellectual laziness in any of these essays; they are of intellect all compact; they are examples of a very athletic cerebration. Mr. Brownell keeps the constitution of his mind sound by constantly exercising his mental muscles. His gray matter is ever in motion. And this is no unimportant fact in measuring his merits as a critic. The defect of most criticism is that the writers have not taken the trouble to think; they are content to accept the current opinion and to echo their forerunners, spending their strength mainly in finding pretty phrases in which to say ditto to these predecessors, instead of husbanding it for the strenuous effort to ascertain what really needed to be said. Sainte-Beuve once asserted that "most men have not read those whom they judge; they have a ready-made opinion got by word of mouth, one scarcely knows how." It is not enough that the critic should have the fourfold qualification of his art, that he should have insight and equipment, sympathy and disinterestedness—and how rarely is this quadruple qualification attained! Even when the critic is thus adequately furnished, he cannot function as he ought if he flinches from the solid labor of reading all the works of all the authors he has undertaken to deal with, and if he shrinks from the even solider labor of arranging and relating and co-ordinating the ultimate results of this fatiguing perusal. He cannot neglect the less known and less important writings since these may prove to be the most suggestive and significant; he must master them all, however unequal or however wearisome. And this is a counsel of perfection that very few critics take to heart. They are prone to content themselves with a study of the masterpieces only or at best of the salient books of the author they are investigating, not pursuing him into the recesses of his works where they might hope to surprise his secret. And it is honest hard work of this strenuous kind which Mr. Brownell has not sought to avoid in his effort to revalue the prose masters of our later literature, Victorian and American. He is able to submit a revaluation, because he has weighed and measured each of his subjects, as a whole, in the length and breadth and mass of their works.

Mrs. Brookfield recorded the advice which Carlyle gave Tom Taylor in regard to a proposed lecture: "Just say what you think;—but find out first what you do think, if that be practicable." This book on *American Prose Masters*, like its immediate predecessor on *Victorian Prose Masters*, is evidence that Mr. Brownell has found it practicable to discover what he thinks about a dozen of the foremost men of letters who have illustrated our language in the past three or four score years. And his thinking has been thorough and thorough-going. It is his own opinion he has here set forth, absolutely his own; it is in no sense a

repercussion of the opinions generally held by his predecessors. He has mastered the writings of each of the authors and he has weighed them, not by local and temporary standards, but by the test of the universal and the permanent. With his own eyes he has sized them up—to use an expressive Americanism; but he has reached his result only by setting these writers of the New World over against the best that the Old World has to show. There is nothing provincial or parochial in his scale of measurement; and he does not compare his American subjects with British contemporaries only, he gauges them also by the writers of other languages and of other centuries. His equipment for criticism is both broad and deep—although his cosmopolitanism has not prevented his being most at home in his own country.

Yet it may be that there is a certain significance in the fact that this volume of studies of half-a-dozen American prose-writers was preceded by a volume of studies of half-a-dozen Victorian prose-writers. The relation between the British branch of English literature and the American branch must ever be intimate; and there is disadvantage in considering the one without keeping the other in mind always. I remember that Stedman said to me twenty years ago that he had written his book on the Victorian poets chiefly that he might afterward feel free to write a corresponding book on the American poets. This may also have been an unconscious motive of Mr. Brownell's; and there is no denying the wisdom of the sequence. It is best to begin with the remoter theme and thus to broaden the outlook before undertaking the domestic survey. The diligent study of the British authors of the same period, who use the same language and who have inherited many of the same traditions and most of the same tendencies, who are like us in many ways and yet unlike us in not a few—a little more than kin and less than kind—this may be a necessary prerequisite to an adequate estimating of American authors. It cannot fail to be helpful in correcting the natural temptation to take observations from the longitude of Washington only;—and perhaps the suggestion may be ventured that there would be a corresponding advantage to the British critic in a similar study of American authors, if he wishes to escape from the limitations of the longitude of Greenwich.

These essays of Mr. Brownell's are evaluations of certain American writers of prose. But they are really revaluations. That is to say, they are his very personal opinions, formed after careful consideration and often in disaccord with the ready-made opinions got by word of mouth, which we find floating about in our current criticism. Some of these individual opinions are so sharply opposed to those generally received that they will arouse swift antagonism. Most of them, even of those

least acceptable, are likely to establish themselves in time; and no historian of our brief American literature will be at liberty hereafter to repeat the complacent and indiscriminating eulogy of Poe and of Hawthorne, without reckoning with Mr. Brownell's searching analysis of the deficiencies of these notable writers. And there is an ardent sincerity as well as an arduous honesty in his examination of Emerson and of Lowell which no one can fail to recognize, however dissatisfied he may be with Mr. Brownell's conclusions. Mr. Brownell is not a literary historian and he is not a literary biologist; he is a critic pure and simple. Questions of literary evolution, discussions of the development of special forms—the historical novel, for example, or the short-story—these things interest him not at all. His eye is fixed not on the history of the literary art, but solely on the product of the literary artists whom he is considering. How they came to be what they are he neglects, to focus his instrument on what they are at the moment when he is examining them.

And this examination is searching and sweeping. Mr. Brownell is the acutest of critics; indeed, acuteness, sheer penetration—this is his most marked characteristic, whether he is dealing with French art or with American literature. It must be a score of years ago that he said to me once, "I don't care what they call my criticisms—so long as they don't call them trenchant!" This revealed the instinctive shrinking of an adroit and delicate artist in criticism from confusion with the vulgar self-seekers who strive to attract attention to themselves by the cheap trick of contradicting all current opinions. It was this type which Longfellow may have had in mind when he declared that "a censorious critic is often like a boy sharpening a pen-knife;—the blade suddenly closes and cuts his fingers." Trenchant Mr. Brownell's criticism may not be, for that connotes the careless stroke of a cavalry sabre, whereas his instrument of analysis is rather the scalpel, with its fine edge in the hand of the expert practitioner, carving only where there is a morbid growth.

But if not trenchant, Mr. Brownell's criticism is keen; it is incisive, and on occasion it can be cutting. That is to say, it is sometimes a little unsympathetic. For example, he makes out a strong case against Poe; and for the moment he is almost convincing. But if Poe stands for no more than is here allowed him, why did Mr. Brownell waste his energy in the needless dissection? Absolutely destructive in his analysis of Poe, Mr. Brownell is almost disintegrating, to say the least, in his criticism of Hawthorne. But here he allows the *Scarlet Letter* to deserve its reputation; and so he justifies the labor he has bestowed on its author. While he sets Poe and Hawthorne on a lower plane than that on which they have been generally placed, not only at home but abroad, he lifts

Cooper up to a higher position than that generally allowed. He is clearly successful in his massing of evidence to prove that Cooper is a lordly figure, looming large in the literature of the nineteenth century—a larger figure than Hawthorne, for one, larger in build, larger in outlook, larger in knowledge of humanity. And Mr. Brownell is as shrewd in dealing with Cooper as he is sympathetic, and he even makes it clear that Cooper's "remorseless redundancy" is indeed "an element of his illusion." But in all these essays he is forever seeking the significant fact and the illuminating detail; and then he is alert always to relate these details and these facts to the central idea which sustains the criticism and which serves to elucidate and to interpret its subject.

These essays in criticism have appeared from time to time in the magazines; but in this preliminary publication they were sadly truncated. The leisurely fulness of Mr. Brownell's analytic method is incompatible with the Procrustean limitations of the modern magazine, which can yield only a few pages to any one topic, even when that topic is of prime literary importance and even when it is treated by a writer of the highest distinction. These studies in literature can be properly appreciated only now that we have them in their large amplitude as their author originally conceived them. It is only now that they appear all together in a book by themselves without omission or condensation that we are able to perceive the solidity of their structure and the organic articulation of their several parts. What Mr. Brownell has to say about any author is not said at random, *au courant de la plume* (as he might be tempted to put it). There is none of the "fine confused feeling" which one cannot help observing in the critical papers of Lowell, for example, and also, of Mr. James, both of them always a little haphazard in the scattering of their good things. In Mr. Brownell's papers there is perfect co-ordination of the several parts; and every position taken is supported with unswerving logic. And in the table of contents the subdivisions of every essay are frankly indicated. For example, the heads of the criticism of Lowell are Improvisation, Personality, Culture, Criticism, Style, and Poetry; and those of the criticism of Emerson are National Character, Moral Greatness, Intellect, Philosophy, Culture, Style, Poetry, and The Essays.

In almost every paper Mr. Brownell makes a formal study of the style of the writer he is dealing with. To style, indeed, he is singularly sensitive. His own style is less involved than it was in his earlier books; and it is seen at its best in the best essay in the book, that on Emerson. Such involutions as there are appear to be the necessary result of Mr. Brownell's intellectual honesty, which causes him to recoil from any statement which may seem too sweeping, too "trenchant." He feels it his duty always to

insert the qualifications and extenuations suggested by his intellectual insight and his intellectual sincerity. Macaulay once declared that the highest compliment he had ever received was from the proof-reader of his *History*, who asserted that he had never had to reread any passage to grasp its full meaning. This compliment could not be paid to Mr. Brownell—perhaps because his mind is subtler than Macaulay's and less willing to be satisfied with bold, broad statements. It must be noted also that although Mr. Brownell has assimilated the methods of the foremost French critics, he is sometimes satisfied to express himself without taking thought of all his readers as conscientiously as the social instinct of the best French essayists would force them to do. This is probably the explanation of his dropping in a French or a Latin word or two now and again, a trick which a Parisian critic would avoid, since no writer is justified in assuming that all his readers will feel the exact force of any foreign phrase. It is strange that so expert a master of English as Mr. Brownell should on occasion seem unwilling to wrestle with his own tongue to bend it to his bidding.

Yet these are trifling blemishes of a style solid in texture and rich in tone. Mr. Brownell's criticism may be achromatic, but it is never colorless. There is no questing of fine phrases independently effective, no mere epigram hunting. He is in search of life; and he would accept George Eliot's dictum that "life is not rounded in an epigram." His papers are not open to the objection urged by Mr. Goldwin Smith when he declared that "criticism is becoming an art of saying fine things." Although Mr. Brownell's criticism is free from this reproach, he does say fine things not a few; and it is easy to single out specimen bricks, each of which is solidly built into the well-planned structure. For example he tells us that Cooper "had the great advantage, associated with his deficiency of not being a writer from the first, of having been first a man. . . . He knew men as Lincoln knew them—which is to say, very differently from Dumas and Stevenson." Here is another apt remark from the same paper: "Between 1825 and 1850, New England, always the apex, had become also the incubus of our civilization, and called loudly for the note-taking of a chiel from beyond its borders. Cooper performed that service. And it is to be counted to him for patriotism."

The opening words of the second essay are equally characteristic: "Hawthorne is so exceptional a writer that he has been very generally esteemed a great one." A later sentence is as good; Hawthorne "did not find sermons in stones; he had the sermons already; his task was to find the stones to fit them." And there is implacable felicity in the assertion that two of Hawthorne's foremost female characters, Zenobia and Mir-

iam, "linger in one's memory as brunettes rather than as women." Perhaps nothing more penetrating has ever been said about Hawthorne than this: "Thus both his ancestral fatalism and his transcendental environment obscured for him the fact that he had an extraordinary amount of talent which it behooved him to cultivate, and magnified his consciousness of having a particular kind of talent which it amused him to exercise." In dwelling on the influence which Edward Everett's oratory exerted on Emerson, Mr. Brownell points out that "in the matter of style a writer never fully recovers from his early admirations; they are such, doubtless, because his nature responds to them." And what could be more piquant than this from the section on Emerson's poetry?—"He seems to have rented a lodge on the slopes of Parnassus, and never to have taken the fee of it, and his home is elsewhere. Well, then, on Olympus, perhaps? Certainly, of the two, yes."

Toward Poe, as has been said, Mr. Brownell is constitutionally unsympathetic; but he is as acute and as sincere in dealing with him as in dealing with Cooper. "The false note is the one falsity he eschewed. Tinkling feet on a tufted carpet is nonsense, but it is not a false note in the verbal harmony of the *Raven*. In the *Cask of Amontillado*, the tone is like the click of malignant castanets." And Poe's heartiest adherents can scarcely evade the force of this: "In fact, his most characteristic limitation as an artist is the limited character of the pleasure he gives."

Perhaps the paper on Lowell is also a little unsympathetic, but it is honestly appreciative, even if we find the critic suggesting that the perusal of Lowell's essays leaves us "tired finally of the undisputed thing said in such a witty way." There is compensation for this, however, in the later remark that "a good deal of Lowell's prose has the piquancy of Pegasus in harness." And Lowell himself would have enjoyed this hit at the constant attitude of Mr. Henry James: "Cuvier lecturing on a single bone and reconstructing the entire skeleton from it is naturally impressive, but Mr. James often presents the spectacle of a Cuvier absorbed in the positive fascinations of the single bone itself—yet plainly preserving the effect of a Cuvier the while." In another passage in the same paper we are told that the interest in one of Mr. James's later fictions "becomes analogous to that of a game in which the outcome rather than the pieces monopolizes the attention; it cannot be said that the pieces are not attentively described—some of them, indeed, are very artistically and even beautifully carved—but it is the moves that count most of all." And with one more significant quotation this selection of pregnant sayings may conclude. Mr. Brownell tells us that in Mr.

James's later novels "we have the paradox of an art attitude that is immaculate with an art product that is ineffective." To reread this is to raise again the malicious hope that in his turn Mr. James may be tempted to add another figure to his gallery of *Partial Portraits*.

Brander Matthews.

THE POET OF GALILEE'

I

To disengage the personality of Jesus of Nazareth from the strange mists of time that have gathered about it, is a task at once most difficult and most daring. History grips the imagination; the ecclesiastical Christ, the proclaimed of priest and pontiff, the figure upon gorgeous canvas or carven altar—he it is who obscures his humbler if diviner brother of the Galilean hills. Nor is this all. For, living in the stream of a civilization historically Christian, our very hearts have to suffer an estrangement from their instinctive selves before we can see even the narrative of the *Synoptics* with an innocent and truly seeing eye. In sickness or sorrow, doubt or misgiving, there hovers before the hardest heart (from the ecclesiastical point of view) the ineffable figure of the Crucified. And such a spiritual moment will reveal itself, upon analysis, to have depended not upon the divine Son of Man, but upon the mythical Son of God. The rationalist of an older generation would condemn such intellectual corruptness; the very militancy of that attitude, however, always prevented him utterly from discerning the object of his controversial search. It is obvious enough, then, of how much the clearest mind must divest itself before there can come to it any vision of the historical Jesus.

The method of approach must be at once learned and naïve: learned enough to disengage the authentic from the questionable, naïve enough to see the authentic truly. Both of these requirements Professor Leonard has admirably met: the former quite naturally, the latter by a remarkable effort. The thinness of atmosphere in his pages is akin to that in Emerson's—the rarefication that results from a vision that voluntarily discards history, mythology, convention, that casts aside all the spiritual symbols of the ages and sets out to create new ones. For that, in the last analysis, is the aim of such a book as *The Poet of Galilee*—to displace the historical symbol of Christ by the truly interpretative symbol of Jesus. An impossible task for the majority of mankind! Our ideals

¹*The Poet of Galilee*. By William Ellery Leonard. Assistant Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1909.

grow: they are not made. If they have grown wrong, so much the worse for them and for us. Just as surely, however, as they have grown wrong, will there always be spirits who attempt to set the crooked straight. The effort is a noble one. Absolutely almost futile, it may have relative values of the highest.

II

Professor Leonard's precise point of view has never before been applied to the question. It has been foreshadowed. When Coleridge, for instance, asserted that the Bible so inevitably *finds* us, he meant to characterize that simplicity and vital immediacy of expression—a literary quality, of course—which gives especially to the sayings of Jesus their miraculous carrying power. And it is upon this literary quality and upon the temperament from which it arose, that Professor Leonard fixes his attention. His chapter-headings (with a few exceptions) present a consciously ordered analysis of the powers and qualities of the poet. These powers and qualities he finds in Jesus, least convincingly in his section on The Humorist, quite admirably in the sections on The Observer, The Seer, The Story-teller.

Professor Leonard begins with a description of the poet's seeing eye, the eye to which "the visible world exists," and, reading closely the sayings and parables, notes the observer in Jesus of those external symbols with which the poet works. He proceeds to find in the Poet of Galilee—a more conventional and obvious point—the boundless sympathy which is love, the transfiguring vision which is poetry and religion and philosophy. In the chapter, The Inspired, he announces very courageously, though perhaps questionably, his belief that

the consecration of Jesus in its ultimate nature differed not from the consecration of Milton or Wordsworth: it was one with the consecration of the poet conscious of his aim.

This would be an excellent solution of a difficult question. One cannot help suspecting, however, that in offering it the modern mind has been too busy, the historical imagination not busy enough. A direct and literal commerce between the spirit of the chosen and the Eternal was probably as credible and as natural a conception to Jesus as it was to Isaiah, before or to Paul after him. It is in the section on The Story-teller that Professor Leonard is most original; it is here that he has made his most genuine contribution to the study of Jesus.

To regard the parables from a literary point of view, to note their highly concentrated effectiveness achieved by so fine an economy of artistic means—that was a task worth undertaking. Its result should not be

lost sight of again. For, once suggested, the point of view leads to further study upon the basis of phenomena for once quite unquestionable. The parables are masterly bits of writing (or speech)—brief, pregnant, organic. The fact that they are so brings the mind of Jesus before us on a side that is near, a side of human nobleness and effort.

Enough has been said, necessarily in a fragmentary way, to show the stimulating qualities of Professor Leonard's book. It is worth while to quote a single passage of some length which reveals method and temper better than further analysis.

It is probably not literally true that he was tempted in all things just as we; it is probable that he never knew, as most of us know too well, the craving for praise of honorable achievement . . . the craving for social standing, for money to live generously, for a plot of land on which to set a house. . . . It is probable that he never felt to the full the mysterious power, old and fundamental as life, that depends on sex. And the domestic ties that, noble as they sometimes are, may yet divide disastrously for his individuality and for the world, a man's duties between his vision of things beyond and his wife and children about him—these he never contracted. If in some ways, then, his life, in spite of its imaginative comprehensiveness, was less varied in personal experience than Goethe's or Shakespeare's, his masterful singleness of purpose gave a unity to that life not often paralleled in history—a unity made perfect by a sacred martyrdom.

III

It is, evidently enough, a poet¹ who speaks in the pages of *The Poet of Galilee*, a poet far too little recognized and one who, remarkable for many qualities of art and vision, is not the least remarkable for this: that he can be frankly ethical and yet noble and poetical in the highest sense. His verse when it deals with conduct does not repeat the law demanded by civilized proprieties; his ethical vision is immediate. It has been suffered for, fought for, by both infraction and the joy that comes of obedience. It is the poet in Leonard, the poet who has deeply lived and suffered and achieved that gave him the right to interpret Jesus the sayer—the poet who, alone among American artists of the day, could have felt profoundly and written sincerely this declaration of a faith forever old and new:

Success is character, as riches are
In knowledge which no fire nor fraud can take;
The good man, conscious of the morning star,
Shall own all lands, as lovely for his sake;
His station is with counsellors afar,
Who for eternal justice work and wake.

Ludwig Lewisohn.

¹*Sonnets and Poems*. By William Ellery Leonard. Boston. 1906.

LITERATURE OF POWER

ABOUT once in every ten years there is laid upon the table a book that cannot be dissected with the ever-ready scissors and scalpel of the surgeon-critic. Not that it is free of fault, but that by its sheer power it makes the reviewer forget his calling, leave the pale sanctum of his thoughts and become not only an interested spectator but a stirring actor in its own behalf. From its pages, strong with sincerity and conviction, arises an actual physical force—something pulsing and vital springs from the print and grips one like a powerful hand. Such a book is *Doctor Rast*¹, by James Oppenheim. Here in a series of interrelated short stories of our lower East Side (a ghetto without a gate) is disclosed through the central figure, a *deus ex machina*, a series of deep and stirring messages, fusing and crystallizing that which all our shifting creeds and social struggles have been trying to express. Doctor Rast, although he is very real and altogether human, is more a symbol than a type—he is physician and friend, healer and helper, a saviour of the body and a minister to the soul; he represents the fight for belief and brotherhood, his voice is the modern cry for faith amidst bewildering doubts—his spirit is the modern hope amidst ten thousand despairs.

It may be urged that sometimes the key is too passionate, even hysterical, to be wholly artistic, and were Art a stencilled pattern furnished by one school the criticism would be just. But Art is a multiple perplexity, and Literature is not the least puzzling of its complex divisions. In the history of Writing there have been, and are, two opposed styles; the one, that, for convenience, we call the “passive” school, and the other, the “active.” The “passive” writers receive a series of impressions and give us their records not merely graphically but phonographically—that is to say, not a solution, a philosophy, or an explanation but simply in an impersonal, aloof and purely detached manner. Among these inspired talking-machines are Boccaccio, Maupassant, Kipling and Ibsen. The “active” writers are not content with giving us the struggle, but fling themselves in the conflict as well. They take sides and standpoints; they argue and plead with their characters—they storm and rave at them; they drive to a definite end with a definite purpose even though they tear up mountains of verbiage and forests of rhetoric in their progress. Such zealots were Sophocles, Shakespeare, Hugo and Dickens. And Mr. Oppenheim is of their tribe—he comes from the line of fighters who seek the combat rather than those who pretend there is nothing for which to fight. And if in his earnestness

¹*Doctor Rast*. By James Oppenheim. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company.

there are moments of stammering we are reminded that it is not Shakespeare alone that rants and Schiller that rages, but Life itself that becomes inarticulate. When, therefore, a man with a message has such things to say as Mr. Oppenheim has in chapters like "Groping Children," "A Fight Alone" and "The Family" he cannot ally himself with the tellers of tales and the diagnosticians of domestic dramas, be they ever so skilful and artistic. And if Art cannot make room for the Message it is more than likely that Art will be uncomfortably crowded by a force stronger than itself.

Louis Untermeyer.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DRAMA

IN those interesting epochs before man listened effusively in the forum or silently in the cathedral, the drama stirred the human spirit deeply and surged skyward in the emotions. Since men have discontinued attendance at the lyceum or the church, the influence of the stage has once more risen into significance. Plays are looked to for the exposition of creeds, dramatists for the creation of philosophies, actors for the manifestation of living souls.

The European nations have met the demand. They have given their greatest literary men to the stage; they have encouraged the execution of the most virile and vital art of modernity in the form of plays, and their accomplishment has been worthy; indeed, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Suderman, Hebbel, Shaw, Echegaray, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Brieux, Strindberg, Tchekhov, Andreyev and the rest comprise a series which must rank before the masters in this art of every age, excepting only Shakespeare, Molière, Calderon, and the three immortal Greeks. We are surely witnessing a great age of the drama, and, because of it, a noteworthy literary period. Many of the men are young, and numbers of the next generation loom brilliantly upon the horizon: so the end is not yet.

The great ages of the drama have been the great literary ages of the world, the masters who created in dramatic form have been the giant figures of literary history. Yet when has such wealth as now been vested in a single generation? And not one American may we place upon the list! So much has been talked and written about the American Drama, and about the great American play. Well may we inquire whence come these encouraging vagaries. Are they founded in fact? Who shall tell the whereabouts of their cause?

There have, indeed, and especially within a year, been worthy plays put forth from the pens of American authors. *The Easiest Way*, *Salvation Nell*, *the Fourth Estate*, are powerful expositions of American problems in essentially dramatic mould. Only the first named is, however faultlessly wrought in character and incident, the others being often imperfect and at times even ineffectual. But Mr. Walter's masterpiece, tremendous as it is, has not that greatness of vision and fervor of idealism that we should look for from the master craftsman. Perhaps the most inherently American of any work produced thus far upon our stage is that of a notable poet, *The Great Divide*, by William Vaughn Moody.¹

When a play that has been produced is published, we are given an opportunity to step forth from the flare of footlights and the fascination of scene and costume and view in the calm gray of critical perusal what may have pleased us boundlessly in recital. After adjusting our general disappointment we arrive at realer values.

An excellent play, *The Great Divide* is not a literary gem. But, in spite of its feeble, forced and badly fitted last act, it remains in reading a powerful conception faithfully wrought and effectively written. In it are found a sincerity and a sureness of touch that are absent from every other drama of our "Great West."

Have we in this the Great American Play? Scarcely that; surely not the work that shall publish the spirit of the New World to the Old, completely, vigorously, fearlessly. Here is a play without "problem," though there is, of course, the essential struggle, lacking which there can be no genuine stagecraft; a play which, unlike the greater European dramas, answers no question, meets no need in our own social or ethical life. It does not, like *Ghosts* or *Man and Superman* or *Spring's Awakening*, give birth to new intellectual vistas in the audiences which witness its production. Yet, in the long run, is not, perhaps, that play even more important, from the standpoint of art, which is interesting and vital because of its inherent possessions of character and situation than because of any extraneous social, economic, moral, religious or other significance attaching to it? Not that Mr. Moody's play is comparable with the just mentioned masterpieces of foreign giants, but, in searching for some worthy product of our own environment, we should hesitate to discard a work of powerful characterization, thoroughly forceful conception, and purposeful and unhesitating execution. That unmistakable sincerity, that unyielding optimism which we have always believed, in spite of the disingenuousness of so much in American life, to be true and natural attributes of our

¹*The Great Divide*. By William Vaughn Moody. New York: The Macmillan Company.

soil, are present powerfully in this play. In the technical weakness of its final scene these are still felt to rise triumphant, and it is these attributes especially from which we draw assurance that, according to our present accomplishment, *The Great Divide* is, at least, a Great American Drama.

B. Russell Herts.

EXPIATION

HAVE I been I, and you been you
Since the world began; and have we two
In forgotten lives been lovers true?

Did our love grow in quiet ways,
Or did we guard it through the maze
Of some old city's sinful days?

Or did you come, a fierce-eyed Gaul,
A foeman, to my father's hall,
And bear me off before them all?

Did I, high on your tower wall,
Dry-eyed, behold my kinsmen fall,
Death-doomed upon your lances tall?

Did we, perhaps, find life a boon
In palace old, on still lagoon,
Through many a dead Venetian June?

Or is it that I brought you woe
In some dim century long ago,
That now you make me suffer so?

If thus it be, I'll pay the price
In this life's tears and sacrifice,
And wait the next fall of the dice.

Elinor Cook.

SONG OF THE BRIDE TO BE

A WOMAN'S EPITHALAMIUM

O CLAIM me now, life calm and continent,
Sweet winged and spiritual, sane and free,
Give me that love for which my love is spent,
Give me new strength for what I yield to thee.
Into his arms I go with confidence,
A maiden, yet a woman for his sake,
His equal, fit to labor at his side,
Knowing not where the travail is, nor whence,
Ready to wring my heart till it shall break,
Ready to fight all wrongs by him defied.

Sweet are the roses I have known, ay fair
Are the white lilies that my hands have found
In my virginity, and yet I dare
To leave them all to bloom in younger ground,
And, into my chaste garden, call new life,
And flowers I know not, venture not to name,
But am prepared to love and wisely tend,
That there may be for me no petalled strife,
No blossoms fallen from weight of heavy shame,
That all may bloom divine for my best friend.

Standing beneath the arches of a gate
That gives grand entrance to the path untried,
I tremble, seeing there my human fate,
To entrance all returning is denied,
And yet, the tremulous throb of the heart I hush
With thoughts of him for whom I mutely yield,
Whose human depths and heights are mine to know,
Of whose warm blood I love the rise and rush,
Whose life shall be most utterly revealed
To me, a unity of love or woe.

To-night the woman nature sings aloud
A song half-pensive, wholly jubilant,
For all I leave, and for the beauty proud
That he may give, for days made militant.

I hear the solemn and announcing voice
 Foretelling in my heart the cry of birth
 And promising fulfilment to our souls;
 Ay even now I hear one say, "Rejoice!
 A child's sweet eyes have opened on the earth
 Whose young necessity our toil controls!"

Ah, for no mortal revel was I made,
 A woman sane, not famished of desire
 Shall I meet his true eyes, for I am swayed
 By no mere love of the lips. I do aspire
 That sweet communion of the body bring
 But nearer, time by time, the spirit's tryst,
 And highest worship, in one blessed psalm
 That to the great, white Father we shall sing,
 For His high laws, seen dimly, through a mist.
 O claim me now, life continent and calm!

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.

TO CLEÏS

"I have a fair daughter with a form like a golden flower, Cleïs, the beloved."—Sapphic fragment.

WHEN the dusk was wet with dew,
 Cleïs, did the muses nine
 Listen in a silent line
 While your mother sang to you?

Did they weep or did they smile
 When she crooned to still your cries,
 She, a muse in human guise
 Who forsook her lyre awhile?

Did you feel her wild heart beat?
 Did the warmth of all the sun
 Thro' your little body run
 When she kissed your hands and feet?

Did your fingers, babywise,
 Touch her face and touch her hair,
 Did you think your mother fair?
 Could you bear her burning eyes?

Are the songs that soothed your fears
 Vanished like a vanished flame,
 Save the line where shines your name
 Starlike down the graying years?

* * * * *

Cleïs speaks no word to me,
 For the land where she has gone
 Lieth mute at dusk and dawn
 Like a windless, tideless sea.

Sara Teasdale.

ODE ON BEAUTY

Now driven by restless energy for song,
 I touch the lyre with eager trembling hands;
 Not to a sylvan goddess held among
 The golden hierarchy of dim lands
 Do I lift up my eyes and call to bless
 With inspiration my too humble praise
 By being vivid in her loveliness;
 Nor do I seek among the ruinous ways
 And desolation of forgotten realms
 For some immortal fragment of the past,—
 A shining ensign borne above the helms
 Of galleys while they warred for empires vast,—
 A standard that in fancy gleams again
 The splendid symbol of a splendid strife
 Upon a purple main,
 And gleaming casts its shadow down upon
 The bended head of her who was the wife
 Of Spartan Menelaus, but anon
 Will lift o'er Ilium the hand that lies
 Now listlessly across her dreaming eyes.

Of no heroic days these numbers are
Nor goddess worshipped in her sacred grove:
There is a Spirit ruling from afar
Who hath created Song and Sleep and Love;
Who when the world was only night and space
Across the darkness scattered stars to sing,—
Who when the world was but a sleeping place
Awakened it unto the first sweet Spring;
Then were the depths melodious with seas,
And all the lands that rose above their flood
Were gladdened by the green of grass and trees—
And over all a sun that stained with blood
The tremulous mist that veiled the dewy dawn,
And through the fresh fair forest ways there moved
Perchance a startled fawn—
Quick followed by a fleeting maid
Who being seen was loved
By one whose eyes had made her all afraid.

It is of Beauty that I fain would sing
If she would lend me from her voice a note
That I such praises as are meet might bring
To her who knoweth each bird's lyric throat;
She is the unseen presence in a song,
The grace within a flower's slender stem,
The lily and the rose of right and wrong,
The fire and fever in a gleaming gem,—
And every murmurous wind repeats her name,
And it is chanted by the waves that roll,
It is her breath that fans the Autumn's flame
In leaves whose crimson death eludes the gloom,—
And Love of Beauty is the soul,
That fragment of a life untouched by doom,
The yearning to create, to never die,
The high divine eternal cry
Within the changing sod, —
The common attribute of Man and God!

Zoe Akins.

The Forum

FEBRUARY, 1910

SATURDAY NIGHT

OF a Saturday night the lights of Third Avenue have under them thick black tides of humans. The overhead elevated railroad soaks with the glamour that shades in and out its iron pillars—now and then a glow of gold from the running trolley car—now and then the long harnessed Milky Way of the trains above. Flames are on pushearts and fruitstands—chestnut pans at the corners curl a smoke of incense through ruddy fire—and the continuous plate glass of the stores sheds a radiance down the street. And in the lights of Third Avenue faces and forms stand out bathed in gold and blue and orange.

There has been an exodus of washwomen and factory girls from the Eastern tenements: a migration of clerks' wives and frugal housekeepers from the Western flats; the staring baby is here; the corner boys; the saloon-dwellers; the workers. And this is Lover's Lane.

There is no such happiness as Saturday night happiness. The week's work is done; the wages are drawn; the race has returned to Eden, where there are sights and sounds and things to buy. There is no care for the morrow; one may feast and spend and sleep. Hence, the breezy holiday spirit along the avenue. Hence, an Enchanted People—beautiful despite their exteriors—for what is beautiful in human face save light of love and warmth of our fellows and the smile of the task accomplished?

A hundred feet east of Third Avenue, on Eighty-Third Street, there's a dusty tenement whose front windows are forever shut. The ground-floor window has a small sign backed by a squalid lace curtain. An electric street light with blue uncertain rays picks out the letters of the sign—two words:

BREITMANN
Dressmaking

Behind that window is a small parlor smothered with years of stale

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air and the smell of steamed garments and two poor human bodies. A sewing machine stands in one corner; a dressmaker's model in another. The furniture is old and threadbare; the old carpet worn through; the big crayons on the wall date back to Darkest America. And the room is really a larger incarnation of the souls that dwell in it. Their ordinary incarnation—their human flesh and clothes—is the room on a small scale. Old Mrs. Breitmann is so flabby, dusty, threadbare that there are not even deep lines in her sallow puffed face. She is a soft bundle of antiquity and speaks in a bygone whisper. And her daughter of forty—her maiden daughter—is a sad replica of the mother—flabby, shabby, dim. Her faded blue eyes are blurs on her pale face—her lips have lost their color; her fat hands seem made of dry dust.

Mother and daughter sit quietly together and sew for a pittance, wringing just enough money out of ill-made clothes to pay rent and the tradespeople. They drink tea, and eat like manless women—a canary's diet. They speak in whispers to one another when it is necessary, and it is not often necessary.

But on a crisp Saturday night in December, Lilith Breitmann, the daughter, was in a state of unrest she had not known for years. For years she had sat sewing as if time were not—yet time was, and in the silence of the room time had stolen from her much that was glory and dream and the salt of life. It had filched her youth from her, and a sweet girlish beauty, and ambition, and hopes. It had left a garment on her stuck full of pins and threaded needles. It had added a skill to her fingers and a set of diagrams to her brain. But life—rich, warm, struggling life—where was it? Third Avenue roared by with glowing crowds. Life was there. Why had she been born to sit aside and crumble to Nothingness, without partaking of the radiance, the terror and the joy?

Something of the Third Avenue mood swept Lilith on this crisp December night. It was the call of the wild. But for a full hour she sat on her hard chair sewing at the first party dress of a young girl on Lexington Avenue. Now and then she timidly glanced at the dusty mother who bent her near-sighted eyes close to a sleeve inside-out. The mother took no notice, and Lilith returned her fingers and eyes to the party dress. Bitterly she thought of the young girl, the joy, the dance, the lights, and revolt grew apace.

She had looked at her mother thirty times in the hour. Now at last, with heart beating fast, she let a few words venture forth.

"It's—a nice night. *I think*," she whispered.

"Ya," said the mother.

There was a silence stitched together by the mother's needle.

Again Lilith spoke:

"I—I think it would be nice—to go out to-night."

Her mother stopped sewing and looked at her:

"Why?"

Why? Lilith was struck dumb, and swallowed hard. The mother went on sewing, much perturbed. She sensed the coming of a revolt that should break her life to bits.

Lilith's cheeks took an unusual color, her dim eyes began to show life. She stumbled to her feet, half-choking.

"I—I'm going out," she breathed.

The mother looked at her, frozen with terror. Her jaw hung. At last she mumbled:

"Are you crazy?"

Lilith had never crossed her, and now at forty the girl was asserting herself! This was the beginning of the end.

But while the mother sat staring and mumbling, Lilith unsteadily performed the sacred rites of preparation for Romance. She pulled the pins and needles from her woollen waist. She got the little brush they used for customers, and turned it on herself. She put on a faded antique straw hat, shoddy with a bird's-wing and a bunch of ribbon—wrapped herself in a Red Ridinghood cape—and finally, the last terrible touch—drew from her dollar hoard twenty cents in nickels and pennies.

Through all this ritual there was no word between mother and daughter. The silence of the years had atrophied their power to converse. But it was an awful silence—a silence shrill with defiance on the daughter's part, with despair and terror on the mother's part.

So when Lilith said—in a voice that trembled like a moving picture—"I'm—*going*."

The mother could only mutter: "Unsinn! unsinn!" (Senseless! senseless!)

And could not believe her eyes when the daughter, decked out almost for the coffin, opened the door, staggered through, and shut herself away in the Unknown, the Mystery. Eighty-third Street, dark, deep, gloomy, was an underground cavern with a secret fire-guarded portal to the West—the portal of Elysian fields. For looking up the dark street, Lilith saw the golden glow of Third Avenue. Thither she sped, almost tripping along, the blood hot about her ears and singing in her pulses.

In another moment she was in the City of the Enchanted, she herself one of the Enchanted People. The lights, the tides of men and women, the sights, the lustrous leather of shoes in the brilliant show-

window, the glamour of high-heaped fruit on the stands, the keen air, the buoyancy and sparkle of the Holiday—all these flooded through her, until she was transfigured. It was a new birth into a new world. She had sluffed off her skin and clothes, and was a happy young girl in Lover's Lane. But where was *he*?

He! Tears gathered to her eyes, and the breath of old romance blew back through the ruins of her heart. Well enough she knew where *he* was. Little had she cared this last year, after the Janitor's crippled daughter had told her. But to-night?

There's a yellow-brick Public School on Seventy-Ninth Street that is as old as Yorkville. The sweet-faced daughter of the dressmaker went there, books on her arm, lunch in her coat-pocket, and shyness and blushes on her cheeks. Henry Lutz went there, too. He was a handsome, black-haired, black-eyed boy—with a native talent for music. He could pull song from a jew's harp, a harmonica, a violin or a piano. He was a wild fellow; she, a timid negative girl. He carried her books at times; he came around at twilight, when the boys weren't looking, and wrung love-lyrics from his lute; that is, Lilith sat on the stoop, and Henry sat a step above and played on the harmonica. They were undeniably happy—head over heels in love. They were shy and full of blushes. They gave each other tokens. They took secret vows. Henry next went to Harvard—for Henry dwelt west of Third Avenue. But he kept on writing, and thrice there were secret, sacred meetings—kisses, embraces, vows—stolen nights. And then—silence.

The janitor's crippled daughter—who was nearly as old as Lilith—had once shared her secrets. Hence, the janitor's daughter remembered the name of Henry Lutz when she heard it. And with the name came a short but sufficient history. The wild boy had been expelled from college; he had squandered family money, till he was also expelled from home; he had walked year by year down the steps into the Underworld—the stairway of the Tenderloin. He had lost his friends; his character had crumbled away; and last, he became a semi-vagrant, haunting Bowery dives. He did anything for a living—in ways uncertain and unsavory. There had been a dramatic moment on an “el” train late at night when he sprawled drunk on one side, and begged alms from some men opposite.

“I’m a Harvard man,” he had hiccupped. “Take my oath I am. Listen,” he rolled out grandly, “*Arma virumque cano: Troiæ qui primus ab oris*—but I’m on the road to ruin—” he waved his hand drunkenly, “on the road to ruin!”

One of his old friends sat opposite.

The shock had driven him into a better way of earning a living. And

now—he was playing the piano at the Nickel Theatre on Eighty-Fourth Street. This was the sensational news the janitor's daughter had conveyed to Lilith. And Lilith—crumbling to dust under the label of "Breitmann, Dressmaking"—had not cared. But to-night?

She saw his black hair and his black eyes again; a music stole from the dead harmonica; she burned again with the kiss; a boy's arms were about her—and she, was she not a young girl again in Lover's Lane? Suddenly she loved all faces—she loved this waddling fat woman who carried a baby in her arms—she loved this pale clerk and his anemic wife. She was drenched with the very spirit of life; she caught the zest of the bargain in the fish-market as she passed; she paused at windows to feast her eyes on brilliant things. She crossed Eighty-Fourth Street, almost dancing, tripping along with girlish resiliency. It seemed to her as if *he* were waiting for her; she would meet him soon—look into his dark eyes, and listen to the music of his voice as he remembered his vows. And what else? Might there be a kiss?

Her blood sang through her; she was breathless with expectancy. Life again was romance and mystery—unfathomable, star-reaching, and whirled with song. And then, suddenly, she stopped still—her hand at her heart. She was thrilled so that she felt faint with dizzy happiness.

Two milky globes suspended on wires flooded the sidewalk with a copper-colored intense light—a light like compressed sunlight—blinding, terrific. Each person standing in it was a living statue, deeply shaded, clearly chiselled. Beneath it in a broad recess the width of the building was a little glass "window" where a woman sat with a roll of tickets. On either side were doors. The ground was paved with tiny tiles with the inwrought word "Nicoland," and in front were gorgeous posters.

Lilith, thrilling through and through, read the posters and looked at their pictures. One was "The Actor's Wife—a Tale of Love, Kidnapping and Unfaithfulness"; another was, "Lost in the Desert." But Lilith did not understand these. She was thinking of the pianist inside. Could she dare to go in? Could she dare to spend five cents for such a thing? What would her mother say? Five cents for the theatre! And moving pictures! And *he*—he at the piano!

She would sit in the dark and listen to him. Truly this was the great night of her life—the Dream-Night. She was in the Dream-World; she was a Dream-Person—why should she not dream her fill? What was five cents as against Romance and Love?

She tinkled her nickel in at the window, the sharp-faced woman snipped off a ticket, a uniformed man immediately clutched it out of her

hand, and a second later she had pushed open a door and entered the "theatre." The first sensation was weird, uncanny, unreal. The room was in blackness and warm with dense humanity—a smell of people. She was jammed in with a crowd waiting at the entrance for empty seats. Above her from a little aperture in the street-wall, a beam of white light pencilled through the air, widening out as it went, until it splashed the white framed plaster of the rear. Far away she saw the gray-white-black kaleidoscope-effect of the cinematograph pictures. The floor seemed to heave; the room to rock; she was dizzy and dazed.

But the music! Softly it rose and fell—sweet, penetrating, weird and wild. This was no ordinary musician. This was one whose eyes followed the pictures, and whose hands wrought an expressive sound, so that the music suited the action, and the action the music. The theme on the piano flowed, changed abruptly—became "nervous" at the dramatic moment, mirthful at the release. That music told the people exactly what the characters in the pictures were feeling and thinking. It gave them the last touch of life; they became living human beings.

Lilith felt like clutching some one to hold on to Earth. She was swimming in the space beyond the stars. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She had not known she could be so happy—she had not known that the dusty heart can leap up like twenty chariots and whirl in the Arena. Mad life! Mad souls! Mad destiny!—

And then the music stopped. Electric lights came sprouting out of the walls, and all was commonplace enough. A hilarious crowd jammed through the exit, and the waiting crowd gave like ice in April and poured like a torrent down the aisle and into the two hundred seats. It was just a long room, zinc-plated, and low-ceiled, and these people were just—people. At least to the eyes of others. But to themselves? This fat washwoman with her baby—what of her? Was this not Saturday night? Was not her long day of drab work with soapsuds and tub touched now with the Dream? Did not a mere nickel swing her into the Heroic and the Romantic? This was truly the Theatre of the People—the Theatre of Democracy—come of itself—not born of statesmanship or university. Here it was, a part of the daily lives of the unlearned and the un-moneyed. This washwoman had neither time nor money nor clothes for the real theatre. But here—tales of love, scenes of far lands, romances of heroism became a part of her heart and soul. She struggled—laughed, cried, felt and thought—with these strange heroes and heroines! She forgot her own life; she entered the common life of the race—she expanded her soul over earth and through human hearts. This was the release, the glorification of the day's work.

Down went the lights; the wall was splashed again; and Lilith, just seated, with no time to look at the pianist who sat in a pit beneath the pictures, was suddenly absorbed by a vast melodrama. She forgot all else; so did these laborers, these clerks, these shopgirls and tenement-women. Truly Lilith was not herself. She was in the pictures there; she was that beautiful, unfaithful wife; she ran away from her child and her actor-husband; she kidnapped her child; there was fire in the house; there was a wild drive to a deserted barn; there was ultimate disgrace. What a wonderful way to live! Carriages, a rich mansion, wine, fire, ruin! And all so much more real than reality! She did not know that it was the music that made the illusion perfect—that made her feel and see so intensely. The audience was breathless when the series stopped, and a new drama—a drama of the Western desert, the trail-lost man, wife and child, unfolded its grim tragedy. The women—Lilith, too—sobbed as if their hearts were broken. Whereupon a topsyturvy picture followed, full of laughter—and then a plaintive song sung by a girl and illustrated by brilliantly colored slides—and then—the lights went up, the audience trooped out.

Lilith—wholly transfigured now and to her own inner eyes a very beauty of womanhood—kept her seat, leaned forward, and gazed at the pianist. His back was to her, however, and she saw nothing save a bowed form and heavy dark hair. This then, was *he*! Should she get up and go to him? Before these people? No. She would wait. She would watch the pictures.

They whirled on and on. She saw them five times—each time vividly living the pictured life—a very cyclone of romance. And at every pause she watched the back of the musician, and her daring—absorbed from the melodramatic picture-women—rose and rose. Her cheeks were hot, her heart thumping heavily, her head weighted with blood. Not once, however, did she see his face. She did see his hand holding a queer bottle which he drew from his back trouser pocket, but it meant little to her. Nor did she notice, as the hour grew late, how the music deteriorated—what bursts of rhapsody interlarded with Bowery banging.

Suddenly a slide flashed big letters on the screen:

“ALL OUT:
SEE TO-MORROW’S BILL
BEST IN YORKVILLE
GOOD-NIGHT.”

The small crowd began to file out, but Lilith lingered, alone on her row of seats. She could hardly breathe, she could hardly rise—the heat

of blood in her head was unbearable. Then, quickly, she clutched the seat before her and pulled herself up. The pianist, too, was rising. She stepped—she knew not how—to his side. She was actually leaning against the railing of the pit, as if she had fainted.

“Henry—Lutz,” she murmured.

The musician turned violently. She saw his face in one wild flash, and recoiled horrified—it was cynical, hard, blotched with pimples—a stale crusty face with little round sparkling eyes and heavy sensual lips. And in that moment that face became a mirror in which she saw herself as he saw her—for he saw the Lilith of Eighty-Third Street, New York City—the blur of faded eyes on the sallow face—the poor shrivelled thing—not a Girl of Lover’s Lane.

He, too, seized the railing, and she smelt his breath—rancid with cheap whisky.

“How’d you know me?” he whispered hard, like a criminal caught.

She gave a low cry:

“I—I—I’m—I’m *Lilith!*”

He deliberately pulled out his whisky flask, tilted his head far back and drained its last drops, and while she waited—clutching the rail as if she were hanging on to the last vestige of the Dream-World—he laughed and flung the bottle on the floor. Then he leaned near, and whispered drunkenly, fanning her with whisky-fumes——

“Lilith? Bless me! Lilith! Sweet girl was Lilith—here’s to her beauty, looking at you! Damn you—hic—I loved Lilith—ever shall—only girl in the world—she’s *immortal too*——”

And as Lilith tried to keep back the cries that shrilled through her brain and beat at her lips—he leaned still closer to tell her a secret:

“Lilith? Immortal is Lilith! I put her in my music—hic—pretty cute, wasn’t it?—No one would have guessed it—but it makes ’em cry and laugh, it does. Beats Wagner, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Busset, MacDowell to a standstill. That’s Lilith—I’m married to her—no one guesses it—hic—but it makes ’em laugh and cry! Good-night, dearie!”

A uniformed man was shouting hoarsely:

“Cut it out there, Lutz—cut it out—ye’re drunk! Madam, *all out!*”

The world swam black before her; she staggered she knew not where; she felt sudden keen icy air; she moved rapidly—and then, like a mist fallen away, the world was revealed to her. Third Avenue was dark, vast, deserted—though now and then roused like a drunken man from his sleep by the terrific thunder of the elevated trains. The stores—vacant-eyed—slept emptily; gone were fruit and chestnuts; gone was the

Holiday Spirit; gone was the crowd. No, this was not Lover's Lane; this was a sordid, a squalid market-street of the city.

Her brain, her heart cleared. She moved down the empty night avenue a poor bowed frail dressmaker—a weak blur of womanhood—hurrying back to an incarnation of faded lace curtain, antique crayons, shoddy carpet—back to the pins and needles in her waist—back to the stitches and the silence—back to the mother.

The mother! Strange thought! The poor mother, who somehow, unconsciously and without fame, was a living martyr, stitching clothes for the human race in her lonesome cell, as far from New York as the tale of Troy. What was in the mother's life that was sweet or daring or touched with dream? Barren life—dusty, decaying—miserable sacrifice to a world of clothes. And Lilith, brooding on this, felt a new compassion, never known before, steal through her heart—a tender love, never dreamed of, stir through her body. Why not warm what was left of the mother's life with the heat of love? Why not bring into the dusty room one ray of the lights of Third Avenue—one throb of the Dream-World—one breath of the music——

The music!

She hurried down Eighty-Third Street, she unlocked her way through the two doors, she stood again in the still years, the smothering air, the smell of steamed garments. Her mother sat as she had sat when Lilith left—sewing quietly at another sleeve turned inside-out.

She looked up—poor piteous face—too flabby for wrinkles even! Something tore the heart in Lilith's breast. In a moment she was kneeling at her mother's side, she had seized needle and sleeve, and fat old hands, and her hot tears were splashing on the upturned plans. Otherwise there was silence, while Lilith cried her soul out.

Then dimly and far-away and weird and unreal came the mother's voice:

“So?—Ach! so!”

Just a trace of the mother-passion was there. A trace—the first streak of morning-light in the still years.

Lilith broke out passionately:

“Mother! I'll never leave you! I'll not go again! I'll make you happy!”

She looked up; her mother's face was a study in silent sorrow—ineffable tragedy and pathos. Slowly two tears trickled down the flabby cheeks and the old lips began to move—trying vainly to burst through the silent years.

“So! so!—ach, so!”

The two arose; they walked into the bedroom; their faces shone with strange light. They undressed quietly; they went to bed; for long they lay awake steeped in a new light, so soft, so tender, so thrilling they could not stir.

Then in the darkness—on a sob—came the mother's voice:

"Lilith!"

"Mutter!"

A big old hand searched the bed-clothes—searched and searched—and found the fat hand of Lilith. The two hands were clasped softly; the mother burst into hysterical sobs, and Lilith buried her face half in her pillow. The great years were smashed—the hearts opened. Light had come, and love.

No word more was said in the night. And softly then to Lilith came back, on wings of sleep, the Dream-World, the lights of Saturday night, and Lover's Lane—and the music!

The music! It was her soul married to his! She had not lived in vain, after all! She was moving people to tears and laughter; she was wedded to Henry Lutz—the Henry Lutz that might have been. Life had not lost its glory and its romance. What if her body and the body of Henry were as dead—did not their souls live in that music?

And she fell asleep in the Dream-World—the lights of Saturday night—Lover's Lane—and the Music.

James Oppenheim.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT

HERE lies a nation's hero deep enshrined
In lasting marble; past this fane rolls on
The mighty Hudson, over it the sun
Sinks solemnly through skies incarnadined.
From the far sea blows in the boundless wind,
The everlasting stars rise one by one
O'er the still whiteness of his tomb, but none
Shines on the sleeping hero, deep enshrined.

Poor human honor! It has done him wrong
Upon whose grave no violets may spring,
Above whose dust may sound no stir of wing
Or mightier music of the forest-song,
To whom the cosmic cycles, deep and long,
No light of any star may ever bring.

Ludwig Lewisohn.

BITTER INDIA

THE Englishman is England's greatest enemy in India. By his arrogance and his selfishness, by his lack of sympathy and understanding he has spread wide through three hundred million Indian subjects of the British Crown discontent, disloyalty and hatred.

It was thirty-five years ago, that the Marquis of Salisbury when Secretary of State for India gave the warning:

"No system of government can be permanently safe when there is a feeling of inferiority or mortification affecting the relation between the governing and the governed. Those who leave this country to govern India, if they choose to be so, are the only enemies England has to fear."

But the warning had gone unheeded. And every year the curious metamorphosis goes on apace—the English civil servant taken from his school or his college, from his often humble station in life, far away from home and released from the grip in which his own kind and his "people" have held his manners and his mind, becomes here in India terribly conscious of his race, of "Anglo-Saxon superiority," of "manifest destiny," that "East is East and West is West," and of all his other shibboleths. Under a tropical sun his veneer of culture peels off, he forgets his manners, he learns to despise the poor cringing native who fears him, he becomes sometimes that abhorred thing, that absolute negation of the gentleman, the English call a "bounder."

It was from a fellow traveller at Hyderabad that I first heard the Indian side of the "Indian problem." Tall and straight, with the long black coat and peaked, brimless hat of the Parsi, he joined me after dinner in the garden of the travellers' bungalow. And while we smoked and sipped our coffee we spoke at first of the native art of Hyderabad and the native government of native states.

And then he told me of British government in India and of the Englishman in India, as we sat long into the night in the welcome cool of the garden with only the peacocks with the horrid calls to keep us company.

"Shall the dirtiest, lowest white man or a mongrel of an Eurasian, if only he has a little white blood in him, be preferred to me, and this in my own country?" he exclaimed at one point, I remember, his eyes flashing through his gold-rimmed spectacles as he turned to me a face full of mingled anger and despair. He had been telling how that very day two young Englishmen with a curse and a jeer had slammed in his face the door of a first-class railway carriage which he had attempted to enter, and of the indignities and affronts he and his daily suffered.

And I remembered the little youthful civil-servant on the P. & O. boat who had said the Indians were "the whole lot d——d dirty niggers"; I remembered the Colonel's wife who had said the Indians were all very nasty and immoral, and I began to learn that the warning of the Marquis of Salisbury had fallen on deaf ears.

That Parsi lawyer felt the conqueror's contempt for him there, under the stars in our garden, and I have seen the thing with heart-sickening repetition wherever I have journeyed among these sad, serious people and their white masters.

He sent me on, that Parsi gentleman, to his cousin in Bombay. And there I met more of his type—cultured, quiet, unassuming Hindus and Parsis, knowing English history and the struggle for representative institutions in the West, recalling their ancient civilization and their literature of a time when our savage nomad ancestors were hunting over Europe.

"Your Washington, do you not revere him as your father?" one of them asked me. "Do you not strew flowers on his grave and make of his birthday a day of rejoicing in memory of the freedom he won for you and of the despot whom he crushed?"

And at Benares again the parallel was drawn which I was so often to meet. A shaven-headed Brahman explained as he led the way down the narrow streets toward the sacred Ganges:

"Just as they ordered it to be done in your country when you were also weak and divided, so the English have done in my country. Our factories and our work, all but that of the fields, the English stopped that they might make for us and so grow very rich."

And while we watched the multitude of pilgrims bathing in the holy river, drinking the polluted water as they made obeisance to the sun, he took up again our well-remembered history: "Like these, your people are greatly religious; and like these they are from many nations and with many tongues. But now you are free and strong and one, and you are not ruled any more by the British Raj."

They lay great store, these Indians, by what we were and what they think we are.

And they will quote their favorite Burke to you—and cite history, England's conquest of Wales, Scotland and Ireland, her war with America, her battles with France after the revolution, her invasion of India and her fight against the Boers. They have read their history and have not forgotten it, these lawyers, merchants and editors. To them England is a great, greedy nation seeking wealth and power in every

corner of the globe, pitiless and without scruple, and preaching all the while the gospel of the gentle Christ.

"The trouble is the government is a government of the police and the police are not trusted," Dr. Rashbeharee Ghose, Indian Member of the Imperial Legislative Council and president of the Indian Nationalist Congress at Madras, stated. "I have no hesitation in saying that the Indian police is the most corrupt and the most inefficient in the world," he explained with rising emphasis. "The people fear and hate these scoundrels and rather than tell them of a robbery would bear their loss in silence lest they be accused of pretending and so have money extorted from them."

On all sides I met the same complaint, the power of the police, their unblushing extortion of perjured confession, the reliance the officials place in them. Among others who confirmed this was one almost unique in India—an Englishman writing and talking for reform in India. He had had his bungalow searched without warrant of law. "I kicked the fellow out and wrote a stiff letter to the governor and received an apology in return," he said, "but if they will dare to come into an Englishman's house what do you think they would do with an Indian?"

Indians laughed at my notion that the evils of the police system so often heard of perhaps had been exaggerated. One of them told me even children knew what I doubted. His own house had been searched, but his son, a boy of twelve, had insisted that these officers of the law should first be searched themselves. And so no incriminating writings or bombs were brought onto his premises and "found" there by the authorities.

Others are not so fortunate, as the English press bears witness in reports of bombs buried in gardens by the police and then dug up to fasten suspicion on those who had withstood blackmail.

"It is just another indignity that we must endure, that the English have turned loose upon us these low caste, low paid merciless scoundrels," is heard in one form or another throughout the country.

Indians do not understand and do not like the huge central bureaucracy which has been reared in the place of their ancient self-governing villages, and they hate and fear these all-powerful, scheming, police representatives of the new order. The Indian people have been forcibly disarmed and a whole race has been shut out from positions of real trust and responsibility. They feel that they are powerless, that they have no longer voice in their own affairs, that they are a beaten people ruled by their conquerors.

British rule has meant peace to India. That Indians acknowledge and are grateful for.

"But we pay too high for peace. We have been made dependent, our manhood and our character have suffered," they say. They resent the large and increasing army that has been quartered upon them. "India is the proving ground for the British army," the native press complains. "Raw recruits are sent to us by the thousands and when they are trained and fit to serve as real soldiers they are taken back to England."

And the poor Indian pays the bill, every penny, pays the transportation both ways, pays for the maintenance and schooling of these British soldiers, pays the pension of the officers, pays each year over eighteen millions of dollars for the Pax Britannica, pays, and in peace—starves.

Another fruitful source of enmity is the "Partition of Bengal." By the Indian political leaders of Bengal it is stigmatized as the most notorious example of British administrative stupidity in all the clumsy workings of the Indian office.

English officials themselves acknowledge that Lord Curzon here made the worst of his mistakes. "I am bound to say nothing was ever worse done in disregard to the feeling and opinion of the majority of the people concerned," Lord Morley said in the House of Commons when speaking as Secretary of State for India. But it is now a "settled fact," in the words of Lord Morley, and not to be undone.

And so with their beloved province cut in two, and believing that the act was instigated for the sole purpose of weakening their growing political influence, with this constant reminder before them of British injustice, the people of Bengal have been given a very tangible grievance and a very popular rallying cry.

It was on October 16, 1905, that the partition of Bengal went into effect and each year since then on the anniversary of the day of their humiliation native shops throughout Bengal close, the people cook no food and go barefooted as in time of mourning.

"You call this a sentimental grievance," a prominent Bengalee Babu said, "but it is just because it is so largely sentimental that we so keenly feel our loss. We Hindus are a spiritual people, and this partition we feel more than the stolid English can realize."

It was this same "sentiment" that saved the English at the time of the Mutiny, so the Indians say. The Indian troops who fought against their countrymen and prevented the final success of the Mutiny were loyal, not because of any love they bore the British. They had "eaten the salt" of the British Raj, they had been maintained by the government, they had taken its pay and they could not turn against the hand that fed them.

This is changing now, and many Indians hope and many English fear the Indian troops will be as ready to revolt when the time comes as the Russian sailors were at Odessa.

Even caste distinctions between Mohammedan and Hindu have ceased to give their old-time aid and comfort to the English.

Again and again I have heard the statement that there is little religious difference between the people except for that instigated by the unscrupulous police and the lower officials, "who are capable of going to any length." Mohammedans and Hindus have been living together in concord for generations in the villages of India. They have been friendly neighbors, helping each other to maintain a precarious existence in this world, each willing to let the other find his way to the world to come as best he may.

Occasionally a Mohammedan will kill the cow sacred to the Hindu, but more in a spirit of pure deviltry than because of holy zeal. The Hindu will usually retort, if he can, by defiling the mosque with a slaughtered pig. Serious riots have been the result of these encounters sometimes, although more often than not they end in a very few broken heads and very many heated words.

Some jealousy and lack of cohesion between the two peoples there undoubtedly is, the Hindus claiming that the English are now favoring the Mohammedans in every way possible with the deliberate purpose of preventing union.

That union is not impossible the Indians show by the history of their great Akbar. He, though hated when he overthrew the Hindus with his Mohammedans, at the close of the sixteenth century, was able to hold both together by treating them with equal consideration. So successful was he that after his death he was worshipped as a deity by the Hindus. His successor, carrying out the same policy of political and social equality, had no more zealous defenders of his Dehi kingdom than among his Hindu subjects.

"Caste does not divide us. By reason of it we are united into one well-ordered society, each one knowing his position and keeping to it as for untold generations his fathers have done." Such was the explanation of a Brahmin editor of an English magazine devoted to Indian questions.

Caste does not prevent intercourse, it merely regulates the life and defines the religious observances required of its members. A high caste Hindu can and does often have the same political views as a low caste Hindu, just as the Duke of Bedford and his footman might both be upholders of the House of Lords. "We are not politicians in convention, rather we are comparable to the English Barons extorting a Magna

Charta from King John," delegates explained at the Indian Nationalist Congress at Madras.

And if the Deccan peasant cannot understand the merits of a proposed system of representative government, caste and inherited respect for education make of him a trusting follower of educated and high caste political leaders. In a land where 826 boys out of every 1,000 of school age have no school to go to, where only 1 in 10 males are literate and 7 in 1,000 females, ability to read and write by its very rarity becomes a power. As education rises above these minima and at each stage the number of advancing students becomes smaller these elect ones are vested with an ever-widening influence by the mass of their lowly fellow-countrymen.

And it is precisely among the better educated, from the holders of university degrees, that the demand for reform in India is most insistent.

One of the most active and influential members of the Moderate Party in speaking of the almost blind confidence with which men of his standing and education were held by the illiterate said:

"In another generation when we who would argue with the government have died and these young 'extremists' who call us traitors to India, become the guides, England will lose India if reforms of a very material and numerous character are not soon granted."

But the English are deaf to the voices of protest.

"The people have no part in this agitation, it all comes from a few over-educated Bengalee Babus," English traders, English officers, English civil servants everywhere reiterate. And the English press in India and "at home" have taken up the refrain until they have come to think it so, these daring, mighty builders of empire, with their belief in themselves, their faith that might is right, their confidence that they will "blunder through," as they are fond of putting it. "More military and no damned nonsense," seems the sovereign remedy.

Disaffection is showing itself everywhere. Last year's reforms, giving at last a modicum of representation to Hindus and Mohammedans on municipal and legislative councils, may allay the spirit of revolt for a little time. But these have come too late and have been granted too grudgingly by England. The Indians clearly see that they are to remain an insignificant minority in the government of their own country. They demand self-government, not merely what at last has been gained—the right to protest through the mouths of a handful of representatives. The "Constitutionalists" would proceed in an orderly, lawful manner to the attainment of their purpose—self-government under the British Parliament as in the case of the Commonwealth of Australia. The "Nation-

alists" are not so chary about methods and seek ultimate and complete independence. And to all this, there is only the time-worn British reply that the Indians are not fit for self-government. As from the days of Eden man has ever been told to stay in peace and ignorance whenever he revolted against benevolent despotism.

In the meantime a more active party has arisen—the extremist section of the Nationalists, Indians who advocate "driving out the British Raj" and "India for the Indians" at once, and by fair means or foul. They are casting bombs about with the usual enthusiasm and the usual haphazard aim that men with bombs display. Pax Britannica, British justice, trade and flag and all they mean to put an end to. Youths they are, many of them, filled with a sort of holy zeal, a burning sense of shame and a determination to avenge and right the wrongs of their long-suffering motherland. Such as pay with their lives for political assassinations are looked upon as martyrs. Men, women and children in Calcutta still go barefoot in sign of mourning on the anniversary of the execution of one of them. Call it fanaticism, call it cowardice, call it what you will, but the fact remains that this new phase of the fight for liberty in India is widespread *and is spreading daily wider*.

The situation is new and alarming to the English and all Hindus. "Constitutionalists" as well as "Nationalists" are viewed with suspicion.

"However misguided these bomb-throwing youths may be, they are dominated by a spiritual patriotic motive," a prominent native member of the Calcutta bar said to me. "They think nothing of death, to them the passing from this life is but the casting off of an old outworn dress."

And the preachers and the many followers of *Swadeshi*—the boycott of foreign goods, with them, too, is the spiritual conviction, a firm belief that a Supreme Power is directing the course of events and that Providence will not always be with those who have the biggest guns. Mr. Surendranath Bannerjea, editor of *The Bengalee*, seems to but voice the popular conception when he writes:

"I desire the Anglo-Saxon community to note the fact that the tide of union between the classes and the masses which has set in with such force in India is a decree from the hands of Almighty Providence. The Swadeshi leaders are humble instruments in the hands of an Almighty Power working under the illumination of His Holy Spirit."

Throughout the land the same conviction is held, that not economic forces but a Divine Will—a truly inscrutable Providence, has chastized and is now leading the Indian people.

On the way to Jaipur in second-class railway coaches—a mode of travel regarded as very *infra dig* for a white man in India, though it

abounds in opportunities for observation and conversation—a little fat, bare-legged fellow-passenger with a large pearl in his right ear added an illuminating note:

“Sir,” he said as he turned sadly from the monotonous, sun-parched landscape and the Indian glory of a sunset we had both been watching, “Sir, there are those who believe that for some former sins in a past state my country is now visited with affliction. There are many who believe so. But this cannot be the truth. I have read many books and I know.” And after a little, looking again out over the miles of waste land, he added, “We suffer by reason that the British Emperor has offended the gods. Is it possible for us to have great love for such a master?”

We journeyed on through the hot night with long stops at crowded stations, where Bedlam seemed let loose as natives pushed and called and piled platforms and coaches high with bedding, boxes, trunks, water jugs, eating utensils and tobacco pipes the size of small stoves—all, the necessary impedimenta of every travelling Indian. Turbans of all sizes, shapes and colors the crowds wore, and clothes of endless variety, from the flowing white toga-like sheets of stately, bare-legged followers of Vishnu or Siva to the loin cloth of the half-starved pariah. One thinks of tailor-made men and women at home and prays that Christian England may not add to her long list of crimes hats, “pants,” stays, and high-heeled shoes.

The Indian agriculturist clings to the customs of his ancestors and has neither the mind nor the money to farm in newer, more productive ways. The English have helped him some with irrigation works, supplying water in a normal year to nearly six million acres. But there are millions of acres more with no relief from the long burning dry season.

And on this land from which with infinite toil and patience he extracts his scanty crops the Indian is taxed to the limit of endurance. From 50 per cent. to 65 per cent. of his net income he pays out as land tax or rent, and then, if he can, he pays extra cesses for schools and roads, the police, irrigation works, etc.

The Indian has a very fixed idea that these taxes have a close bearing on his constant poverty; even he traces a relation between them and recurring famines. He is wretchedly poor. A hundred million persons subsist in perennial hunger, eating usually but one meal a day. This was the estimate a few years ago from a pro-English source. Plague has carried them off by the millions, these Indian ryots. And famine has taken its millions more.

“These thick banks for the trains have prevented the rain waters from

refreshing our fields, Master," said a thin old man at Madura who had volunteered to bring "mildly to our way" the cabman, "a fellow full of ruffianism," who had been urging me to give far beyond his legal fare on a scale "according to your honor's dignity." "Master, it is so," my Good Samaritan continued, as I waited for the train, "the railways do much harm to my country. With them the rich man goes a great distance into the fields and he takes all the grain away from my poor brother. And my poor brother has nothing to eat and his belly is very empty."

Maybe the talkative little Indian was wrong; the best authorities seem to be of the opinion that the Indian now starves to death not because there is no grain to be bought but because he has no money to buy grain with. But the simple Indian peasant somehow takes not much interest in these sophistications. The point of the whole matter to him is that he starves. That he knows.

The times are ominous—with the selfishness, the blindness and the folly of this handful of conquerors; with the deep just cause for resentment and anger on the part of these multitudes of conquered; with the inability and apparent unwillingness of the English to appreciate the growing demand for political power, the yearning for liberty and justice which the very history of the English people themselves has awaked in the people of India.

And while out of all this medley, this frightful clash of interests, of races, of conquered and conqueror, of prejudice and pride, of East and West, is rising a spirit of Indian nationality, of Indian unity that is the new problem of India, for the myriad, human, struggling part of all the vivid color scheme so appealing to the eye and to the imagination of the traveller, there is reason enough for serious faces and sad, solemn eyes. Hard work and hopeless poverty is their unending lot.

Paul Kennaday.

THE HEARING EYE

It is sometimes said that the deaf are less cheerful than the blind, that the loss of hearing leads to an introspective habit of thought which tends to moroseness and suspicion of others. As a generalization, however, this may be seriously doubted. Certainly no one would associate moroseness or suspicion with a merry company which recently filled a room in one of our large office buildings, yet nearly all of those present were deaf or hard of hearing. The most striking feature of the gathering was the absence of the strained voice, of the elevated pitch of tone which form the mortification of the deaf and the trial of those who converse with them; indeed, most of what was said was merely murmured, so that even the most alert listener could hardly distinguish it at a distance of more than two or three paces, yet this did not prevent the unhearing ones from following it with interest and manifest understanding.

This may seem bewildering and perhaps incomprehensible to the reader; to the looker-on it was clear. The occasion was a test examination of students in the art of speech-reading—"that Subtile Art which may inable one with an observant Eie to Heare what any Man speaks by the Moving of his Lips," as the old philosopher, John Bulwer, defined it so long ago as 1648. Thus it will be seen that it is by no means a modern accomplishment, though it has been systematized and placed upon a pedagogical basis only within comparatively few years. Those undergoing the examination varied greatly in their powers of hearing; since a few could distinguish anything spoken with ordinary distinctness, all spoke in whispers or by merely moving the lips in order to make the tests more convincing. These were conducted on a thoroughly modern principle by means of games, though for pupils far beyond kindergarten age. At first a short sentence with one missing word was written on the black-board; the word lacking was whispered by the principal and supplied by the students, who were called upon one by one to write it down on slips of paper provided for the purpose. For instance, "I offered a reward for the—" the blank being filled by the name of some precious object, such as pearl, diamond, turquoise, etc. The narrow limits to which the contestants were confined had graphic illustration when one of them hastily wrote down "woman" instead of the dictated word "ruby," but this only added to the gayety of all concerned. Other similar sentences followed, e.g.: "The —— is my favorite newspaper, The —— is my favorite flower." The idea of a given context was to facilitate the task by affording a clue to the character of the omitted word, since a deaf person if informed of the subject of a conversation can often follow it with but little difficulty.

The next exercise did not have this aid. Short phrases such as are frequently used in every-day life were given in rapid succession and the listener—or rather, the seer, who first raised the hand in token of understanding won points toward the winning of a prize, which was a box of candy. The concluding test was the telling of a short humorous story, the title of which was written on the blackboard. This was recited rather hurriedly, the class watched attentively and at the end wrote it out from memory.

Aside from the great practical advantage of this practice, the happy psychological influence of such social gatherings upon the deaf can hardly be over-estimated. Few of those who hear readily can realize the weight of this infirmity on the spirits. Read Beethoven's will, perhaps the most touching of historical papers; or, for a later revelation of the sufferings of those condemned to deafness, Marie Bashkirtseff's vivid portrayal of her agony of apprehension as she felt her hearing gradually give way and her frantic but vain attempts to conceal it from others. Such experiences betray the intense nervous strain endured by sensitive temperaments in battling with a disability not generally regarded in a tragic light. The popular conception of a deaf person is that of one dwelling in perpetual silence, but he is more often doomed to the constant torment of noises which mimic with awful fidelity the most distracting sounds known to the normal ear—the clanking of chains, the roar of railroad trains, the hissing of steam, the beating of hammers on iron anvils. These are caused by the degeneration of the membranes of the inner ear and have been known to result in the insanity of those thus afflicted. The Bohemian composer Smetana, whose *Bartered Bride* was one of the unqualified successes of last year's operatic season, died in a madhouse tortured by the continual hearing of a high, shrill tone. One of his last works was a string quartet to which he gave the title *Aus meinem Leben* (From My Life), in which the long drawn E above the staff occurring so frequently in the violin represents the pitch of the sound that rang through his head incessantly and finally drove him to madness. It is also a question whether incipient deafness had not something to do with Schumann's insanity and frustrated attempt at suicide. He had the delusion of hearing musical tones and asserted that he could distinguish the voices of unseen speakers, a not uncommon hallucination caused by affections of the inner ear. It was only Beethoven's strong moral fibre and indomitable will that kept him from self-destruction.

Anything, therefore, tending to break down the barriers between the deaf and the rest of the world, that points to cheerfulness, that opens the

way to social enjoyment, is to be welcomed on broad humanitarian grounds as a means of relief from depressing personal conditions and thus of furthering mental health. The earliest authenticated instance of oral teaching to the deaf is recorded by the Venerable Bede in the story of a deaf and dumb youth who received the gift of speech through the efforts of St. John, Bishop of Hexham, toward the close of the seventh century. It was naturally looked upon as a miracle at the time, but the details seem to show that the saint used the same means as at present and in the same order; first the phonetic elements which were followed by their combination into syllables, words, and phrases, the young man being guided throughout by the movements of the prelate's lips.

From this early date the progress of speech-reading can be traced, though with many interruptions, to the present day. It was taught in the main empirically; sometimes by charlatans who demanded extortionate prices for their instruction and absolute secrecy as to the methods employed, sometimes by others truly interested in their unfortunate charges and animated by a zeal for the welfare of humanity. Later years have brought clearness and order into much that was formerly obscure and confused. It is beyond the province of this article to touch upon the subject in any technical or detailed manner. It is enough to say that it is now on a basis that allows mutes of tender years to be taught to read the lips of others in approximately the same time that hearing children learn to talk, so that they can enter school at the same time as the latter and pursue their studies under the same teachers. This means the practical creation of reasoning, intelligent and alert beings from creatures otherwise condemned to a dull, sluggish, uninteresting existence. In teaching adults and those who have once heard, or who have lost their hearing only in part, the process may be greatly shortened by taking up the study of ideas as represented by the complex succession of lip movements almost from the very first, much as children are now taught to read by beginning with words and sentences instead of the alphabet. It is like learning a language; it can be acquired at the cost of no more time and trouble and is far more valuable to the one in need of it than a foreign language can possibly be.

It is astonishing what ease and certainty can be attained by those who have mastered this "subtile Art." The practised eye recognizes variations in position so minute as to be practically invisible to the novice; indeed, so great a dexterity has been known as to enable the reader to follow speech correctly when the mouth itself is concealed. In such case the adjacent parts of the face—the cheeks, the throat, the chin, give sufficient indications to distinguish the words uttered. In reading German speech

this *tour de force* is materially facilitated by the frequent guttural sounds, which excite the throat and cheeks to greater activity. In French, on the contrary, the predominance of nasal sounds reduces such reaction to a minimum; the lips assume a marked importance to the speech-reader, and the same is true in English though to a less degree. In these higher phases of speech-reading the whole countenance of the speaker becomes luminous and full of meaning to the percipient. He watches not merely the mouth but the eye, the involuntary movements of the head as well; even the bearing of the body, the instinctive gestures of the hand are of no slight aid to him in his task. Not infrequently the mind translates the impressions received by the eye into terms of hearing, and this leads to the curious illusion of actually hearing what is said; not only the tones of the voice but such expressive elements of speech as accent, emphasis, modulation, etc., are apparently perceived by a mysterious inner ear. This of course is the case only with those who have at one time heard and remember hearing.

It is but a comparatively short time since the policy of introducing oral training into institutions for the deaf was seriously questioned. The use of the sign language was so general, it was so much easier to teach and to understand than the former that this won its way slowly and against strong prejudice. An amusing experience opened the eyes of at least one opponent. Deaf himself and meeting a stranger interested in the subject, he dilated on the folly of supposing that such a difficult and unnatural method of communication could ever be used successfully and waxed warm in his denunciation of those who professed to believe it feasible. The lady listened attentively to his arguments, led him on by apropos remarks—and then covered him with confusion by telling him she had not heard a word of what he had said but had understood him perfectly through the medium he scorned so thoroughly. It is gratifying to add that he not only retreated from his position but afterward proved the sincerity of his recantation by marrying the author of his conversion.

Oral instruction is now almost universal in institutions for the deaf and dumb. A means of communication confined in the main to the deaf themselves cannot long hold its own against one which opens the way to the inestimable privilege of free intercourse with all, hearing and unhearing alike; even though it be acquired with no small labor and toil. Some succeed with greater facility than others; children much more easily than adults, which is a strong argument in favor of beginning the training of the young at as early an age as possible. Parents should by no means attempt to spare themselves or their deaf children by the use of signs; they should speak to them precisely as if they heard, pointing out objects

if necessary, but never omitting to name them and directing the attention of the little ones to the movements of their lips. This is undoubtedly troublesome and calls for the sacrifice of many minutes in a busy day, but it brings a rich reward in its influence on the mental development of the child. The alertness which children can attain when such a plan is carried out consistently is sometimes disconcerting to those unaware of it. A lady calling on a friend who was a teacher in an institution for the deaf found her teaching a class of young children. Standing by her desk and glancing around the room, she made a careless remark about her surroundings. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth before she was startled by an exclamation from the centre of the room. It came from one of the children entirely out of the hearing range of her voice, who cried triumphantly, "I saw what you said to teacher!"

Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, the wife of the well-known inventor, gives many interesting and instructive details as to the philosophy of speech-reading, its acquirement and practice, its fundamental principles, in a paper prepared for the summer meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of the Deaf held in 1894.¹ Mrs. Bell lost her hearing and what little baby speech she possessed by illness at so early an age that she has no recollection of ever having spoken or heard, and thus occupies the position of one congenitally deaf. At that time the art of reading the lips was but little known or practised, but fortunately her mother instinctively adopted the best possible method of teaching her mute child. She was brought up with her two younger hearing sisters; they all shared the same lessons, all received the same *viva voce* instruction; signs were never used by herself or others, nor did she ever have any inclination to employ them in communicating with those around her. To a passionate love of reading as a child, which her mother saw was fully gratified, she ascribes most of the facility she afterward gained in speech-reading, for this she considers essentially an intellectual process, and the function performed by the eye or by the finger (the last in case of deafness and blindness combined, as with Helen Keller) in tracing the movements of the lips, though necessary, as entirely subsidiary. In the last analysis Mrs. Bell looks upon it as a mental exercise which consists in selecting the right word from a large number of words resembling each other. This naturally requires an extensive and readily available vocabulary of words and colloquial phrases, obviously open to the deaf mainly

¹Those interested in the subject and wishing to pursue it more fully than it is possible to treat it here can obtain copies of the report of this meeting through an application accompanied by a stamp to the Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C.

through a full and varied course of reading. This theory she found borne out by her experience in deciphering German speech, which in her youth while in a German boarding-school she read almost as well as English. In later years, however, when opportunities for conversing in German were rare the want of practice led to an annoying lack of fluency. This she could overcome only by steeping her brain in German, as it were—by reading German books, by thinking and seeing in German terms, thus renewing her vocabulary until it became comparatively easy again; precisely the same course that would be adopted by one depending on the ear to refresh the knowledge of a half-forgotten language. But curiously enough, she says that her husband may talk to her for perhaps half an hour on some subject that interests him; it matters not how abstruse a question in philosophy or science it may be, she follows him with almost never-failing comprehension. But when he reads to her the shortest paragraph in the simplest book she cannot understand him without the utmost difficulty and strain; and this is the case with all who attempt to read to her. No matter how natural the style of the reader may be, a subtle artificiality seems to creep into the delivery that makes his efforts of practically no avail in reproducing the thoughts of the writer.

There are men and women moving freely in society, taking part in conversation, in studies, in games and diversions, attending the theatre—some even actors themselves—whose lack of hearing is unsuspected by the great majority of those with whom they come in contact. Such skill is of course the fruit of unflagging zeal and long continued application united to a natural aptitude for the study. It is not so difficult, however, for the average student to acquire sufficient facility to understand those whom he meets frequently—his teachers, the members of his family, his particular friends—and this is no small gain. Heroic efforts are often made to extend the limits of this circle. Thus one of the best known writers of short stories in the country practised speech-reading three hours a day for years, each hour with a different person, each day of the week with a different set of three assistants, until absolute certainty with all classes and conditions of speakers had been attained.

There is no lack of illustrations for the utility of this accomplishment apart from its supreme service to the deaf. For instance, the chaperon of a young girl whom it was desired to keep free from all entangling acquaintance noticed her charge in animated conversation with a young man. They were too far from her for her to hear what was said, but their evident interest in each other aroused her suspicion, so turning to a friend who was a speech-reader she asked, glancing at the conversationalists: "Can you tell me what they are talking about?" The lady turned

and for a moment or two regarded the pair—who had what in truth might be called speaking countenances—then communicated the result of her scrutiny to the inquirer. The consequence was a speedy summons to the girl and a separation from her too entertaining companion, neither one suspecting the true cause of the breaking up of their tête-à-tête.

Another incident which shows that speech-reading may have practical application to other affairs of life:

A man owning a large mercantile business in Chicago with branches in two Eastern cities found that matters were not running smoothly in one of these offices. He could not discover exactly who was at fault but suspected the manager and seriously considered discharging him. One day his mother-in-law, who is deaf but a speech-reader, happened to be in the parlor of a fashionable hotel in this city and saw the manager's wife at some distance from her talking with a friend. The two were acquainted but the latter knew nothing of the other's ability in speech-reading. Accidentally turning that way the deaf woman saw the manager's wife tell her companion that her husband was going to leave the office and set up in business for himself, taking three of the best men with him. The fortunate possessor of a "hearing eye" immediately called up her son-in-law, who was at the other eastern office, on the long-distance telephone and told him what she had overheard—or rather, overseen. He was on the spot as soon as the earliest train could bring him, and affairs were attended to with a celerity that dazed the discharged manager, who could not imagine how his plans had leaked out.

In some cases there might be a fine ethical point involved in the gaining of information in this way. No one, however, could reasonably take exception to it in this particular instance as a means of defence against deception and intrigue. It gives a hint, too, of the assistance speech-reading might be in the detection of crime; possibly in the future it may be one of the accomplishments of every well-equipped detective.

In her paper Mrs. Bell says that some hearing members of her family have learned to read speech without especial difficulty and strongly recommends its study to those who can hear. She believes there will be a great future before it after its adaptability to various purposes becomes better understood. Its signal service, however, is that of lightening the burden that rests upon the deaf by raising the ban which prevents them from unrestrained intercourse with others. An existence with no ring of friendly voices, one bereft of the charm of music and lacking the songs of birds, is dreary enough without this crowning misfortune. To show how it may be escaped is the object of the present exposition of the subject. The writer's strongest motive was the desire

of drawing the attention of parents and guardians of children with defective hearing to what the indicated training may do for these unfortunate little ones in saving them from a life gray and monotonous, devoid of intellectual stimulus and interest; one, too, in which they will be almost incapable of self-help from a material point of view. We may not be able to unstop the ears of the deaf, but we can at least open their eyes to the wonder of thought as written on the lips.

Frederic S. Law.

THE MEMORY OF A MOMENT

Out of the deep I called, and she did hear,
She thrilled, and woke, and thro' the darkness came:
A radiant spirit with a lambent flame
Of revelation that made all things clear.
Like an outworn garment, our sins dropped sheer
To the abyss. Our naked souls arose,
Merged for a moment, blent, and ere the foes
Of life could gather, without any fear
We gazed at God. In the eternal eyes
We saw no condemnation, no reproach
To blast us with a terrible surprise
Of judgment smiting ere we could approach.
Only an overwhelming pity fell
Around us gently, like a magic spell.

Alfred E. Randall.

A MAN OF DEVON

III. (*Continued*)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second installment of Mr. Galsworthy's novellette, which will be continued through four subsequent numbers of this magazine.]

"HEU!" said the old man, "there's nothing there; I know that coast, as I know the back o' my hand;" he stretched out a hand covered with veins and hair.

And Zachary began suddenly to pour out a flood of words:

"Below Mogador—a fellow there—friend of mine—two years ago now. Concessions—trade—gunpowder—cruisers—feuds—money—chiefs—Gatling guns—Sultan—rifles—rebellion—gold." In fact, he detailed a reckless, sordid, bold sort of scheme, which, on the pivot of a trading venture, was intended to spin a whole wheel of political convulsions.

"They'll never let you get there," said old Pearse.

"Won't they?" returned Zachary. "Oh! yes, they will, an' when I leave *there'll be another dynasty, and I'll be a rich man.*"

"Yu'll never leave," answered the old man, unmoved.

Zachary took out a sheet of paper covered with figures. He had worked the whole thing out. So much—equipment, so much—trade, so much—concessions, so much—emergencies. "My last mag!" he ended, "a thousand short; the ship's ready; and if I'm not there within a month my chance is as good as gone."

This was the pith of his confidences—an appeal for money, and we all looked as men will when that crops up.

"Mad," muttered the old man, looking at the sea.

"No," said Zachary. That one word was more eloquent than all the rest of his words put together. "This fellow is no visionary. His scheme may be daring, and unprincipled, but—he knows very well what he's about."

"Well," said old Pearse, "you shall have five 'undred of my money, if it's only to learn what yu're made of. Wheel me in!" Zachary wheeled him in, and soon came back.

"The old man's check for £500!" he said, holding it up. "Mr. Treffry, give me another, and you shall have a third of the profits."

I expected Dan to give him a point-blank refusal. But he only asked:

"Would that clear you for starting?"

"With that," said Zachary, "I can get to sea in a fortnight."

Dan said slowly:

"Good! Give me a written promise! To sea in fourteen days and my fair share on the £500—no more—no less."

I thought Pearse would have jumped at this, but he leaned his chin on his hand and looked at Dan, and Dan looked at him. While they were staring at each other like this Pasiance came up with a kitten.

"See!" she said, "isn't it a darling?" The kitten crawled and clawed its way up behind her neck. I saw both men's eyes as they looked at Pasiance, and suddenly understood what they were at. The kitten rubbed itself against Pasiance's cheek, overbalanced and fell, clawing, down her dress. She caught it up and walked away. Some one, I don't know which of us, sighed; and Pearse cried, "Done"!

The bargain had been driven.

"Good-by, Mr. Pearse," said Dan; "I guess that's all I'm wanted for. I'll find my pony waiting in the village. George, you'll see Pasiance home?"

We heard the hoofs of his pony galloping down the road; Pearse suddenly excused himself and disappeared.

This venture of his may sound absurd and romantic, but it's matter-of-fact enough. He's after £. s. d.! Shades of Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Oxenham—the worm of suspicion gnaws at the romantic rose. What if those fellows, too, were only after £. s. d.? . . .

Being left alone like this, I strolled into the pine-wood. The earth there was covered like a bee's body with black and gold stripes; there was the blue sea below, and white sleepy clouds; and bumble-bees booming above the heather; it was all softness, a summer's day in Devon. Suddenly I came on Pearse standing at the edge of the cliff with Pasiance sitting in a little hollow below; she was looking up at him, and I heard him say:

"Pasiance—Pasiance!" They didn't see me. The sound of his voice and the sight of her face, so soft all of a sudden, made me furious. What business has she with love? What business have they with *each other*?

He told me presently that she had started off for home, and drove me to the ferry, behind an old gray pony. On the way he came back to his offer of the other day.

"Come with me," he said. "It doesn't do to neglect the Press; you can see the possibilities. It's one of the few countries left. If I once get this business started you don't know where it's going to stop. You'd have free passage everywhere, and whatever you like in reason."

I answered as rudely as I could—but by no means as rudely as I wanted—that his scheme was mad. As a matter of fact, it's much too

sane for me; for, whatever the body of a scheme, its soul is the fibre of the schemer.

"Think of it," he urged, as if he could see into me. "You can make what you like of it. Press paragraphs, of course. But that's mechanical; why, even I could do it, if I had time. As for the rest, you'll be as free—as free as a man."

There, in five words of one syllable, is the kernel of this fellow Pearse—"As free as a man!" No rule, no law, not even the mysterious shackles that bind men to their own self-respects! "As free as a man!" No ideals; no principles; no fixed star for his worship; no coil he can't slide out of! . . . The fellow has the tenacity of one of the old Devon mastiffs, too. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer.

"Think of it," he said; "any day will do—I've got a fortnight . . . Look! there she is!" I thought that he meant *Pasiance*; but it was an old steamer, sluggish and black in the blazing sun of mid-stream, with a yellow-and-white funnel, and no sign of life on her decks.

"That's her—the *Pied Witch*! Do her twelve knots; you wouldn't think it? Well! good evening! You'd better come. A word to me at any time. I'm going aboard now."

As I was being ferried across I saw him lolling in the stern-sheets of a little boat, the sun crowning his straw hat with glory.

I came on *Pasiance*, about a mile up the road, sitting in the hedge. We walked on silently together between the banks—Devonshire banks, as high as a house, thick with ivy and ferns, bramble and hazel boughs, and honeysuckle.

"Do you believe in a God?" she said suddenly. "Grandfather's God is simply awful. When I'm playing the fiddle sometimes, I can *feel* God; but grandfather's is such a stuffy God—you know what I mean: the sea, the wind, the trees, colors, too—they make one *feel*. But I don't believe that life was meant to 'be good' in. Isn't there anything better than being good? When I'm good, I simply feel wicked." She reached up, caught a flower from the hedge, and slowly tore its petals.

"What would you do," she muttered, "if you wanted a thing, but were afraid of it? But I suppose you're never afraid!" she added, mocking me. I admitted that I was sometimes afraid; and often afraid of being afraid.

"That's nice! I'm not afraid of illness, nor of grandfather, nor of his God; but—I want to be free. If you want a thing very badly, you're afraid about it."

I thought of Zachary Pearse's words, "free as a man."

"What are you looking at me for?" she said.

I stammered: "What do you mean by freedom?"

"Do you know what I shall do to-night?" she answered. "Get out of my window by the apple-tree, and go to the woods and play!"

We were going down a steep lane, along the side of a wood, where there's always a smell of sappy leaves, and the breath of the cows that come close to the hedge to get shade.

There was a cottage in the bottom, and a small boy sat outside playing with a heap of dust.

"Hallo, Johnny!" said Pasiance. "Hold your leg out and show this man your bad place!" The small boy undid a bandage round his bare and dirty little leg, and proudly revealed a sore.

"Isn't it nasty?" cried Pasiance, ruefully, tying up the bandage; "poor little feller! Johnny; see what I've brought you!" She produced from her pocket a stick of chocolate, the semblance of a soldier made of sealing-box and worsted, and a crooked sixpence.

It was a new glimpse of her. All the way home she was telling me the story of little Johnny's family; when she came to his mother's death, she burst out: "A beastly shame, wasn't it, and they're so poor; it might just as well have been somebody else. I like poor people, but I hate rich ones—stuck-up beasts."

Mrs. Hopgood was looking out of the gate, with her cap on one side, and one of Pasiance's cats rubbing itself against her skirts. At the sight of us she simply hugged herself.

"Where's grandfather?" asked Pasiance. The old lady shook her head.

"Is it a row?" Mrs. Hopgood wriggled, and wriggled, and out came:

"Did you get yure tay, my pretty? No? Well, that's a pity; you'll be falin' low-like."

Pasiance tossed her head, snatched up the cat, and ran indoors. I remained staring at Mrs. Hopgood.

"Dear—dear—" she clucked, "poor lamb—well, there! So to spake it's—" and she blurted out suddenly, "chuckin' full of wra-ath, he is. Well, there!"

My courage failed that evening. I spent it at the coastguard station, where they gave me bread and cheese and some awful cider. I passed the kitchen as I came back. A fire was still burning there, and two figures, misty in the darkness, flitted about with stealthy laughter like spirits afraid of being detected in a carnal meal. They were Pasiance and Mrs. Hopgood; and there was a charming smell of eggs and bacon. They had such an air of tender enjoyment of this dark secret revel, that I stifled my own pangs, and crept up hungry to bed. I soon fell asleep.

Hours later I woke, and heard what I thought was screaming; then

it sounded like wind in trees, then like the distant shaking of a tambourine, with the high singing of a human voice. Suddenly it stopped—two long notes came wailing out like sobs—then utter stillness; and though I listened for an hour or more there was no other sound. . . .

John Galsworthy.

(To be continued)

THE NIGHT-GARDEN

OVER the eaves the milky way,
 Over the portico the white moon,
 Night hath stolen high mid-day
 And early March hath wed with June.

Cold the stone against my cheek,
 Gray in the moon against my side,—
 He hath a bride both wise and meek
 Who hath fair Silence for a bride.

So gentle are her finger-tips
 I scarce can feel them touch my brow,
 So faint the pressure of her lips
 They kiss and leave me wondering how!

Like mournful youths the hedgerows stand
 Their tops conversing with the stars;
 The city's rumble caravanned,
 Never their endless converse mars.

Alone amid the garden there
 I kiss the lips and slumbrous eyes
 Of Silence and the far-flung hair
 Of Silence—she whose sole replies

Are odors and unutterable
 Low melodies, unsaid desires,
 Songs of a beauty wrought too well
 From too exquisitely tuned lyres.

Orrick Johns.

SOCIAL VERSE

[Editor's Note: Prose writing from the pen of him who has been universally recognized as the greatest poet of England of the present century, has so very rarely appeared on this side of the Atlantic, that it was felt that this contribution (which was published nineteen years ago in this magazine) illustrating as it does, in a remarkable degree, the character of the poet and his attitude toward many of his contemporaries would be of such wide interest at the present time as to warrant its reprint.]

To improve on the collection or selection of poems issued years ago under the title of "*Lyra Elegantiarum*"¹ might have seemed impossible even for its editor: but Mr. Locker-Lampson has done so. In all such volumes a reader will usually find omissions to regret and insertions which surprise him: to take note of these is the best and sincerest tribute he can pay to the excellence of the general accomplishment—the fullest acknowledgment he can make of the high standard maintained and the happy success achieved. And when all necessary deductions on either score have been duly made and registered, it will remain evident to the capable reader that there is no better or completer anthology than this in the language: I doubt indeed if there be any so good and so complete. No objection or suggestion that can reasonably be offered can in any way diminish our obligation either to the original editor or to his evidently able assistant Mr. Kernahan in the compilation of a larger if not a more ambitious volume.

The crowning merit, the first and highest distinction of the book, is the fair if not yet quite adequate prominence given now for the first time to the name of the great man whose lightest and slightest claim to immortality is his indisputable supremacy over all possible competitors as a writer of social or occasional verse more bright, more graceful, more true in tone, more tender in expression, more deep in suggestion, more delicate in touch, than any possible Greek or Latin or French or English rivals. Meleager no less than Voltaire, and Prior no less than Catullus,² must on this ground give place to Landor. The editors, to their lasting honor, have put into their casket no less than thirty-eight of his flawless and incomparable jewels: but how came they to overlook a thirty-ninth yet lovelier than all? There is nothing in the volume, there

¹*Lyra Elegantiarum*: a Collection of Some of the Best Social and Occasional Verse by Deceased English Authors. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Edited by Frederick Locker-Lampson, assisted by Coulson Kernahan (Ward, Lock, and Co., London, New York, and Melbourne, 1891).

²Such a poem as that on his old yacht would no doubt be the greatest example on record of such work, if it were not this and something more.

is nothing in the language, comparable with the quatrain on Dirce in the boat of Charon:

Stand close around ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce in one boat conveyed:
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget
 That he is old and she a shade.

And how comes it that we miss the exquisitely and nobly beautiful stanzas addressed to his "little household gods"? or the lovely song (as of a graver and more thoughtful Herrick) addressed to the cistus flower? or again, this gracefulest and sweetest of all compliments ever offered to a sweet and graceful English girl?

Nature! thou may'st fume and fret,
 There's but one white violet:
 Scatter o'er the vernal ground
 Faint resemblances around,
 Nature, I will tell thee yet
 There's but one white violet.

It might doubtless be pleaded in extenuation of such editorial delinquencies or derelictions that a fairly adequate or representative selection from Landor's minor poems would probably have taken up half the volume: but what excuse can be offered for the omission of such a jewel as this?

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
 My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
 Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
 But oh, who ever felt as I!

 No longer could I doubt him true:
 All other men may use deceit;
 He always said my eyes were blue,
 And often swore my lips were sweet.

Low as is the key of these tenderer verses in comparison with the fiery and faultless music, the subtle and simple intensity of the four transcendent lines which suggested them, it seems to me that Sappho's very self might have smiled approval or at least condonation of their gentler loveliness and less passionate melody than her own.

The great name of Landor naturally and happily suggests the great name of Browning: and the beautiful "garden fancy" of the flower's Spanish name is worthy of its place in the highest class of such poems as are included in the scheme of this collection. But the greater poem of "Youth and Art" seems here to me at least, somewhat out of place. There is hardly a more tragic touch in all the most tragic passages of Mr. Browning's vast and various work than that which

winds up with neither a smile nor a sigh, the unspoken expression of hopeless and inexpressible regret—

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it for ever.

That is not a sample of social verse: it is an echo from the place of conscious or unconscious torment which is paved with penitence and roofed with despair. Its quiet note of commonplace resignation is more bitter and more impressive in the self-scornful sadness of its retrospect than any shriek of rebellion or any imprecation of appeal. And if elegance is the aim or the condition of this anthology, how comes it to admit such an unsurpassably horrible example of inelegance as the line—I refrain from quoting it—which refers to the “setting” of “Gibson’s hash”?

The incomparable “Lost Mistress,” that crowning flower or jewel of its author’s treasure house or garden, was probably (and it may be rightly) found to be “just above the range of Occasional Verse” in its “aim and execution.” But it is so delicately difficult to draw such a line between admission and rejection that the reader who misses and regrets this exquisite little poem will be surprised to find how far above the average of social or occasional verse are some of the lyrics admitted within a fold so exclusive. And such a reader will assuredly regret the admission into its catalogue of the name which is above every name on the roll of English lyrists. There should have been no place here for Coleridge. No “son of Adam” (as his satirical “interviewer” Mr. Carlyle would have said) can wish to see him represented by such flabby doggerel as might have dropped from the Tupper of America or the Longfellow of England. The adoring lovers of Christabel must surely be unanimous in their protest against the reappearance of her poet as the congratulatory apostrophist of Louisa dear—that lovely convalescent. Descending from the zenith to the nadir of serious lyric verse—from the name of Coleridge to the name of Moore, we find the bardling of Erin excellently well represented by at least one really charming little epigram (“When I loved you”): and the other specimens given of his talent are very fair ones. But to give a fair notion of that fresh and facile talent at its very best and brightest it would have been necessary as it might surely have been feasible, to borrow from Moore’s still delightful masterpiece, the correspondence of the Fudge Family, some samples of an epistle or so—enough perhaps to place once more on record the star-crossed loves of Miss Biddy Fudge and Colonel Calicot.

But it is at the opening of the book that the sins of omission or commission, the errors of indulgence or default are gravest and most regrettable.

Skelton is either too late or too early to begin with: and we look in vain for a ballad or a roundel of Chaucer's—less antiquated in form and not more obsolete in language than the rough and ready rhymes of Henry VIII.'s and Elinor Rummyng's poet laureate.

Thanne seyde Love, "A ful grete necligence
Was yt to the, that ylke time thou made
'Hyd Absolon thy tresses' in balade,
That thou forgate hire¹ in thy song to sette."

Nor was it a less grave negligence to omit that lovely and melodious ballad from a volume of which it should have been one of the foremost ornaments. If Skelton's and Wyatt's orthography may be modified or modernized, as assuredly it may without protest from any but the most horny-eyed and beetle-headed of pedants, so assuredly may Chaucer's.

And it would have been of some little service to the common cause of good poetry and sound criticism if the duncery which regards, or the impertinence which pretends to regard that beautiful form of verse as nothing better than a harmless exotic affectation of the present day or hour had been confronted with the fact that it is one of the numberless adaptations or adoptions from foreign models which our language owes to the father of modern English poetry. If the old French ballad form accepted by Chaucer so long before it attained its highest possible perfection of tragic or comic excellence, of humorous or pathetic expression, under the incomparable and inimitable touch of Villon, is to be either patronized or rejected as an exotic of hothouse growth and artificial blossom so must be the couplet, the stanza, the sonnet, the quatrain, and all other forms of rhyming verse in use among English poets from the days of Chaucer to the days of Wordsworth. But it is useless to insist on such simple and palpable truths; for ignorance will never understand that knowledge is attainable, and impotence will never admit that ability may be competent. "Do you suppose it is as easy to write a song as to write an epic?" said Béranger to Lucien Bonaparte. Nor would it be as easy for a most magnanimous mouse of a Calibanic poeticule to write a ballad, a roundel, or a virelai, after the noble fashion of Chaucer, as to gabble at any length like a thing most brutish in the blank and blatant jargon of epic or idyllic stultiloquence.

¹Alcestitis; good Alceste,

The daysie, and myn owene hertes reste.

The worst active or positive blemish—and a most fearful and shameful blemish it is—to be found in this generally graceful and careful collection will unluckily be found and cannot be overlooked on the fourth page: sixth on the list of selected poems is a copy of verses attributed to Shakespeare—of all men on earth!—by the infamous pirate, liar, and thief who published a worthless little volume of stolen and mutilated poetry patched up and padded out with dirty and dreary doggerel, under the senseless and preposterous title of “The Passionate Pilgrim.” It is here more plausibly ascribed, though on what authority I know not, to some scribbler—unknown to Shakespeare’s contemporaries—who would seem to have signed himself Shakspeare, and to have imagined that the gabble of geese or the chatter of apes was English and was verse.¹

Happily there is here no second instance—but naturally there could not have been a second—of such amazing depravity in taste. If this execrable rubbish were cleared away there might remain some debatable points for respectful and friendly discussion between fellow-students of English poetry: there would be little if anything to provoke or to necessitate any vehemence of protest or appeal.

It is of course questionable, and I certainly cannot pretend to decide the question, whether a volume of social or occasional verse ought to include any examples of sacred poetry in its lighter and brighter form. But there are such exquisitely and daintily beautiful examples of such poetry in earlier and in later English verse that I cannot but regret their absence from a collection which includes a pervert’s pietistic and Romanistic gush of sentimental religiosity over the poetry of a saner and a sounder devotee. If this sort of sanctified stuff is admissible with its fetid fragrance of priestly perfumery and its rancid relish of ecstatic or spasmodic excitement, why and how do we find not one single example of the many lovely songs which English poetry owes to an older and purer and wholesomer form of piety?

He came all so still
Where his mother was
As dew in Aprill
That falleth on the grass.

¹*Ecce signum.* “My curtail dog—with sighs so deep procures (*sic*) to weep in howling wise, to see my doleful plight. How sighs resound through heartless ground, like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight!” Whether the poor creature’s affliction were idiocy or lunacy would have been a matter for science to resolve.

He came all so still
 To his mother's bower
 As dew in Aprill
 That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still,
 Where his mother lay,
 As dew in Aprill
 That falleth on the spray.

I cannot but think that such lines as these—unspeakable in their loveliness they seem to my poor judgment—would have been fitter for a place in such a collection as this than any effusion of “beastly Skelton” or sickly Crashaw. We do not indeed know that the author was an officially reverend poet or person: but even if he was but a secular songster, the fact remains that he has written the sweetest verses imaginable on a subject with which these two clerical writers could hardly have been trusted to deal by any one who might object to unfrocked rampant ribaldry or to Catholic and apostolic erethism.

The first great age of our lighter lyric poetry was almost conterminous with the one great age of our tragic and romantic drama. From the song-books of Shakespeare's generation alone an anthology as large and as precious as the collection now before us might easily and quickly be compiled. This golden branch of English poetry is here so inadequately represented by a casual twig or an occasional spray that we could hardly contradict a reader who might complain that it had been utterly ignored. At no date was there so splendid a supply of serious or semi-serious occasional verse—so general a community of delicate grace and noble elegance among the minor poets of the day. And the general tone of this poetry was more in accordance with the taste and the instinct of our own time than that of any social or fashionable verse from the Restoration to the Regency—at least. It is light and bright as spray in sunshine, but no less clean and sweet: neither stiff and fulsome with the starch and perfumery of courtly verse under the patronage of Charles I, nor gross and greasy with the reek of Whitefriars or Whitehall under the auspices of Charles II. And the best verse of Carew is impaired by the barber-like suggestion of “powders to enrich your hair:” and the finest song of the Restoration is inadmissible on account of its bitter and cynical brutality. Perhaps, too, that famous lyric may have been rejected as merely a metrical variation on the Carthusian theme—“*Frère, il faut mourir.*” It is of course impossible, and very justly and properly impossible—on the whole—yet, considering one or two things admitted, I hardly see in spite of the obsolete slang and

patriarchal vulgarity of the words "bit" (for girl) and "hogo" (for highly spiced dish) why this stanza should not have found place among others detached from their context which have been accepted as admissible.

Your most beautiful bit, that has all eyes upon her,
 Who her honesty sells for a hogo of honour,
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine, in such splendour,
That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her,
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense
 Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.

It must have been a terrible Triboulet or Thersites who turned such an eye as the writer of these verses must have turned on the foundresses of ducal houses whose flourishing expansion bears witness to the charms and to the venality of a French or an English prostitute.

But though we may neither regret nor wonder at the exclusion of the grimmest and greatest of all erotic and Bacchanalian sermons in song, we may be allowed to regret that the two typical figures of the Restoration in its influence on lyric poetry should be rather inadequately than insufficiently represented. Dryden, the greatest and most various representative of his age at its best and at its worst, is not for a moment comparable as a song-writer to Lord Rochester or to Mrs. Behn. And neither the plebeian poetess who sleeps in Westminster Abbey beside Abraham Cowley and Robert Browning (Poets' Corner—facetiously so-called—is like poverty in its capacity for bringing strange bed fellows together), nor the patrician poet who divides with her the potential palm of supremacy in obscenity among all remembered writers of their race, is here represented by the best examples that might have been given of their abused and wasted genius. Like Marcus Cato's or Joseph Addison's Marcia "the virtuous Aphra towers above her sex" in the passionate grace and splendid elegance of that melodious and magnificent song ("Love in fantastic triumph sat") to which Leigh Hunt alone among critics has ever done justice—and has done no more than justice in the fervor of his impassioned panegyric. This would have been in every way a better and more appropriate example of her poetic power than the rather pretty, very proper, but rather feeble verses by which it is here misrepresented. But misrepresentation has been the lot of the virtuous Aphra ever since her hallowed dust gave additional consecration to the Pantheon of British bards—a Pantheon too exclusive to admit such godlings as Shakespeare or Milton, Coleridge or Wordsworth, Landor or Keats or Shelley. Anthony Trollope in his exquisitely comical and conscientiously coxcombical autobiography, observes with contemptuous unction that he "never read more detestable trash than the stories

written by Mrs. Aphra Behn:" and all readers of Lockhart will remember that Sir Walter Scott's "gay old grand-aunt" found it impossible to get through the very first of the stories which she had requested him to send her, remembering the pleasure with which in her girlhood she had heard them read aloud in the most decorous and refined society. The only one I remember to have ever read might, as far as I remember, be reprinted in company with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's and Lady Emily Hornblower's effusions of fiction or of song on behalf of "the irrepressible nigger." The tragic and pathetic story of Oroonoko does only less credit to her excellent literary ability than to the noble impulse of womanly compassion and womanly horror which informs the whole narrative and makes of it one ardent and continuous appeal for sympathy and pity, one fervent and impassioned protest against cruelty and tyranny.

The immaculate Calvinism of so fiery and so forcible a champion of slave-holding and slave-torture as Mr. Carlyle shows hardly to advantage beside the instinctive Christianity of a writer whose reputation is certainly very far from immaculate: and when Mr. Homer Wilbur, after citing "a play of Mrs. Behn's," excused himself for having done so by the reflection that "even these kennels of literature may yield a fact or two to pay the raking," so ardent an advocate of emancipation as the late Mr. Lowell might have remembered that this improper woman of genius was the first literary abolitionist—the first champion of the slave on record in the history of fiction; in other words, in the history of creative literature.

Whigs and Puritans have brought many charges and laid many impeachments against the Restoration: Tories and Jacobites have had to allow that there was but too much ground for too many of them: Scott and Macaulay are found for once in agreement on certain points regarding the literary and political record of that singular period. Two of its offences, in my humble opinion, are specially and supremely unpardonable: the humiliation of the English before the Dutch—an infamy unparalleled in our history till the advent into power of a party beside which even The Cabal itself seems something less than infamous—and the moral murder of so rare a genius as Rochester's. Victims of vanity and lechery are seldom worth regret: but this hapless pupil of the Puritans, hounded as he was by false shame and foolish emulation into such inconceivable eccentricities of literary and personal debauchery, was born for so different a fate and so different a record, had not his evil star intervened to thwart it, that no one who realizes what he might and should have been can ever think of the poet or the man without a thrill or a pang of pity. The gallant young volunteer who distinguished him-

self even among English sailors and soldiers as the hero of a sea-fight drank himself into cowardice, and truckled to a challenger as a Russo-Radical of our own day would truckle to any enemy who might assist him in the degradation of his country: the noble and thoughtful poet who might have beaten all competitors¹ out of the field became such a rhymester as Plato might have excepted from the sentence of expulsion—surely in other cases a superfluous sentence—pronounced against poets who might find themselves within the limits of a republic from which Platonic love had excluded the superfluous and obsolete influence of woman.

But it is somewhat hard that he should not have the benefit of his genius at its best: and though the two samples of it given here are good enough to be set beside those given of Sir Charles Sedley's—a genuine but inferior humorist and poet, not quite so deeply tainted by the "fat pollutions" of their time—they are not nearly so good as a light and tender and harmless love-song which has found place in other collections and should not have been excluded from this.

The austere or most knowing of young persons will hardly feel the blush of virtue mount to the cheek of discretion on reading the samples given from these writers of ill fame: but one of those given from a greater author (though assuredly not from a greater poet) of the next generation might not inconceivably succeed in producing that cosmetic effect. Congreve's lines on Chloe are excellent in their way, but if the impudent grace of epigram is to excuse or to extenuate its graceless impudence, why should the more famous and hardly more audacious lines on Doris be excluded? It would perhaps have been better, I am puritanical and prudish enough to think, if this great name had been here represented only by the not more faultless than blameless verses on fair Amoret—a model of delicate and high-bred satire.

There is no more unaccountable omission in this volume than that of Pope's little pearl of price——

I know a thing that most uncommon—
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)

The exquisite simplicity of this lyrical compliment—*simplex munditiis* if ever a poem was—makes of it a gem of even finer water than any here given from the hand of the same jeweller.

With Prior no poet could well have gone wrong, and Mr. Locker-

¹Dryden as controversialist and satirist, could of course have had no competitor; but there is I must repeat a purer lyrical note in Rochester's best verse than in the best of his.

Lampson has gone admirably and inevitably right. But the perfection of taste and tact displayed in the discharge of such a task as the presentation of Swift at his best, and of Swift in the fulness of his powers, to the modern reader of either sex and any possible age—and this without hint or suspicion of offence—is notable alike for simplicity, for dexterity and for daring. Two poems in which the genius of Aristophanes shakes hands with the genius of Dickens,—for Swift has revived the one and anticipated the other in his exquisite abuse of language and his delicious perversion of proper names—“Hamilton’s Bawn” and “Mrs. Harris’s Petition,” are now, by the slightest and most delicate of touches, made accessible to all lovers of the rarest humor and the most resplendent wit: we only miss Mary the cookmaid’s not less wonderful and delightful letter to Dr. Sheridan. In that instance there would have been no need of any excision: but had there been we might gratefully and confidently have entrusted the part of Bowdler to the instinctive good sense, the manly and rational delicacy, of the present editors. That this should ever be a thankless part to play in any case of obvious or apparent necessity reflects less than little credit on the taste and judgment of those whose objections or whose ridicule would make it so. More nauseous and more foolish cant was never chattered than that which would deride the memory or depreciate the merits of Bowdler, no man ever did better service to Shakespeare than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children; it may well be if we consider how dearly the creator of Mamillius must have loved them, that no man has ever done him such good service. Indeed, I could wish to borrow the pencil or the pen which struck out of his text whatever was unfit for such readers, and strike out of the volume before me an insignificant if not a too significant pastoral on the interview of a faithful young Thyrsis with his dear Lucy, and the Greuze-like lyric which celebrates the misadventure of an Irish Mlle. de la Cruche-cassée. These two, it seems to my possibly too squeamish and censorious apprehension, would find their more appropriate place in a *Lyra Facetiarum*. Or if such as these be found admissible, I hardly see by what critical canon of æsthetics or of ethics we can be bound or free to pass sentence of exclusion against a poem so far superior to these as Nat Lee’s most musical and most graceful bridal song, “Blush not redder than the morning.”

But even when the real or imaginary merits of the pseudo-pastoral school are—in the immortal phrase of Mr. Podsnap—combined with an absence of anything calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a young person a poem of that school is very seldom worthy of such promotion as

is here accorded, for instance, to the stale and silly doggerel of such songsters as Garrick. One of the obscurest among his contemporaries—Richard Jago, the admiring friend of Shenstone—has supplied two little stanzas worth a bushel of *Strephoniana*! their pretty simplicity and instinctive sincerity of accent are more exceptionally remarkable than their happy point and neatness of terse expression. And from Peter Pindar, of all writers in the world, we get a really graceful and almost pathetic touch (“the wounded tree Is all that will remember me”) by way of close to a song (by a person of no quality) in the mild Arcadian style.

The lyrical genius of Collins¹ and of Blake, our two greatest poets of the century in which they were born, flies usually too high in air too clear and splendid for the highest flight possible to merely elegant verse of the occasional sort: yet I can hardly think it would have been presumptuous or unbecoming to glorify this volume by the inclusion of two poems so conspicuous for their exaltation of elegance in style no less than of delicacy or tenderness in fancy as the melodious lament for Fidele and the majestic address to the Muses.

Opinion and taste will be likelier or more certain to vary among students and lovers of occasional verse as their study brings them nearer their own time. There is certainly much to commend, as there is also not a little to regret, in the very miscellaneous selection here given from the social poetry of the nineteenth century. What first struck the present reader on glancing through it was the too obvious and damaging fact that there was by no means enough of Peacock to so much of Praed. Even in social verse as defined by Mr. Austin Dobson and the “Times” reviewer who has the honor to be cited in the preface to this pleasant volume we look—at its very best—for more spirit and versatility of life, more warmth of touch, more fulness of tone, more vigor and variety of impulse than we find in Praed at his. After reading, with sincere pleasure and real admiration, two or three of those charming little pieces whose genuine and high-bred elegance is most evidently inimitable when confronted with the servile vulgarity of their more abject and impotent imitators, we are nevertheless conscious that this gracefullest and readiest of performers has after all but one string to his fiddle. The ripper and richer humor of Peacock, as superior to Praed’s as dry champagne to sweet, or a Sultana grape to a green gooseberry, is excellently well represented by the masterly and generous satire of “Rich and Poor, or Saint and Sinner,” his deeper and sweeter gift of grave and tender song, by the matchless elegiac idyl of “Youth and Age.” But how came the editors to throw away for the second time—repeating the unhappy exploit of

¹I mean of course the poet of that name.

the diving friar—"the stone of all stones, the philosopher's stone"? And how could they ignore the incomparable raiding song which registers for all time the difference between mountain sheep and valley sheep? And if, in the teeth of a promise given or an engagement implied in the preface, a place was to be found for such mean and pitiful parodies as disfigure two or three of these pages, how on earth did they come to overlook the quintessence of Byron as distilled by Peacock into the two consummate stanzas which utter or exhale the lyric agony of Mr. Cypress?

Byron himself is not badly represented by the famous parting address to Tom Moore and still better by the spirited bluster and vigorous ring of the stanzas on the Lisbon Packet: though even as here modified (by the not very plausible substitution, for instance, of a heathen for a sacred name, and a "hang" for a big big D) their elegance is not quite so evident as their rollicking energy of improvisation or the swinging dance and suggestive roll of the happily appropriate metre. If, like Shelley's Peter Bell, I may borrow an illustration from far off memories of otherwise barren hours passed principally in profound inattention to lectures on Aldrich's Logic, I would suggest that, as coarseness is contrary, vulgarity is contradictory to elegance just as in politics the monarchical principle is contrary, but the principle—if any such principle there be—of disunionism, dissolutionism, or communalism (barbarous terms expressive of a barbarous impolicy) is contradictory to the republican principle.

Coarseness of a certain kind is as compatible—witness much Greek, much Latin, much French, much Italian and a little English poetry—with literary elegance of a certain kind as the monarchical form with the republican principle which makes even royalists talk of the commonwealth of England: vulgarity of any kind is as incompatible with elegance of any kind as is the republican principle with the disintegrating instinct of Parisian anarchists or Irish reactionaries: and he who could reconcile these would assuredly and easily

Make the inexorable asymptote close like fond lips.¹

Dryden, for example, is very often coarse; but Dryden is very seldom vulgar. Byron is seldom very coarse; but Byron is often very vulgar. It is the difference between the generation whose ideal type was Rochester and the generation whose ideal type was Brummel.

The melodious stanzas to Augusta might surely have found here a place—with or without the closing verses (unaccountably omitted from the current editions of Byron) which are hardly necessary to explain

¹Sydney Dobell: "Balder."

and justify the enthusiastic admiration of that most exquisite critic Edgar Poe for the metrical perfection of that most mellifluous poem—usually and prematurely broken off short after the fourth of the following sweet lines.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Thou thought'st verses like these could be scanned—which
Was absurd, but uncommonly kind:
Thou said'st each stanza was not a sandwich
Of blank prose and rank doggrel combined:
Thou found'st out some strange sort of sweet fitness
In the rhythms mauled and mangled by me:
And such ears, I take Midas to witness,
Belong but to donkeys and thee.

Parodies, we are given to understand in the preface, have been generally rejected as alien from the scope of this work. Even had they been generally accepted as germane to it, we should hardly have expected to come across anything so pert and poor as Miss Fanshawe's abortive imitation of Wordsworth—a poet who seems easier to parody than he is, and has never to my knowledge been successfully caricatured or burlesqued except perhaps once by Landor.

Speaking of Wordsworth, by the way, I must take occasion to express my wonder and regret at missing that most gracious and delightful poem, "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves:" which would here have been doubly acceptable, as one of the finest and most appropriate that could possibly have been chosen to enhance the value of such a collection, and as a natural companion for Joanna Baillie's only less charming address "To a Kitten," here given in condensed or concentrated form.

But what, in the name of the Graces! what shall be said when we come across—of all dreary horrors on this God's earth!—a cockney music-hall sort of parody on Poe's everlasting "Raven"! Surely this is the very nadir of inelegance. Almost as bad and almost as vulgar is Hood's burlesque of Moore: indeed, except for the ever delightful and admirable verses "composed at Rotterdam," Hood is only less inadequately and unfavorably represented than Barham. There is certainly not too little, as the editors seem to think, of the monstrously overrated and preposterously overpraised C. S. Calverley: a jester, graduate or undergraduate, may be fit enough to hop, skip and tumble before university audiences, without capacity to claim an enduring or even a passing

station among even the humblest of English humorists. Even more out of place in such good company is the weary and wearisome laureate of Oxonicules and Bostonicles, the late Mr. Lowell's realized ideal and chosen representative of English poetry at its highest in the generation of Tennyson and Browning. Literary history will hardly care to remember or to register the fact that there was a bad poet named Clough, whom his friends found it useless to puff: for the public, if dull, has not quite such a skull as belongs to believers in Clough.

A poet of a very different order, and of taste perhaps too reckless and style too defiant of academic regulation and culture, might have been more happily represented by two most graceful little posthumous poems, "Amy's Cruelty" and "May's Love," than by that rather sour sample of womanly jocularity called "A Man's Requirements," or by the much too serious and sentimental "Romance of the Swan's Nest." The compilers of the volume may very naturally have been tempted to strain a point so as to admit some specimen from the hand of the most potent if by no means the most perfect of English poetesses: but in that case they would have done much better, in my humble opinion, to select the beautiful and simple memorial stanzas so light and soft in movement, so grave and tender in emotion, which give so perfect and so sweet a picture of the typical English girl whom Mrs. Browning has made lovable and memorable for ever as My Kate.

The reader who comes in the list of contents upon the illustrious name of Edward Fitzgerald will doubtless be not a little taken aback when confronted with a bearer of that name so ludicrously and lamentably unworthy to be the namesake of the man whose shy audacity of diffident and daring genius has given Omar Khayyâm a place for ever among the greatest of English poets. That the very best of his exquisite poetry, the strongest and serenest wisdom, the sanest and most serious irony, the most piercing and the profoundest radiance of his gentle and sublime philosophy, belong as much or more to Suffolk than to Shiraz, has been, if I mistake not, an open secret for many years—"and," as Dogberry says, "it will go near to be thought so shortly." Every quatrain, though it is something so much more than graceful or distinguished or elegant, is also, one may say, the sublimation of elegance, the anathemization of distinction, the transfiguration of grace: perfection of style can go no further and rise no higher, as thought can pierce no deeper and truth can speak no plainer, than in the crowning stanza which of course would have found itself somewhat out of place beside even the gravest and the loftiest poem (Mrs. Barbauld's immortal lines on life, old age and death) admitted or admissible into such a volume as this.

Oh Thou, who man of baser earth didst make,
 And who with Eden didst devise the Snake,
 For all the sin wherewith the face of man
 Is blackened, man's forgiveness give—and take!

It is of work like this that his countrymen will always think when they hear the immortal name of the workman: and none will ever confound its author with the puny second hand rhymester,¹ whose cheap and chirruping doggerel is almost as much beneath the lowest as any quatrain of Omar is above the highest level of such verse as we expect to find in such company as the present.

Another great name here somewhat woefully misrepresented is that of Thackeray; whose "White Squall" is now and then rather too provocative of such emotions as nature's might provoke in the digestive economy of a bad sailor. To make the gorge rise at it is hardly the sign or the property of elegance in verse: and if indecency, which means nothing more than unseemliness, is very properly considered as a reason for excluding from elegant society the most brilliant examples of the most illustrious writers ever touched by so much as a passing shade of it the rule should be applied equally to every variety of the repulsive and the unbecoming—not by any means only to matters of sexual indecorum and erotic indelicacy. To none of the other selections from the lighter work of the same illustrious hand is any such objection or suggestion applicable; but not one of them shows Thackeray at his very best as a comic poet. "The Battle of the Baltic" and "The Battle of the Shannon" are two masterpieces of lyric narrative, the one triumphant in tragedy, the other transcendent in comedy: each of them supreme, inimitable, matchless, and unmatchable of its kind forever. Immortality beyond the reach of any other or later Hibernian who has ever sought or found his last refuge in patriotism is assuredly the lot of "Immortal Smith O'Brine" and "Young Meagher of the Sword." O for one hour of their poet! we might exclaim—if we had not with us so admirable a substitute and so competent a rival in patriotic humor and lyric laughter of witty loyalty as Mr. Graves,—to sing for us the veracity of and purity of a Parnell, the pusillanimous magnanimity or the servile indignation of O'Briens far meaner and more ludicrous than poor Smith! This delicious little masterpiece cannot evidently have been excluded as a sample of the "satirical or political squibs" which, if we may believe the preface, "have been generally rejected:" or how comes it that we find

¹But that his highly respectable name or names would appear to have been William Thomas I should assuredly have taken this Edward to be the Fitzgerald to whom—at second hand—we owe the statement and the solution of the historic problem—"Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

admitted the less brilliant and more polemical squibs or crackers exploded by the philocatholic whiggery of Macaulay and Tom Moore? These, however, might be allowed to pass as undoubtedly successful in a thinner and more ephemeral style of satire: but surely the worse than hackneyed jocularity of the "Anti-Jacobin," however excellent of its rough and ready kind, is here most vilely out of place. It is something above and beyond all realized conceptions of incongruity to hoist the flag of "no politics" and pass the watchword of "no parodies" and then to salute the reader with a broadside of brutality and burlesque, a discharge of mildewed mockery and fly-blown caricature from the social or political battery of Messrs. Canning & Frere. And what delicious aberration of tasteless caprice can possibly have suggested the admission of a doggerel epithalamium by Croker—of all scribblers on record!—into the very last niche of this radiant and harmonious gallery of song? "You have a great name of your own"—"But I may be allowed to confess"—here is proper lyric stuff to wind up with! There is a due conformity of cadence and of style in these twenty villainous lines which should have sufficed to exclude them from any collection above the literary level of an old annual—"Gem," "Keepsake," or "Souvenir." O Sminthian Apollo! what a malodorous mouse to nail up on the hinder door of such a gracious little chapel, under the very nose as it were of the departing choir!

Were but this unutterably miserable rubbish once duly struck out and swept away the close of a beautiful volume would be beautiful and appropriate beyond all praise or thanks.

There are loftier sonnets in the language, there is no lovelier sonnet in the world, than the late Lord Rosslyn's "Bed-time." "It gives a very echo to the seat where love is throned"—the painless and stainless love of little children. Landor might and would, for all his fantastic and factitious abhorrence of their form, have given a place to this divine sonnet and its coequal companion in a truly blessed immortality, Mr. Tennyson-Turner's on "Letty's Globe," in his list of exceptions to the common rule or the conventional axiom which denies that any work of man's can ever be absolutely perfect. A volume closing upon verses so divine as these would be closed by every reader with a sense of fragrance in his nostrils and of honey on his tongue. I trust and think it is no mere prejudice of sympathetic or patriotic prepossession which rather impels than inclines me to believe that such a close would have been less characteristically appropriate to any such anthology of this especial kind as might have been gathered from the very sweetest and sunniest garden of any other language and any other poetry than our own.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE POETRY OF JESUS

II.

THE POETRY OF HIS WORDS

JESUS preached artistically as the true poet always preaches: he twined the truth with the beauty. For the most part he spoke in symbol, in parable, leaving his hearer to point the moral—leaving the truth to be inferred from the beauty. If his art-feeling seems meagre and his insistence upon beauty scant, let us remember that he was forced to spend most of his priceless life in teaching a few of the primary principles of conduct. Still, in spite of all obstacles, the inborn poetry of his nature was continually breaking forth through the crevices of his conversation. His messages were flung forth in telling metaphor, vivid simile, pointed parable—the chief machinery of the poet. He unsouled himself in the poet's way, because the poet's way is the natural and spontaneous utterance of the heart.

Feeling ever the pity and terror of our existence—its sad perversity, its pathetic brevity, and its tremendous import—still his poet's heart took loving note of the beauty and wonder never wholly lost from these gray roads of men. He did not fail to note the wayward wind that bloweth where it listeth, the red evening sky that means fair weather, the cloud out of the west that brings the shower, the tempest in the sea and the calm that follows after the storm. Nor did he overlook the birds of the air that feed on the Father's bounty in the open fields and lodge in the branches of the mustard-trees; nor the green grass that glories in the field to-day and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

He knew all these, and he knew also the homely aspects of the day's work—the bottling of the new wine, the sifting of the wheat with fans, the digging of the fallen ox from the pit, the mending of the fish-nets by the sea. He saw the young virgins trimming the lamps, the bowed women grinding at the mill, the housewife hiding the leaven in the measure of meal, and the mother forgetting the pangs of labor in the joy over the new-born child.

We can believe, too, that he often stopped in his serious steps to behold the sower scattering seed in the broken ground; the fields whitening for harvest; the workmen storing the wheat in barns; the reapers binding the tares into bundles for the burning; the ox bending his neck to the burden of the yoke; the builder on the wall rejecting the imperfect stone; the hen gathering her chickens under her wings at night; the

swine filling their bellies with empty husks; the doves sunning themselves upon the open housetops; the ravens, neither sowing nor reaping, yet feeding from the Father's field; the sparrows falling to the ground, yet noticed in heaven; the sheep following the shepherd because they know his voice.

In his proverbs and parables, Jesus flings forth his thought with the simple beauty of a flower. He draws his imagery from the poetry of the common life. A soul ready for the bridal summons of the Lord is likened to a virgin with her lamp trimmed and burning. A man trusting to the illusion of the selfish life is likened to one who builds his house upon the sand where the floods beat in. The law that holds the dishonest man in its iron grip is likened to a jail wherein he is locked until he has "paid the uttermost farthing." The beauty of the spiritual life is likened to a candle that is set on a candlestick and that lights up the whole house.

Again observe the poet's glance, the lyric utterance, and the delicacy of feeling in the passages that make even the birds and the flowers upbraid us: "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. . . . And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Who does not feel the idyllic charm of these words, their simplicity and sweetness of spirit? And who is not hushed and humbled by their hidden rebuke of the brute battle in our human world?

Jesus had no academic training, yet he was a master of expression. Consider his fine diction in this little idyl of the lilies. He says "lilies," not flowers; "Solomon," not king—always seizing the concrete and vivid word, the word that gives life to the poet's line. Indeed, he never darkens the mind with abstractions. When he would teach us that there is One who watches, he seizes on a homely happening of the street: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." How direct and dramatic!

There is sometimes a lack of sequence among his sayings. But we must remember that they were not wrought out in a cushioned study-chair with digests and commentaries stacked around, and books of quotation open. They sprang out of the pressure of the daily happenings—the accidental meeting with a woman at a well, the unexpected sight of a withered tree, the chance plucking of an ear of corn on the sabbath day, the sudden interruption by a spy from the Sanhedrim, the random question of a troubled friend. But what he said on the instant was said for

eternity. No one, not even Socrates, approaches Jesus in the quickness with which all the forces of the mind rally to the call of the moment. His words flash out like lightnings, but endure like stars.

Ah, the mystery of style! It wings our words for the long flight of the ages. Style is more than a form of speech: it is the essence of a man, the breath of his soul. Jesus had style. If his words had been vague and colorless, they would long ago have faded out, and his name would now be gone with the names of those who babbled of old upon the plains of Shinar.

His art as a stylist is apparent on every page. In his story of the house built upon the sand, note how the many *ands* intensify the rising climax of the little tragedy: "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it." Turning to the Beatitudes, we discover fine illustrations of the balanced expression. Each sentence begins with the strong word "blessed," and this swings the subject in like a hammer-stroke at the end. Jesus frequently heightens the impression of his words by inversion, throwing the strong word into the front of the sentence: "*Great* is your reward in Heaven"; "*Wide* is the gate and *broad* is the way." Any other arrangement of these sentences would kill their rhythmic life. In fact, all literary weapons were at the command of the Master—ridicule, satire, invective, irony, epigram. He questions, he denounces, he rebukes, he consoles.

Besides all this, he had the saving salt of humor. Humor is not native to the deep rift of poetry: still with Jesus (as with Shakespeare) humor is sometimes imbedded in the poetry; and we cannot recover his lost personality until we see him smile as well as weep. But his many pointed epigrams reveal his nimble wit, his grave pleasantry, as well as his quick glance into the deep intents of the heart. Note the happy quip with which he rebukes the time-servers who would patch up worn-out institutions: "No man rendeth a piece from a new garment and putteth it upon an old garment." Catch the droll mockery that compares carping critics to peevish children complaining that their mates do not play fair: "We piped unto you, and ye did not dance; we wailed and ye did not mourn." And now consider that most striking of all hyperboles: "Ye blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"—a lightning flash of wit that darts out of that rushing tempest of indignation, the last great denunciation of the Pharisees.

Sackyamuni, the light of Asia, was not so all-round as Jesus: the sage of India lacked the flash of the mind. When censured for what seemed a laxity in keeping the ascetic rules of his order, he could reply

only with a labored argument, saying: "It is not good to indulge in the pleasures of the body; neither is it good to neglect our bodily needs. The lamp that is not cleaned and filled with oil will be extinguished." But the lightning calculation of Jesus goes more swiftly to the mark. The "society leaders" of Judea censured him for his easy fellowship with the despised publicans. Note the flash of wit in his swift retort as he deftly turned their own spear to prick their self-righteousness—"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." In one tilt his enemies were unhorsed.

Catch the flicker of humor in the parable of the Judge and the Widow: "There was in a city a judge who feared not God, and regarded not man; and there was a widow in that city, and she came oft unto him, saying, 'Do me justice of mine adversary.' And he would not for a while; but afterwards he said within himself, 'Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet, because this widow troubleth me, I will do her justice, lest she wear me out by her continual coming.'"

In one vivid stroke we have here the babbling Mistress Quickly of Judea, as well as the self-sufficient functionary concerned only with his own ease.

There must have been a twinkle in the eye of Jesus when he pilloried for a merry immortality the drowsy householder in bed with his children, trying to forget the noisy knocking of the needy neighbor at the door—a householder pricked into virtue at last by long importunity: "Which of you shall have a friend, and go unto him at midnight, and say to him, 'Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine has come from a journey, and I have nothing to set before him.' And he from within shall answer, 'Trouble me not the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.' I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise, and give him as many as he needeth."

Julian the Apostate, among others, misunderstood the parable of the Unjust Steward. On the surface it might seem to mean approval of dishonest dealing. But in this case, Jesus is only seizing for approval the one good quality of the steward—his sagacity. The children of light are urged to use the wisdom of the serpent while they keep the harmless purpose of the dove. The parable of the Unjust Steward has the startle and daring (without the moral risk) of Browning's "Statue and the Bust."

Many of the seeming contradictions of Jesus can be cleared only by reading them in the light of poetry. He says that he sends his peace upon the world: then at another time he declares that he has not come to send

peace but a sword. Again he assures his disciples that they need fear nothing, that not a hair of their heads shall suffer harm. Then at another time he warns them that they shall meet with great tribulation, be cast into prison, be led forth to death. Here are contradictions that the poetic imagination must harmonize in a higher unity.—So, again, in the parable of the Prodigal Son, Jesus depicts the merciful Father who runs forth to meet the returning child and welcomes him with joyous cries and abundant festivities. But in the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, Jesus reveals only a stern Father who leaves Dives to his awful suffering, with no drop of water to quench his thirst and without even a chance to send his brothers a word of timely warning. These seeming inconsistencies can be understood only in the light of poetry, poetry which sees the two aspects ever present in the one truth, and which is ever seeking to give them a vivid and dramatic expression. Jesus the poet sees God to be both love and law.

Like every artist, Jesus is a psychologist, always economizing the energy of his listeners, always proceeding from the known to the unknown. He catches up the incident of the moment—the incident fresh in the experience of common men—and speaks through it the eternal values and verities. All who heard his words had been actors in the little dramas which he swept into his discourse. They knew of the casting of the nets that drew in the fishes good and bad; they knew how the ploughman dares not look back for fear the plough will go astray; they knew how the birds follow the sower devouring the good seed in the fresh-turned furrows; they had seen the shepherd leave his flock in the wilderness to search for the lost sheep; they had seen the driver loosen the ox from the stall to lead him out to the watering; they had noticed the unemployed waiting in the market place to be hired; they had seen the bent laborer making straight again the winter-torn paths; they had seen the sudden storm of rain swell and whiten the hill-streams that wash away the houses built upon the sand. These common events of time are swept into his discourse and are made to preach eternity. From some chance foothold of workaday experience, he leads the soul out to the unapparent, to the beyond, to the infinite.

His quick imagination seizes on the poetry in common things—seizes on the significant in the trifling, the permanent in the ephemeral. The rich were making ostentatious gifts at the Temple, when a poor widow threw in her two timid mites. She and her action were nothing to the cold prose minds about her; but to Jesus she was the greatest soul of them all, and her simple action meant character, destiny, eternity. At another time a devoted woman poured a box of precious ointment upon

his feet. To Judas, the action was gross folly; to the other disciples, it was needless waste. But Jesus saw in this moment of reverence a flash of idealism, a devotion to something beyond the worldly, an allegiance to the kingdom of the spirit. Again Jesus beheld a sower going forth to sow and this trite incident suddenly became to him the symbol of the invisible drama of the soul. The field was the world, the good seed were the children of the kingdom, the harvest was the consummation of the world, and the reapers were the angels. In these homely events, as always, the temporal and the trivial are made to sweep out into eternal orbits of life and fate.

His career is crowded with dramatic moments that break into a crest of beautiful words. In all these his genius shines with a solitary splendor dimming all other genius, as the arc-light behind the candle makes the candle-flame a blur of darkness. But perhaps we reach the crowning moment in that hour when the plotting scribes and pharisees dragged the erring woman to Jesus to be judged, her heart beating with terror. If he refuses to counsel death, they will accuse him of denying Moses. If he does counsel death, he will be discredited with the people who have heard his teachings of mercy. On all sides he is surrounded with significant looks and cynical whispers. At last they have their man between the cyclone and the maelstrom. Step where he will, his feet are certain to be swept from under him. "What sayest thou?" hiss the voices about him. It is a moment of tragic peril. But he speaks no word; yet his heart is brimming with the anger of love. Stooping down, he writes with his finger on the ground. What is the meaning of that calm gesture? What are those written words that the winds will sweep away? Again comes the hiss of the voices, "What sayest thou?" Lifting himself up, he pronounces judgment in one flash of irony: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."—Here is a fine delicacy and tender justice without parallel in the ancient world. It is the voice of the poet as the lawgiver and judge of humanity. In that lyric moment, he dashes a God's rebuke over all the merciless ages.

Edwin Markham.

THE PHILIPPINE LABOR PROBLEM

THE recent difficulty in selecting a United States Minister to China emphasizes the importance which oriental affairs have assumed in American politics. It is not many years since no press comment would have been made upon the matter, for no one outside of official circles would have cared to read it. The space which has been given to it is evidence that it is now a matter of general interest, and hence of the changed attitude of public opinion toward oriental questions. It requires no political clairvoyant to see that what the question of the balance of power in Europe has been to the nineteenth century that of the balance of power in Asia will be to the twentieth century. And the latter is the much larger question whether we view it from the standpoint of the number of people, the extent of the territory, or the magnitude of interests involved. Particularly is it of keener interest to the United States, because, though we have held ourselves aloof from the former our possessions have made us a part of the latter.

The Spanish-American war widened the political horizon of the United States. The possession of the Philippines makes us to some extent an Asiatic power, makes what were to us foreign affairs, home affairs. And as this possession is certain to continue for some time to come, the problems of the Philippines will continue for some time to be American problems. The responsibility resultant from political control must carry with it the duty of co-operation in the solution of those problems upon the successful solution of which the justification for political control must in large part depend. In this co-operation two things must be kept in mind: the benefits to the Philippines; and, since nations can hardly be expected to entirely disregard their own interests, the benefits to the United States must also be considered.

It is admitted by nearly all who have studied the question that the most troublesome problem in the Philippines to-day is not political but economic. The military problem has been successfully solved. Civil government has been established, and while not perfect, as governments never are, it is nevertheless in good working order. It is an immense advance upon anything heretofore enjoyed by the Filipinos. The trade between the islands and the mainland is increasing rapidly, and with a further reduction of the tariff, which will be secured if Congress and the President act wisely, rather than listen to the voice of special interests or ultra-protectionists, a still greater increase is assured. In the education of the inhabitants, upon which much of their future welfare and

the success of their government necessarily depend, admirable progress is being made. But here, as elsewhere, a solid economic foundation is indispensable to the stability of the government and the happiness of the people. The labor problem is, therefore, as fundamental as it is important. It is particularly important at the present time owing to the impetus which has been given to railway development by the recent legislation of Congress providing for a government guarantee of four per cent. interest on Philippine railways, constructed in accordance with provisions stipulated by the government.

To this problem two solutions have been offered: (1) A resort to Chinese coolie labor, and (2) the industrial education of the native Filipino. The first of these is the method resorted to in Singapore and other oriental dependencies, and from the purely commercial standpoint it no doubt has its advantages. Yet it seems to me a drastic solution and one which can be justified, if at all, only by the most urgent necessity; and I am not convinced that such a necessity exists.

Granted that the Filipino laborer is shiftless, unreliable and indolent, rather than thrifty, steady and energetic, this is no exceptional or accidental condition of affairs, but is the normal condition throughout the tropics. The incentive to industry is not native to those climes. Whether or not it can be transplanted without denationalizing the inhabitants is still an open question. It is not at all outside the realm of possibilities that by suggestion and associations, wants can be stimulated. And if this can be accomplished, i.e., if a higher standard of living can be fixed, increased industry is reasonably sure to result. It is cowardly to confess impotence at the beginning; as the mere possibility of success is sufficient to warrant an honest, persistent effort. Until such an effort has been made, I would no more favor the turning of the industries of the Philippines over to Chinese coolies than I would those of Porto Rico or Florida.

From the standpoint of the exploiter it matters not whether his labor is performed by a Filipino or a Chinese coolie, but from the standpoint of one having the welfare of the Philippine Islands at heart it does. While I have no prejudices against the Chinaman as such, on the contrary admitting that he has many admirable qualities; yet my observation compels me to believe that his presence in large numbers in the Philippines would render still more difficult the solution of what is, at best, an exceedingly difficult problem. And there can be no question that unless excluded by law from those islands, which are by nature so accessible to them, the rapidly increasing demand for labor will lead to their immigration in numbers not pleasant to contemplate.

If unrestricted Chinese immigration is a menace to the United States, it is a far greater menace to the Philippines. If American civilization cannot assimilate a few Chinamen in the United States, how can it hope to do so in the Philippines, where the grist would certainly be far larger in proportion to the number of grinders. If the Filipinos are to be made a self-dependent, self-reliant, self-governing people, and that is undoubtedly our purpose in the islands, we should remove in so far as possible the obstacles in the way of attaining this end; and of all obstacles, the most serious would be the exclusion of the Filipino from Philippine industries.

The first solution must, therefore, be dismissed as extremely unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it can be made to harmonize only with the purpose of exploitation. Hence it must be dismissed unless the second solution is found to be impracticable.

Among those who advocate the second solution of the problem, we find a divergence of views as to the most expedient means. Certain persons, who have made a most careful study of the question on the spot, hold that as there is at present a decidedly insufficient supply of native skilled labor; as a temporary measure to meet the present emergency, it would be advisable for Congress to so amend our Chinese Immigration Laws as to admit Chinese skilled laborers to the Philippines, under certain restrictions. These restrictions are in substance as follows: A head-tax of five hundred dollars; that the employer of such labor give bond for their return to China at the end of five years, and that for each skilled Chinese laborer there shall be supplied at least one Filipino apprentice. This plan was recommended by the Philippine Commission in their report for 1902, and also by Professor Jenks of Cornell, who has been making a study of conditions in the Philippines and other oriental dependencies. On the other hand, the labor organizations are opposed to the further admission of Chinese laborers, whether skilled or unskilled, insisting that conditions are not such as to warrant it.

While I have the greatest respect for the opinion of the Commission, as well as for that of Professor Jenks, and hesitate to criticise them, not because they are officials, but because of their superior opportunities for study of the question; yet I feel compelled to question their judgment upon this matter. My position rests upon the fact, not disputed by the Commission or any one else, that the Filipino laborer needs not only greater technical skill but an increased respect for the dignity of labor and a better appreciation of the importance of it to his welfare.

Such being the case, it looks to us like putting the cart before the

horse to advocate a plan which throws the emphasis upon the development of technical skill at the expense of what we conceive to be more important factors, and which we consider to be conditions precedent to any considerable development of technical skill. Men do not, as a rule, become laborers until they are convinced of the importance of labor as a means of increasing their well-being; and they do not become really efficient laborers until convinced of the dignity of labor.

In the temperate zones nature teaches man the importance of labor by making a considerable amount of it necessary to the securing of food, shelter and clothing. But not so in the tropics. Here, nature supplies the primal necessities of life with very little effort on the part of man. In the tropics, therefore, the stimulus to industrial effort must be very largely intellectual, rather than physical.

An increase in their wants, i.e., a higher standard of living, lies therefore at the very root of the whole matter. Until the Filipino can be brought to see the need of a higher standard of living, no satisfactory solution of the Philippine labor problem is possible. In other words, while the Filipino remains satisfied with his bamboo hut, his breech-clout and his bowl of rice, he will never desire to become, and never will become, the factor which he should be in the industries which are indispensable to the welfare and progress of his native land.

Now, it is not reasonable to suppose that the standard of living of the Filipino will be very materially raised by the influx of a class of laborers whose standard of living is no higher than his own. Nor is it in accordance with human nature that his respect for the dignity of labor will be increased by seeing the bulk of the labor performed by those whom he considers to be his inferiors. The truth of this statement has been amply and painfully illustrated within our own borders. Even technical skill will be learned more willingly and more rapidly from a superior or an equal than from an inferior. Imitation and emulation of inferiors is not characteristic of humankind. As illustrating the truth of this, I quote the following from a report by H. W. French, assistant to Major J. B. Aleshire, the officer in charge of the Army transport service.

The average Filipino will not work under Chinese bosses or acquire their methods, but seem anxious to learn from Americans. It is earnestly hoped that the Filipino labor of this department may not be supplemented by Chinese. Should it ever have under its control shops, dry-docks, or marine railroads, it is believed better satisfaction would be obtained from the Filipino, under carefully selected American foremen, than by Chinese. The Filipino, under the Chinaman, will only bring discord and indifferent results, and no improvement to the Filipino's natural ingenuity or desire to improve. The Filipino seems ready and willing to learn from Americans the improved methods of performing labor, and

displays considerable ingenuity in the handling of heavy packages. It has often been observed when an unusually bulky or awkward package is to be handled they advance ideas to each other as to the way of procedure. An American overseer, though not able to speak their language, will show them by signs in a simple way. They immediately adopt it, and do not have to be instructed a second time.

As to the present efficiency of the Filipino laborer there is a wide divergence of opinions, ranging from unqualified condemnation, to optimistic praise. The engineer in charge of the construction of the Benguet road considers it hopelessly inefficient, while Major Aleshire, Captain Grant and Captain French (already quoted) consider it very efficient. But more important than his present efficiency is his capacity for improvement, and, when properly handled, his willingness to improve, i.e., the prospect for the future.

Upon this point, the following, from a report by Captain F. H. Grant, throws valuable light:

When Manila was first occupied by United States troops, in August, 1898, we were informed by business men that it was impossible to secure Filipino labor, and that Chinamen were used for that purpose, as the Filipino would not work. We found this to be practically true at that time, as it was very difficult at times to secure enough labor, on account of that fact, to handle government freight, so that for nearly two years after the arrival of our troops on the island much of our troop baggage and some freight was handled by soldiers. Subsequently, Filipinos were employed, and competent American stevedores placed in charge of them to show them how to work. The result of this action has been wonderful, and to-day this office is handling freight cheaper than it was possible to handle it in the early years of occupation.

A very satisfactory improvement in so short a time, and a prophecy of the improvement which may be expected in other lines, if only the most effective method of education is resorted to. According to the city engineer of Manila, Filipino labor "is fairly efficient, and is improving."

Captain Archibald W. Butts, Quartermaster U. S. Army, in charge of land transportation, says in his report for 1902:

I became thoroughly convinced, on assuming charge of the department, that the Filipinos were entitled to the labor of these islands as far as it was possible to give it. I have made every effort—at times it seemed almost at a sacrifice—to advance this cause. My efforts in this direction have more than repaid me for the experiment, as I am not only able to get all the labor I want, but have seen the Filipino develop from what might be termed a shiftless laborer to a constant worker. I fully realize that the conditions in the provinces are not so favorable as they are in Manila for the organization and development of labor, but I am of the opinion that while the progress may be slower there than here, still the same evolution and development will occur and will become all the more rapid as the native becomes convinced of the sincere and earnest attitude toward his labor.

No less positive in tone or encouraging in character is the following from a letter of Captain A. R. Couden, U. S. Navy:

We build many ships (?) boats and do it at a constantly decreasing cost; in this department we have an excellent American foreman, who has now a competent and faithful set of employees. They are very industrious; an idle man is never seen; they do good work and exhibit a desire to do the best possible. Machinists are employed in large numbers and have improved very noticeably; some of the younger men who have received all their training here are very quick to learn and are found the most satisfactory when new machines from the United States are introduced. Men who are really little more than boys are running such machines very satisfactorily. While comparisons between Filipino labor and that of Chinamen are futile because of the many variable quantities that have different values according to one's point of view, there is no doubt in my own mind that Filipino labor will prove more satisfactory at this station than any foreign labor, and that in the trades it will be satisfactory; that its employment will be of great value to all the people of the province, and indirectly to other parts of the islands, in educating them to the advantages of stability and quiet and the opportunities for permanent betterment in their own and their children's lives. An improvement in the physical condition of the workmen and more especially of the younger generation is visible within the last year, due to the gradual improvement in food because of the greater capacity to purchase, and greater demands of the system because of greater industry.

Few, if any, have had better opportunities for making the observations upon which to base an intelligent conclusion than President Taft. In speaking of the Filipino laborers, he says: "They are skilful with their hands, and what with the industrial schools and the Chinamen we already have in the islands, we are gradually getting carpenters and other skilled mechanics from among the Filipinos. I have great hope that the Filipino laborer will become much more effective than he is to-day, and I have that hope from the experience which the government has had with him. . . . I ought to say that the street railway company has been able to build and lay its tracks in the city of Manila as I am informed, at a rate that is perhaps thirty-three per cent. less than the price of laying track in an American city would be, so the Filipino laborer thus organized and under American foremen has something of a future." (Extracts from testimony given before the Ways and Means and Philippine Committees, January 28 and February 5, 1905.)

But lest some one may object that the reports of government officials are perchance "inspired" for political reasons, I submit the following letter from a captain of industry:

MANILA, July 2, 1903.

SIR: Answering your esteemed verbal inquiry as to our success with the Filipino labor, we beg leave to state as follows:

First. We believe that Filipino labor can successfully be used. We are

employing about 1,000 Filipinos, which is a practical demonstration that this statement is not a theory.

Second. To successfully employ Filipino labor is, to the American employer of labor, a new business, which has to be learned. If he cannot learn it, he cannot do business in the Philippine Islands.

Third. In general, the Filipinos have to be taught how to work. This requires a considerable proportion of intelligent high-grade American foremen and mechanics.

Fourth. The way to keep the Filipino laborer permanently in one's employ is so to arrange his surroundings that he is better off and more contented there than anywhere else. This we have attained by means of providing homes for the Filipinos and their families; also amusements, including Sunday fiestas, and schools where their children may be educated.

Fifth. We are opposed to the introduction of Chinese. The only argument that we can see in its favor is that it may somewhat expedite the development of the resources of the islands. This temporary advantage is, we believe, overbalanced and overwhelmed by the ultimate injury to both the Americans and natives in the islands.

Sixth. We believe that the greatest need of the islands is the abolition of the Dingley tariff as far as it applies to the Philippines. We want the American market, not the Chinese laborer.

Very respectfully,

ATLANTIC, GULF AND PACIFIC COMPANY,

H. Krusi, Vice-President.

Hon. Wm. H. Taft,

Governor Philippine Archipelago, Manila, P. I.

In a subsequent letter, he says:

Referring to your esteemed verbal request to state whether our subsequent experience with the labor situation here is in accord with our letter dated July 2d on this subject, would state that our experience since that time has confirmed us in our opinion there advanced. We are having no difficulty whatsoever with our Filipino laborers, who are doing the bulk of the work under our harbor contract. We are firmly convinced that the best interests of the Philippines demand the use of Filipino and American labor to the exclusion of the Chinese.

Of very practical importance in its bearing upon the solution of the labor problem in the Philippines is the work being done by the department of Education. As already suggested one of the main factors in the successful solution of the problem is the creation in the minds of the youth of the right attitude toward labor. Hence we are pleased to find that the department of education has attacked this problem seriously and in a very practical way. In the report of that department for 1908 we find the following, which is well worth quoting in full:

During the past year the dominant tone of the policy of this department has been the extension throughout the islands of facilities for giving education along the most practical lines of industrial, agricultural, and domestic science training.

A large proportion of the funds appropriated from the insular treasury for school construction has been expended for schools of arts and trades, and the proportion so expended in future will be even greater. In an address delivered by the secretary at the annual convention of division school superintendents, which was held in Manila on January 14 to 20, 1907, special emphasis was laid upon the importance of this feature of public educational work. It was pointed out that along the lines of purely academic instruction most satisfactory progress has been made, but that an immense field for the development of the more practical lines of education still lay before the department.

The situation of the people of these islands, their previous training and habits of thought, the industrial and agricultural depression which has existed here for the past ten years, and the necessity of making every member of the community a self-supporting individual, at the earliest practicable date, all counsel and urge the establishment and maintenance of the most extensive industrial school system throughout these islands which the finances of the government will permit. It is gratifying to note that exceptional aptitude and ability have been shown by Filipino boys for acquiring industrial training, and their remarkable dexterity in the use of modern tools and implements gives assurance of their continued enthusiasm and of the most substantial and practical results from this line of instruction. Pursuant to this general plan it has been decided to extend the primary industrial work throughout all the grades of the primary course for both girls and boys. This work includes weaving, hat making, drawing, elementary agriculture, wood working (ship and carpentry), elementary pottery and masonry, making of rope, cordage, brooms, brushes, etc., for the boys, and weaving, sewing, cooking, dyeing, bleaching, hat making, and pottery for the girls.

It has been the pleasure of the secretary during the past year to see, on trips through the various provinces, evidences of the substantial progress now being made in imbuing the minds of the young Filipinos with the idea of the dignity of manual labor and of the lasting benefits of patient, consistent, honest toil.

The spectacle of the pupils of a school of arts and trades at work, under the direction of their American teacher, in constructing a permanent and substantial industrial school of cement blocks, molded and laid by the pupils themselves, all without cost to the government other than for the necessary materials, is to some extent a refutation of the ill-founded statement which has not infrequently been heard to the effect that the educational work in these islands is of an impractical and visionary character. The frequent suggestions which have appeared in the public press that manual training should be installed in the schools seems to take no account of the fact that this practical form of education has been one of the keynotes of the government's policy since the establishment of the public school system. (Report of Commissioner of Education, 1908.)

In 1907, the School of Arts and Trades was moved to the repair shops of the city government. New machinery was installed and the equipment generally improved and increased. That the Filipinos are not indifferent to the efforts made for their education in this direction is shown by the fact that in this one school there were 350 pupils receiving instruction in the elementary English branches and mechanical drawing, wood-working (including bench-work, carving, turning and cabinet-making),

iron-working (including bench-work, filing, blacksmithing, and iron machine work), and finishing (including painting and varnishing). The capacity of the school is already overtaxed. There is a waiting list of 200 pupils for whom no accommodations are available. As soon as practicable, departments in boat-building and wheelwrighting will be established, and as fast as the demand and funds warrant it, other departments will be added.

Whatever may be thought of the practicability of educating the Filipinos in subjects which appeal to the intellect merely, no one can dispute the practical nature of this form of education which appeals to the hand, as well as the head. It is approved by the most advanced thinkers in pedagogy as well as by the closest students of race problems. It is his faith in the efficacy of this form of education as a means of creating right ideals and habits, and the practical results he has achieved in its application to the solution of a difficult problem, that has made Booker T. Washington not only the leader of his race but one of the great benefactors of all races.

Though the problem is not solved, it is on the way to solution and the progress already made is sufficient to warrant continuing along the lines already adopted. While immigration is not to be prohibited, it should be so regulated as to exclude those classes which will discourage the development of habits of industry in the natives. And if desirable immigrants cannot be secured, the future will prove it to be the wiser course to let the industrial development of the islands wait upon the development of their native labor, meanwhile using every available means of educating and ennobling the laborer. Even though this plan will occasion some delay for the present and thus seem opposed to progress, yet as it recognizes the fact that the development of industry is subordinate to and dependent upon the manual, intellectual and moral development of the artisan, we have no misgivings as to its wisdom and expediency.

Edwin Maxey.

SAPPHO TO A SWALLOW ON THE GROUND

WHAT wakes the tender grasses where I lie?
What small soft presence stirs and flutters by?
Swallow, oh swallow,
Why have you left the tree-tops and the sky?

The grass is faded by the sun and rain,
The summer passes,—autumn comes again,
Swallow, oh swallow,
And, bitter-sweet, love trembles into pain.

The heart of earth grows weary, and her eyes
Are closed; her lips are tuned to languid sighs,
Swallow, oh swallow,
And in my throat the singing sobs and dies. . . .

Night-long by blown seas musical with wind,
I flutter like a lost child, weak and blind,
Swallow, oh swallow,
After the mother whom she cannot find. . . .

Through apple-boughs the murmurous breezes sing,
As waters from a cool deep-shaded spring,
Swallow, oh swallow,
And slumber streams from leaves left quivering.

Have you grown weary of the heaven's height,
The hidden stars, the vivid depths of light,
Swallow, oh swallow,
As love grows weary of the long swift flight?

You do not answer but your wings are spread,
And past the top-most apple, sweet and red,
Swallow, oh swallow,
In flight and song you vanish over-head!

I too will give my heart unto the heaven!
Phaon shall find me through the dusk of even,—
Swallow, oh swallow,
Shaken with kisses ere they have been given.

As from the swarming hive in nuptial flight
The queen ascends, all golden fire and light,
Swallow, oh swallow,
On wings of ecstasy I rise to-night!

But to the earth my flight shall not return,
For when the sun-like flame has ceased to burn,
Swallow, oh swallow,
The Lesbian Sea shall be my funeral urn.

A SOCIAL NEED OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

"THE only thing that stands between this country and anarchy is the public school system." This is the statement once made by a friend in close touch with the affairs of the nation. The speaker may have been led to make this remark because of his enthusiasm for the work of the public schools, or possibly because of his pessimism in regard to many distressing social conditions. Although I am not prepared entirely to endorse his statement, nevertheless I realize that the obligations of the public schools are steadily becoming greater. The original function of the public school, namely, the control of illiteracy, has long since developed into a heavier responsibility. It has now reached the point where many leading educators realize that every national evil or weakness should be traced to its primary cause, and that such weakness should be controlled in future generations by the proper training of the children now in the schools. National extravagance can be reduced if the millions of children now in schools be taught habits of economy and thrift. The general lack of respect for authority and reverence for what is holy, can be supplied, in part, at least, if in all schools children be held to a stricter regard for the dignity of office and for the sacredness of that which should be revered. In curricula throughout the country emphasis is now being laid upon the importance of training in civics and in ethics, in order to raise the general standards of civic and commercial life. The physical well-being of school children is also receiving careful scientific attention. The medical school inspector and the school nurse are a recognized part of many large school systems, and before long all schools will realize the necessity of including such work in their obligations. There has been, too, a gradual recognition of the fact that the school is the legitimate social centre of a community, and that from the school or through the school there should radiate all those influences that make at least for child betterment, if not for complete social betterment.

In New York City during the last ten years special attention has been paid to social obligations—along certain lines. The development of vacation schools, vacation playgrounds, playgrounds for mothers and babies, evening recreation centres, playground concerts, instruction in swimming, supervision of athletic and social clubs for young people—all this is so well known that comment is unnecessary. These activities, however, are all supplementary to work done in the regular elementary schools.

In the regular schools the last ten years have shown a marvelous

advance in consideration for the intellectual needs of the individual child. About a decade ago there was organized the first class for mentally deficient children. That work, begun in the face of much opposition, and then little understood by those in charge of the schools, has grown and developed to such an extent that there are now devoted exclusively to the instruction of feeble-minded children ninety-eight classes containing 1,750 pupils, with a special supervisor in charge of the work.

Some six or eight years ago it was discovered that immigrant children coming from non-English-speaking countries were not being classified according to their previous education; and, in consequence, the Board of Education established for such children special classes modelled upon those taught in the Baron de Hirsch school at the Educational Alliance, wherein little immigrants remain long enough to acquire a sufficient vocabulary to enable them to enter grades where instruction is suited to their age and previous training.

Six years ago, the Board of Education authorized the formation of another group of special classes for the benefit of what is known as the "over-age" child. Many children, owing to immigration, to illness, to lateness in entering school, to natural dullness, or, possibly, to poor school management, are found intellectually fitted only for grades designed for children three or four years younger than they. For physical and moral, as well as for purely intellectual reasons, it was realized that it was unwise to place these "over-age" children in the same grade with younger boys and girls; and the special classes above mentioned were formed. As a result, many a child formerly discouraged and humiliated by his apparent ignorance, as shown in the presence of bright children several years his junior, has learned to love school, to grow ambitious, and to make rapid progress under the stimulus of the individual help and encouragement extended to him.¹ More recently, the Board of Education has established a school for the instruction of the deaf, and special classes for the blind and for the crippled. Indeed, in one school at present an attempt is being made to give special instruction to a group of stammerers.

It would seem, therefore, that when a Board of Education has gone so far in its efforts to meet the needs of the individual child, that special school problems need no longer torment the teacher or higher school authorities. Yet a little further consideration will show that it is but natural that as a just result of this scientific treatment of special school problems as they relate to individual groups of children, there has been aroused

¹In the schools of my two districts alone there are at present 149 special classes for mental defectives, cripples, recently arrived immigrants, truants, incorrigibles and over-age children.

in principals and teachers the desire to meet the needs of *every individual child*; and in these carefully specialized groups they find many individual cases which present social problems, a solution of which cannot be provided for by a purely educational classification. Cases of truancy or irregular attendance have consequently come to be referred to a body specially equipped for such work—the attendance officers. Cases of illness or physical troubles of any kind are likewise now referred to the medical school inspector and the school nurse. But even so an important division of the field remains yet uncovered.

Almost three years ago the Public Education Association at one of its regular conferences discussed the question of the value of a Special School and Home Visitor. This visitor is a social worker, who comes to the school and receives from the principal a list of children requiring attention, where the suspected trouble is of a nature that fails to bring the case legitimately under the control of either the attendance officer or the nurse. The need of such an officer was presented clearly at the conference by Miss Mary Marot, who, in connection with one of the social settlements, had done work of this kind in Philadelphia. Further, some very strong testimony as to its value was offered by Miss Maguire, principal of Public School 113, Downing Street, Manhattan, and Miss Effie Abrams, a social worker at Greenwich House, who had been doing special visiting for the Downing Street school for a period of several months.

I went to that conference with a feeling that a special visitor's services were not required, believing the attendance officer, the nurse and the teacher able to meet every situation. Possibly influenced a bit by professional jealousy, I did not wish to concede that an outside worker should do work which seemed properly to belong to the school itself. The stories told by Miss Marot and Miss Abrams were, however, so convincing, the nature of the work done by Miss Abrams was so far beyond the limitations of the teacher's time and strength, that it became self-evident that a special home and school visitor would not only be helpful, but might become practically indispensable. At my earnest request, the Public Education Association agreed to pay the salary of a special visitor for the schools under my jurisdiction with a view to further testing the value of the work, and in time, if possible, to secure recognition of its legitimate place in the educational system, so that the school visitor might become as closely identified with school interests as are the school nurse and the school doctor.

For two years the public Education Association paid the salary of Miss Jane Day as special school visitor in Districts 2 and 3. Miss Day's

work was of such excellent character and its value was so strongly recognized before the end of her first season that the Junior League assumed the financial obligation of placing two visitors in the ninth school district. That society is now supporting four visitors—one in the twelfth district and one in the thirteenth, in addition to the two in the ninth.

But the Junior League by its constitution limits its social work to those sections of the city wherein its own members reside; and since none of its members lives in either Districts 2 or 3, my schools have not been able to secure a worker from this source. The Public Education Association is not a philanthropic body. It has no funds for philanthropic or social work. Its function is to bring forward and test new educational ideas, to create public opinion in favor of such reforms, and to influence legislation toward their adoption. For two years it has paid for a social worker for my schools. Yet, in spite of the splendid results, it has obtained support in this city for the introduction of this reform only to the extent of the co-operation of the Junior League. Its efforts, however, have received greater recognition outside of New York, where similar work has been undertaken in several cities.

I felt it, therefore, a duty to make every attempt to continue the work, propitiously begun in my districts, until public opinion and legislation should awaken to its significance and the general need for it. It has been, however, a difficult fight. The work has increased to such an extent that three social workers are now devoting practically their whole time to straightening out problems in the lives of our children. Their salaries are insecure because it is left to one other person and to me to raise the funds for their support. It is virtually a hand-to-mouth existence, since we rarely have enough money on hand to make sure of the salaries of these workers for the next month.

To give some idea of the extent and character of the work that a special visitor is called upon to do, and to furnish the public with specific data from which it may conclude how necessary that work is, I shall cite some cases that have come up during the last week or ten days. One school reports as follows:

Case I: Dora, age nine: Principal reports child seems weak and delicate and lacks interest in her school work. The visitor went to the home, and found conditions rather unfavorable, but not sufficient destitution to justify reporting the case to a charity organization. The child coughs, and it was feared it might be a case of incipient tuberculosis. An examination at the clinic proved that there was no tuberculosis; that the lungs and bronchial tubes were in good condition, but that the child's

general condition was bad, due to the fact that she had never completely recovered from the effects of an attack of scarlet fever three months earlier. The child was sent to the Solomon and Betty Loeb Memorial Home for Convalescents.

This seems a simple case, but the visitor had to climb to the fourth story of a tenement twice before she met the mother. She took the child to one tuberculosis clinic only to discover that it was a case for a neighboring one, as the child lived fifty feet beyond the territorial limit of the first. It required two visits to the office of the Convalescent Home: one to make the application, and a second to have the child physically examined. It took the worker's time to secure the means of transportation and the change of underclothing required for a three weeks' stay. The carfare alone expended upon this case was eighty cents. It is easy to say, "Why did not the mother take the child to the clinic and attend to these other matters?" It is because many mothers are too poor, too busy, too ignorant, or, I am afraid, at times, too indifferent, to take this trouble, that somebody else must step in to assume these obligations, lest the child become the victim of neglect.

Case II. Rachel, age fourteen, reported by the principal as delicate and indifferent, and undervitalized. The visitor found the child was one of seven, whose father had died of tuberculosis in Denver, about five years before. Four of the children are in an orphan asylum. The mother has been making a brave struggle to support the other three. She, with the help of the oldest girl, has been earning about \$3.00 a week, sewing garters, and a charitable society has been paying her rent. The mother and the three children were all found to be in need of medical treatment, lack of food having reduced them all below the normal condition. The visitor referred the case to the Charity Organization for more assistance, and to the Nurses' Settlement for the opinion of a nurse.¹ Two of the children will be sent to the Loeb Home in an attempt to have them built up; and milk is being sent to the house daily. A friend of the visitor is furnishing the money for eggs.

Case III. Samuel, aged seven, was reported as having been found in the company of thieves. A visitor was sent to the home, and her report reads as follows:

There are seven children in the family, and the mother has tuberculosis, and in consequence feels too ill to give her children proper care, though she tries to

¹The nurse has since reported that the mother is not sufficiently ill to require a nurse, but that she ought to get medical treatment at a dispensary. The mother claims that she cannot take the time from her work to wait her turn at the dispensary.

do her best. The father is a pushcart peddler, making at present not more than two to three dollars a week. None of the children are old enough to work, and the rent is often unpaid. The mother complains that through lack of ability to watch her boys, they are going with bad companions.

We are trying to send the mother to the country for a change of air and good food, and to better conditions as much as possible.

I wish to supplement the visitor's report by saying that we shall use other means to trace the whereabouts of the leader of this gang of young thieves, and when we have enough evidence to proceed upon, will refer the case for action to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Case IV. Morris, a boy of fourteen, was kept home from school, and was reported as working illegally. His mother has five children, and has been deserted by her husband, who is the children's stepfather and who was unkind to them. At present they are without support, since the oldest boy cannot secure his working papers on account of his low grade in school. The woman is anxious to procure any work, and we are trying to find some for her, and to help the family with clothing.

Application will be made to the Child Labor Committee for a scholarship, which will enable the boy to remain in school until he is legally entitled to his employment certificate.

Case V. Sadie, fourteen years old, is compelled by her mother and older brother to peddle after school hours. The brother is an idler, the father is dead, the mother is in ill health, and they are trying to throw the burden of support upon the child. These people have been in America only a few months, and will be brought to terms upon the threat that this is a violation of the law, and that if we report it to the courts, the family may be deported. It will, however, be necessary for the social worker to do some missionary work with the brother, and possibly even to secure some position for him, in order to place this family on its feet.

Case VI. Sarah, age eleven, was reported by the principal as surly and generally unhappy. She speaks English very poorly, and the teacher was unable to find out her trouble. The case was referred to a visitor, and the following story is a true picture of what was found. The child's father is a barber, earning \$7.00 a week, a man feeble, physically and morally. The stepmother is a strong, healthy, vulgarly attractive-looking woman, who maltreated both the husband and the child. The family lived in two rooms, and shared those rooms with two lodgers—men. Sarah was compelled to sleep on the floor in the room with the two lodgers. She told the visitor of a condition of immorality existing between the stepmother and the boarders, which need not be enlarged upon.

It was certainly no place for a child. The child has good instincts, and under proper influences will make a fine woman. It took a week of earnest effort for an adjustment of this case, an adjustment effected through the discovery that Sarah has an aunt, who, though poor, is respectable and a good woman. The visitor persuaded her to give the child a home, for which the father agrees to pay \$2.00 a week. The case has been reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the stepmother will be watched, so that in the event of the child's returning to her father's home, legal evidence may possibly be on hand to remove the child on a proven charge of improper guardianship.¹

Case VII. Rose, aged eleven, was arrested by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and used as a witness against a man who is now serving an eight years' sentence in Sing Sing. The child is the second of five, and has a mother and father. The father drinks and refuses to support his family, although he lives at home and takes all he can get from his sick wife, who used to be janitress of a building, but is now disabled through illness. The baby, two years old, has just recovered from diphtheria. The third child has heart trouble, and another has hip disease.

We are trying to force the father, through the Legal Aid Bureau of the Educational Alliance, to support his family, and to enable the mother to continue to keep her children, of whom she is very fond. It was a former boarder who was the cause of Rose's trouble.

These are type cases that have come up within the last two weeks. The records of the last two years would show much more that is proof positive of the great factor in child rescue that the special visitor has become. A number of children are being paid, in the form of scholarships, sums of from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a week in order that they may be kept in school. Where the child is over fourteen years of age, and is held in school because of lack of scholastic qualifications, this money is often paid by the Child Labor Committee. Where, however, the child is under fourteen, the money is raised by private means solicited either by one of the special visitors or by myself. Not infrequently these financial burdens are borne, in whole or part, by the teacher, the principal or the district superintendent.

In the cases referred to, there has been no mention made of the girl of fourteen or fifteen who is just beginning to enter the life that leads to moral degradation. Such cases require much of the visitor's

¹Since this report was written, the child was brought back to the stepmother, and upon the complaint of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was committed to an orphanage.

personal interest and time. When a girl of this age is beginning to associate with vicious companions and to frequent low places of amusement, it takes infinite tact, much time and considerable money for the visitor to win the girl back to the paths of rectitude. In these cases it is only by means of personal friendship and personal attention, of taking her to concerts and other forms of pure entertainment, of an occasional day spent in the country, of frequent visits to the home and of personal effort of the most tactful kind, that the visitor can succeed in saving such a girl, body and soul.

Some day the city must realize that work of this kind for its children is as much a part of its function as the work of the school doctor and the school nurse; for often before it has profited by similar lessons. Here in New York City, the greatest public reforms along the lines of social and educational needs are directly traceable to the influence of private initiative. Two or three free kindergartens made the beginning of our great free public kindergarten system. The first summer school maintained by the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor led to the establishment of our great vacation school system. The club work of the Educational Alliance and Social Settlements led to the establishment of the Club System in the evening recreation centres of the public schools. The success of the roof garden on the Educational Alliance led to the placing of roof gardens on many public school buildings. The volunteer work of one nurse, placed in a public school by Miss Wald of the Henry Street Settlement, brought about the installation of the magnificent system of school nursing now in successful operation not only in New York, but in scores of other cities. So, too, in time, must the Board of Education place a special social visitor in every school.

But, until that time comes, private interest and private money must help to keep the work alive in order to prove its unquestionable value. Whatever may be said in defence of our splendidly organized charitable and philanthropic institutions, it must still be borne in mind that many cases of genuine distress escape their notice, because the very poor of high character feel too proud to unburden their troubles voluntarily. Social workers connected with settlements or other private organizations reach a very large number of cases of the worthy poor, but there are many quite as worthy which have not been brought to their attention. It is the great public school, however, which reaches every home, at least every home in which there is a child of school age.

The teacher, in districts where the special visitor is now operating, is being trained to look for what is wrong with the child *socially*, just as in the last few years she has learned to look for what is wrong with the

child *physically*. When the time comes that every teacher shall be able to detect the social needs of each child, and the special school and home visitor shall follow up each case until social disabilities shall have been removed from the life of the child, then, and not till then, can we feel that rescue is possible for *all* school children. The Junior League is doing its duty splendidly. Some half dozen people are generously helping out, for the time being, the work in my district. Such work must be continued until its value is so apparent that the Board of Education can no longer ignore its claims.

In my district, for instance, we shall require for the year 1910 fully \$3,000.00. This will enable us to command full time service from two workers and part time service from a third. We shall need an incidental fund for carfare, amusements, and scholarships. A sufficient endowment will enable us, I hope, to put one worker into the evening school, where we have a large number of young girls, many of them friendless and boarding with strangers, whose social and industrial positions might be improved if an intelligent social worker could visit the factories where they are employed, or could find better positions for certain of them. The social welfare of girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age is one of the most pressing problems thoughtful people must consider. It now rests with the public to decide whether work of this kind must be abandoned because of the lack of funds to finance it, or whether the crying need will not bring forth, in answer to the unmistakable call of a great social duty, volunteers who can furnish the wherewithal to foster the work to develop and to improve it, until the city shall have adopted it as a part of its obligation to its children.

Julia Richman.

District Superintendent of Public Schools, New York.

CELT AND SAXON

[Editor's Note: This is the second installment of George Meredith's posthumous novel, which will be continued in the six subsequent numbers of this magazine.]

CHAPTER V

AT THE PIANO, CHIEFLY WITHOUT MUSIC

BARELY had the door shut behind them when Patrick let his heart out: "The princess?" He had a famished look, and Caroline glided along swiftly with her head bent, like one musing; his tone alarmed her; she lent him her ear, that she might get some understanding of his excitement suddenly as it seemed to have come on him; but he was all in his hungry interrogation, and as she reached her piano and raised the lid, she saw it on tiptoe straining for her answer.

"I thought you were aware of my cousin's marriage."

"Was I?" said Patrick, asking it of himself, for his conscience would not acknowledge an absolute ignorance. "No; I fought it, I wouldn't have a blot on her be suspected. She's married! She's married to one of their princes!—married for a title!—and changed her religion! And, Miss Adister, you're speaking of *Adiante*?"

"My cousin *Adiante*."

"Well did I hate the name! I heard it first over in France. Our people wrote to me of her; and it's a name to set you thinking: Is she tender, or nothing like a woman—a stone? And I put it to my best friend there, Father Clement who's a scholar, up in everything, and he said it was a name with a pretty sound and an ill meaning—far from tender; and a bad history too, for she was one of the forty-nine Danaides who killed their husbands for the sake of their father and was not likely to be the fiftieth, considering the name she bore. It was for her father's sake she as good as killed her lover, and the two *Adiantes* are like enough: they're as like as a pair of hands with daggers. So that was my brother Philip's luck! She's married! It's done; it's over, like death: no hope. And this time it's against her father; it's against her faith. There's the end of Philip! I could have prophesied it; I did; and when they broke, from her casting him off—true to her name! thought I. She cast him off, and she couldn't wait for him, and there's his heart broken. And I ready to glorify her for a saint! And how she must have loved the man, or his title, to change her religion. She gives him her soul! No praise to her for that; but mercy! what a love it must be. Or else it's a spell. But wasn't she rather one for flinging spells than melting? Except that

we're all of us hit at last, and generally by our own weapon. But she loved Philip; she loved him down to shipwreck and drowning; she gave battle for him, and against her father; all the place here and the country's alive with their meetings and partings;—she can't have married! She wouldn't change her religion for her lover; how can she have done it for this prince? Why, it's to swear false oaths!—unless it's possible for a woman to slip out of herself and be another person after a death like that of a love like hers."

Patrick stopped: the idea demanded a scrutiny.

"She's another person for me," he said. "Here's the worst I ever imagined of her!—thousands of miles and pits of sulphur beyond the worst and the very worst! I thought her fickle, I thought her heartless, rather a black fairy, perched above us, not quite among the stars of heaven. I had my ideas. But never that she was a creature to jump herself down into a gulf and be lost forever. She's gone, extinguished—there she is, under the penitent's hoodcap with eyeholes, before the faggots! and that's what she has married!—a burning torment, and none of the joys of martyrdom. Oh! I'm not awake. But I never dreamed of such a thing as this—not the hard, bare, lump-of-earth-fact:—and that's the only thing to tell me I'm not dreaming now."

He subsided again; then deeply beseeching asked: "Have you by chance a portrait of the gentleman, Miss Adister? Is there one anywhere?"

Caroline stood at her piano, turning over the leaves of a music-book, with a pressure on her eyelids. She was near upon being thrilled in spite of an astonishment almost petrifying: and she could nearly have smiled, so strange was his fraternal adoption, amounting to a vivification of his brother's passion. He seemed quite naturally to impersonate Philip. She wondered, too, in the coolness of her alien blood, whether he was a character, or merely an Irish character. As to the unwontedness of the scene, Ireland was chargeable with that; and Ireland also, a little at his expense as a citizen of the polite world, relieved him of the extreme ridicule attached to his phrases and images.

She replied: "We have no protrait."

"May I beg to know, have you seen him?" said Patrick.

Caroline shook her head.

"Is there no telling what he is like, Miss Adister?"

"He is not young."

"An old man!"

She had not said that, and she wished to defend her cousin from the charge of contracting such an alliance, but Patrick's face had brightened

out of a gloom of stupefaction; he assured her he was now ready to try his voice with hers, only she was to excuse a touch of hoarseness; he felt it slightly in his throat; and could he, she asked him, wonder at it after his morning's bath? He vindicated the saneness of the bath as well as he was able, showing himself at least a good reader of music. On the whole, he sang pleasantly, particularly French songs. She complimented him, with an emphasis on the French. He said, yes, he fancied he did best in French, and he had an idea of settling in France, if he found that he could not live quietly in his own country.

"And becoming a Frenchman?" said Caroline.

"Why not?" said he. "I'm more at home with French people; they're mostly of my creed; they're amiable, though they weren't quite kind to poor Lally Tollendal. I like them. Yes, I love France, and when I'm called upon to fix myself, as I suppose I shall be some day, I shan't have the bother over there that I should find here."

She spoke reproachfully: "Have you no pride in the title of Englishman?"

"I'm an Irishman."

"We are one nation."

"And it's one family where the dog is pulled by the collar."

There was a retort on him; she saw, as it were, the box, but the lid would not open to assist her to it, and she let it go by, thinking in her patriotic derision, that to choose to be likened to the unwilling dog of the family, was evidence of a want of saving pride.

Besides she could not trust to the glibness of her tongue in a contest with a young gentleman to whom talking was as easy as breathing, even if sometimes his volubility exposed him to attack. A superior position was offered her by her being silent and critical. She stationed herself on it: still she was grieved to think of him as a renegade from his country, and she forced herself to say: "Captain O'Donnell talks in that manner."

"Captain Con is constitutionally discontented because he's a bard by nature, and without the right theme for his harp," said Patrick. "He has a notion of Erin as the unwilling bride of Mr. Bull, because her lord is not off in heroics enough to please her, and neglects her, and won't let her be mistress of her own household, and she can't forget that he once had the bad trick of beating her; she sees the marks. And you mayn't believe it, but the Captain's temper is to praise and exalt. It is. Irony in him is only eulogy standing on its head: a sort of an upside down; a perversion: that's our view of him at home. All he desires is to have us on the march, and he'd be perfectly happy marching, never mind the ban-

ner, though a bit of green in it would put him in tune, of course. The banner of the Cid was green, Miss Adister; or else it's his pennon that was. And there's a quantity of our blood in Spain too. We've watered many lands."

The poor young English lady's brain started wildly in the effort to be with him, and to understand whether she listened to humor or emotion: she reposed herself as well as she could in the contemplation of an electrically flashing maze, where every line ran losing itself in another.

He added: "Old Philip! in a visible throb of pity for his brother;—after the scrupulous dubitation between the banner and the pennon of the Cid!

It would have comforted her to laugh. She was closer upon tears, and without any reason for them in her heart.

Such a position brings the hesitancy which says that the sitting is at an end.

She feared, as she laid aside her music-books, that there would be more to come about Adiante, but he spared her. He bowed to her departing, and strolled off by himself.

CHAPTER VI

A CONSULTATION: WITH OPINIONS UPON WELSHWOMEN AND THE CAMBRIAN RACE

LATER in the day she heard that he was out scouring the country on one of her uncle's horses. She had too many distressing matters to think of for so singular a young man to have any other place than that which is given to the fantastical in a troubled and serious mind. He danced there like the whimsy sunbeam of a shaken water below. What would be his opinion of Adiante if he knew of her determination to sell the two fair estates she inherited from a grandmother whom she had venerated, that she might furnish arms to her husband to carry out an audacious enterprise likely to involve both of them in blood and ruin? Would he not bound up aloft and quiver still more wildly? She respected, quaint though it was, his imaginative heat of feeling for Adiante sufficiently to associate him with her so far; and she lent him in fancy her own bewilderment and grief at her cousin's conduct, for the soothing that his exaggeration of them afforded her. She could almost hear his outcry.

The business of the hour demanded more of her than a seeking for refreshment. She had been invited to join the consultation of her uncle

with his lawyer. Mr. Adister tossed her another letter from Vienna, of that morning's delivery. She read it with composure. It became her task to pay no heed to his loss of patience, and induce him to acquiesce in his legal adviser's view: which was, to temporize further, present an array of obstacles, and by all possible suggestions induce the princess to come over to England, where her father's influence with her would have a chance of being established again; and it might then be hoped that she, who had never when under sharp temptation acted disobediently to his wishes at home, and who certainly would not have dreamed of contracting the abhorred alliance had she been breathing the air of common sense peculiar to her native land, would see the prudence, if not the solemn obligation, of retaining to herself these family possessions. Caroline was urgent with her uncle to act on such good counsel. She marvelled at his opposition, though she detected the principal basis of it.

Mr. Adister had no ground of opposition but his own intemperateness. The Welsh grandmother's legacy of her estates to his girl, overlooking her brothers, Colonel Arthur and Captain David, had excessively vexed him, despite the strong feeling he entertained for Adiante; and not simply because of the blow he received in it unexpectedly from that old lady, as the last and heaviest of the long and open feud between them, but also, chiefly, that it outraged and did permanent injury to his ideas of the proper balance of the sexes. Between himself and Mrs. Winnion Rhys the condition of the balance had been a point of vehement dispute, she insisting to have it finer up to equality, and he that the naturally lighter scale should continue to kick the beam. Behold now the consequence of the wilful Welshwoman's insanest of legacies! The estates were left to Adiante Adister for her sole use and benefit, making almost a man of her, and an unshackled man, owing no dues to posterity. Those estates in the hands of a woman are in the hands of her husband; and the husband a gambler and a knave, they are in the hands of the Jews—or gone to smoke. Let them go. A devilish malignity bequeathed them: let them go back to their infernal origin. And when they were gone, his girl would soon discover that there was no better place to come to than her home; she would come without an asking, and alone, and without much prospect of the intrusion of her infamous Hooknose in pursuit of her at Earlsfont. The money wasted, the wife could be at peace. Here she would have leisure to repent of all the steps she had taken since that fatal one of the acceptance of the invitation to the Embassy at Vienna. Mr. Adister had warned her both against her going and against the influence of her friend Lady Wenchester, our Ambassador there, another Welshwoman, with the weather-vane head of her

race. But the girl would accept, and it was not for him to hold out. It appeared to be written that the Welsh, particularly Welshwomen, were destined to worry him up to the end of his days. Their women were a composition of wind and fire. They had no reason, nothing solid in their whole nature. Englishmen allied to them had to learn that they were dealing with broomstick witches and irresponsible sprites. Irishwomen were models of propriety beside them: indeed Irishwomen might often be patterns to their English sisterhood. Mr. Adister described the Cambrian ladies as a kind of daughters of the Fata Morgana, only half human, and deceptive down to treachery, unless you had them fast by their spinning fancy. They called it being romantic. It was the ante-chamber of madness. Mad, was the word for them. You pleased them you knew not how, and just as little did you know how you displeased them. And you were long hence to be taught that in a certain past year, and a certain month, and on a certain day of the month, not forgetting the hour of the day to the minute of the hour, and attendant circumstances to swear loud witness to it, you had mortally offended them. And you receive your blow: you are sure to get it: the one passion of those women is for vengeance. They taste a wound from the lightest touch, and they nurse the venom for you. Possibly you may in their presence have had occasion to praise the military virtues of the builder of Carnarvon Castle. You are by and by pierced for it as hard as they can thrust. Or you have incidentally compared Welsh mutton with Southdown:—you have not highly esteemed their drunken Bards:—you have asked what the Welsh have done in the world; you are supposed to have slighted some person of their family—a tenth cousin!—anything turns their blood. Or you have once looked straight at them without speaking, and you discover years after that they have chosen to foist on you their idea of your idea at the moment; and they have the astounding presumption to account this misreading of your look to the extent of a full justification, nothing short of righteous for their treachery and your punishment! O those Welshwomen!

The much-suffering lord of Earlsfont stretched forth his open hand, palm upward, for a testifying instrument to the plain truth of his catalogue of charges. He closed it tight and smote the table. "Like mother—and grandmother too—like daughter!" he said, and generalized again to preserve his dignity: "They're aflame in an instant. You may see them quiet for years, but it smoulders. You dropped the spark, and they time the explosion."

Caroline said to Mr. Camminy: "You are sure you can give us the day?"

"All of it," he replied, apologizing for some show of restlessness. "The fact is, Miss Adister, I married a lady from over the borders, and though I have never had to complain of her yet, she may have a *finale* in store. It's true that I love wild Wales."

"And so do I." Caroline raised her eyes to imagined mountains.

"You will pardon me, Camminy," said Mr. Adister.

The lawyer cracked his back to bow to the great gentleman so magnanimously humiliating himself. "Sir! Sir!" he said. "Yes, Welsh blood is queer blood, I own. They find it difficult to forgive; and trifles offend; and they are unhappily just as secretive as they are sensitive. The pangs we cause them, without our knowing it, must be horrible. They are born, it would seem, with more than the common allowance of kibes for treading on: a severe misfortune for them. Now for their merits: they have poetry in them; they are valiant; they are hospitable to teach the Arab a lesson: I do believe their life is their friend's at need—seriously, they would lay it down for him: or the wherewithal, their money, their property, excepting the three-stringed harp of three generations back, worth now in current value sixpence halfpenny as a curiosity, or three farthings for firewood; that they'll keep against their own desire to heap on you everything they have—if they love you, and you at the same time have struck their imaginations. Offend them, however, and it's war, declared or covert. And I must admit that their best friend can too easily offend them. I have lost excellent clients, I have never understood why; yet I respect the remains of their literature, I study their language, I attend their gatherings and subscribe the expenses; I consume Welsh mutton with relish; I enjoy the Triads, and can come down on them with a quotation from Catwg the Wise: but it so chanced that I trod on a kibe, and I had to pay the penalty. There's an Arabian tale, Miss Adister, of a peaceful traveller who ate a date in the desert and flung away the stone, which hit an invisible son of a genie in the eye, and the poor traveller suffered for it. Well, you commit these mortal injuries to the invisible among the Welsh. Some of them are hurt if you call them Welsh. They scout it as the original Saxon title for them. No, they are Cymry, Cambrians! They have forgiven the Romans. Saxon and Norman are still their enemies. If you stir their hearts you find it so. And, by the way, if King Edward had not trampled them into the mire so thoroughly, we should hear of it at times even now. Instead of penillions and englyns, there would be days for fiery triplets. Say the worst of them, they are sound-headed. They have a ready comprehension for great thoughts. The Princess Nikolas, I remember, had a special fondness for the words of Catwg the Wise."

"Adiante," had murmured Caroline, to correct his indiscretion. She was too late.

"Nikolas!" Mr. Adister thundered. "Hold back that name in this house, title and all, if you speak of my daughter. I refuse admission to it here. She has given up my name, and she must be known by the one her feather-brained grandmother proposed for her, to satisfy her pleasure in a fine sound. English Christian names are my preference. I conceded Arthur to her without difficulty. She had a voice in David, I recollect; with very little profit to either of the boys. I had no voice in Adiante; but I stood at my girl's baptism, and Adiante let her be. At least I saved the girl from the addition of Arianrod. It was to have been Adiante Arianrod. Can you credit it? Prince—pah! Nikolas? Have you a notion of the sort of prince that makes an English lady of the best blood of England his princess?"

The lawyer had a precise notion of the sort of prince appearing to Mr. Adister in the person of his foreign son-in-law. Prince Nikolas had been described to him before, with graphic touches upon the quality of the reputation he bore at the courts and in the gambling-saloons of Europe. Dreading lest his client's angry heat should precipitate him on the prince again, to the confusion of a lady's ears, Mr. Camminy gave an emphatic and short affirmative.

"You know what he is like?" said Mr. Adister, with a face of disgust reflected from the bare thought of the hideous likeness.

Mr. Camminy assured him that the description of the prince's lineaments would not be new. It was, as he was aware, derived from a miniature of her husband, transmitted by the princess, on its flight out of her father's loathing hand to the hearthstone and under his heel.

Assisted by Caroline, he managed to check the famous delineation of the adventurer prince in which a not very worthy gentleman's chronic fever of abomination made him really eloquent, quick to unburden himself in the teeth of decorum.

"And my son-in-law! My son-in-law!" ejaculated Mr. Adister, tossing his head higher, and so he stimulated his amazement and abhorrence of the portrait he rather wondered at them for not desiring to have sketched for their execration of it, alluringly foul as it was: while they in concert drew him back to the discussion of his daughter's business, reiterating prudent counsel, with a knowledge that they had only to wait for the ebbing of his temper.

"Let her be informed, sir, that by coming to England she can settle the business according to her wishes in one quarter of the time it would take a Commission sent out to her—if we should be authorized to send

out one," said Mr. Camminy. "By committing the business to you, I fancy I perceive your daughter's disposition to consider your feelings: possibly to a reluctance to do the deed unsanctioned by her father. It would appear so to a cool observer, notwithstanding her inattention to your remonstrances."

The reply was: "Dine here and sleep here. I shall be having more of these letters," Mr. Adister added, profoundly sighing.

Caroline slipped away to mark a conclusion to the debate; and Mr. Camminy saw his client redden fast and frown.

"Besides," he spoke in a husky voice, descending upon a subject hateful, "she tells me to-day she is not in a state to travel! Do you hear? Make what you can of it."

The proud and injured gentleman had the aspect of one who receives a blow that it is impossible for him to resent. He could not speak the shame he felt: it was literally in his flesh. But the cause had been sufficiently hinted to set the lawyer staring as men do when they encounter situations of grisly humour, where certain of the passions of man's developed nature are seen armed and furious against our mild prevailing ancient mother nature; and the contrast is between our utter wrath and her simple exposition of the circumstances and consequences forming her laws. There are situations which pass beyond the lightly stirred perceptive wits to the quiet court of the intellect, to be received there as an addition to our acquaintance with mankind. We know not of what substance to name them. Humor in its intense strain has a seat somewhere about the mouth of tragedy, giving it the enigmatical faint wry pull at a corner visible at times upon the dreadful mask.

That Mr. Adister should be astonished at such a communication from the princess, after a year of her marriage: and that he should take it for a further outrage of his paternal sentiments, should actually redden and be hoarse in alluding to it: the revelation of such points in our human character set the humane old lawyer staring at the reserve space within himself apart from his legal being, whereon he by fits compared his own constitution with that of the individuals revealed to him by their acts and confidential utterances. For him, he decided that he would have rejoiced at the news.

Granting the prince a monster, however, as Mr. Adister unforcedly considered him, it was not so cheering a piece of intelligence that involved him yet closer with that man's rank blood: it curdled his own. The marriage had shocked and stricken him, cleaving, in his love for his daughter, a goodly tree and withering many flowers. Still the marriage was but *Adiante's* gulf: he might be called father-in-law of her spangled

ruffian; son-in-law, the desperado-rascal would never be called by him. But the result of the marriage dragged him bodily into the gulf: he became one of four, numbering the beast twice among them. The subtlety of his hatred so reckoned it; for he could not deny his daughter in the father's child; he could not exclude its unhallowed father in the mother's: and of this man's child he must know and own himself the grandfather. If ever he saw the child, if drawn to it to fondle it, some part of the little animal not his daughter's would partake of his embrace. And if neither of his boys married, and his girl gave birth to a son! darkness rolled upon that avenue of vision. A trespasser and usurper—one of the demon's brood chased his very name out of Earlsfont!

"Camminy, you must try to amuse yourself," he said briskly. "Anything you may be wanting at home shall be sent for. I must have you here to make sure that I am acting under good advice. You can take one of the keepers for an hour or two of shooting. I may join you in the afternoon. You will find occupation for your gun in the north covers."

He wandered about the house, looking into several rooms, and only partially at rest when he discovered Caroline in one, engaged upon some of her aquarelle sketches. He asked where the young Irishman was.

"Are you in search of him?" said she. "You like him, uncle? He is out riding, they tell me."

"The youngster is used to southwestern showers in that climate of his," Mr. Adister replied. "I dare say we could find the Jesuit in him somewhere. There's the seed. His cousin Con O'Donnell has filled him with stuff about Ireland and England: the man has no better to do than to train a parrot. What do you think of him, my love?"

The judgment was not easily formed for expression. "He is not quite like what I remember of his brother Philip. He talks much more, does he not? He seems more Irish than his brother. He is very strange. His feelings are strong; he has not an idea of concealing them. For a young man educated by the Jesuits, he is remarkably open."

"The Jesuits might be of service to me just now!" Mr. Adister addressed his troubled soul, and spoke upon another conception of them: "How has he shown his feelings?"

Caroline answered quickly: "His love of his brother. Anything that concerns his brother moves him; it is like a touch on a musical instrument. Perhaps I should say a native one."

"Concerns his brother?" Mr. Adister inquired, and his look requesting enlightenment told her she might speak.

"Adiante," she said softly. She colored.

Her uncle mused awhile in a half-somnolent gloom. "He talks of this at this present day?"

"It is not dead to him. He really appears to have hoped . . . he is extraordinary. He had not heard before of her marriage. I was a witness of the most singular scene this morning, at the piano. He gathered it from what he had heard. He was overwhelmed by it. I could not exaggerate. It was impossible to help being a little touched, though it was so curious, very strange."

Her uncle's attentiveness incited her to describe the scene, and as it visibly relieved his melancholy, she did it with a few vivid indications of the quaint young Irishman's manner of speech. She concluded: "At last he begged to see a portrait of her husband."

"Not of her?" said Mr. Adister abruptly.

"No; only of her husband."

"Show him her portrait."

A shade of surprise was on Caroline's forehead. "Shall I?" She had a dim momentary thought that the sight of the beautiful face would not be good for Patrick.

"Yes; let him see the woman who could throw herself away on that branded villain called a prince, abjuring her Church for a little fouler than hangman to me and every gentleman alive. I desire that he should see it. Submission to the demands of her husband's policy required it of her, she says! Show it him when he returns; you have her miniature in your keeping. And to-morrow take him to look at the full-length of her before she left England and ceased to be a lady of our country. I will order it to be placed in the armory. Let him see the miniature of her this day."

Mr. Adister resolved at the same time that Patrick should have his portrait of the prince for a set-off to the face of his daughter. He craved the relief it would be to him to lay his colors on the prince for the sparkling amazement of one whom, according to Caroline's description, he could expect to feel with him acutely, which neither his niece nor his lawyer had done: they never did when he painted the prince. He was unstrung, heavily plunged in the matter of his chagrin and grief: his unhealed wound had been scraped and strewn with salt by his daughter's letter; he had a thirst for the kind of sympathy he supposed he would find in the young Irishman's horror at the husband of the incomparable beauty now past redemption degraded by her hideous choice: lost to England and to her father and to common respect. For none, having once had the picture of the man, could dissociate them; they were like heaven and its reverse, everlastingly coupled in the mind by their oppo-

sition of characters and aspects. Her father could not, and he judged of others by himself. He had been all but utterly solitary since her marriage, brooded on it until it saturated him; too proud to speak of the thing in sadness, or claim condolence for this wound inflicted on him by the daughter he had idolized other than through the indirect method of causing people to wonder at her chosen yoke-fellow. Their stupefaction refreshed him. Yet he was a gentleman capable of apprehending simultaneously that he sinned against his pride in the means he adopted to comfort his nature. But the wound was a perpetual sickness needing soul-medicine. Proud as he was, and unbending, he was not stronger than his malady, and he could disguise, he could not contain, the cry of immoderate grief. Adiante had been to him something beyond a creature beloved; she had with her glorious beauty and great-heartedness been the sole object which had ever inspirited his imagination. He could have thought no man, not the most illustrious, worthy of her. And there she was, voluntarily in the hands of a monster! "Husband!" Mr. Adister broke away from Caroline, muttering: "Her husband's policy!"

She was used to his interjections; she sat thinking more of the strange request to her to show Mr. O'Donnell the miniature of Adiante. She had often thought that her uncle regretted his rejection of Philip. It appeared so to her now, though not by any consecutive process of reasoning. She went to fetch the miniature, and gazing on it, she tried to guess at Mr. O'Donnell's thoughts when doing the same; for who so inflammable as he? And who, woman or man, could behold this lighted face, with the dark raised eyes and abounding auburn tresses, where the contrast of colors was in itself thrilling, and not admire, or more, half worship, or wholly worship? She pitied the youth: she fancied that he would not continue so ingenuously true to his brother's love of Adiante after seeing it; unless one might hope that the light above beauty distinguishing its noble classic lines, and the energy of radiance, like a morning of chivalrous promise, in the eyes, would subdue him to distant admiration. These were her flitting thoughts under the spell of her queenly cousin's visage. She shut up the miniature-case, and waited to hand it to young Mr. O'Donnell.

George Meredith.

(To be continued)

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC PROBLEM

IN all art to-day there is raging a struggle between the presentative and the didactic. And in no art is the war so clearly, so interestingly visible, as in the drama. This is from the American point of view, and the reason is obviously simple. Now is the adolescent period of the drama of America, and it is at this crucial time that it must face the two present possibilities and choose that by which it will mould the character of its maturity. England and France have found themselves dramatically. Their drama has reached its manhood, and the new phases assail a character already formed. Whatever influence any new movement may have upon them must be in the nature of a late modification, as of an old man who allies certain new ideas more or less firmly (usually less) to his time-practised convictions. Shakespeare and Molière, Sheridan and Hugo, *presented* life—they did not preach. What matter if to-day Bourget and Shaw attempt to expound doctrines from the stage pulpit? It is a new phase, but it cannot vitally change the long-developed character. Brioux and Barrie are still *presenting* life in line with the old tradition—though, of course, in the light of modern interpretation. But American drama has no tradition, because it has but just emerged from childhood. Its eyes are still dazzled by the unaccustomed light of its own newly-found importance. Heretofore it romped its capricious, blundering, unconscious, childlike way. But now it has arrived at the self-conscious age. It realizes its own wonderful individuality and, like every adolescent, begins to think that no one who is or ever has been is quite the same. And, like every adolescent too, it is looking forward along the roads leading to maturity, pondering, questioning, with all the excitement of a natural egoism, which road it shall choose. That is why the "Great American Drama" was a subject that suddenly flared forth, and as suddenly subsided. "What sort of great man am I going to be?" asks the child in confidence unmixed with doubt. "What sort of man shall I make myself?" the youth questions in more subdued tone. And the parents tremble and attempt to direct, just as the dramatic critics have done. And later the parents learn that the most they can do is to observe and suggest, and let the eternal tide sweep in, just as the dramatic critics will learn. But the interest of the observation is none the less keen—nay, it is all the keener, for the realization of the observer's ultimate impotence. That is why the present warfare between the two standards of dramatic art is so vital to America and so absorbingly interesting to watch.

"Art for art's sake" or "Art for morality's sake?" That is the ques-

tion confronting our dramatists to-day. Is American drama to represent life as the artist sees it, and leave conclusions to the individual, or is it, beyond doing that, to teach the individual the artist's own conclusions in the matter? Represent life, of course, it must, for abstract preaching is not art, and an arrangement of life to sermon, instead of sermon to life, robs the sermon of all efficacy. But is there to be a sermon? Is drama to imitate the fable and carry with it an unmistakably worded "message," as the fable carries its "moral" at the end? That is the question America is proceeding to decide.

Let not traditional prejudice blind us to evolutionary fact. "Art is suggestive. Art has nothing to do with conclusions." These are expressions familiar to the ears of all critics. But repetition is not argument. Let us beware they are not cant—the cant of unthorough investigation.

After all, in the old purely interpretative works of art, has not criticism expended its chief efforts in attempting to ascertain the artist's own conclusions? And after all, if the dramatic author should have his own conclusions included—not intruded—in his work, would the ultimate effect be much more than to rob the world of a great deal of speculative criticism? Those whose intelligence is active enough to draw their own message to-day from plays in which the author's message is not definitely set forth, could surely still formulate their own from another play, even if the author should attach his to it. And for the countless hosts who see the purely interpretative plays and draw no message therefrom at all, surely the suggestive statement of the author's conclusion would act, at best, as a stimulus and aid to their original thought; at worst, as better than the present nothing at all.

So much for comfort to the tradition-worshippers—but for nothing more. Whether or not the definitely formulated "message" is to become a requisite of American drama, depends finally not on the theory, as stated above, but on that theory upheld or not upheld, by dramatic fact. The rest, therefore, lies in an observation of the trend of experience.

Briefly calling to mind the past history of the present season, and noting that the successful plays, financially or artistically, *The Melting Pot*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, *Strife*, *The Harvest Moon*, *The Fourth Estate*, and even the farcical comedy, *Is Matrimony a Failure?*, all bore upon them clearly imprinted messages, let us proceed to an investigation of the more recent output.

Seven Days is a farce, and so must be counted out of the general category. Farce is only the lighter side of melodrama. Both forms deal with chance graspings of the proverbially long arm of coincidence. It is well known to all of us that this very arm often stretches around us in

actual life and grips us. At which times we usually say something bromidic as to the strangeness of life or the smallness of the world. The real explanation of this is that we lack an explanation of it. Enough of life we know, to believe that nothing in it happens without plan; but we are ignorant of so much of it that we are forced to dispose of certain occurrences as the workings of Chance. When we do so, however, we realize that Chance is the deity of our ignorance, as were the gods of old the deities of many particular ignorances. Ceres and Vulcan and the others have been dispensed with, because we believe that we understand the mysteries for which they stood. But for the mysteries which still constantly occur, but which we have not yet seemed to solve, we set up the symbol, Chance. That god plays a large rôle in life—yet we exclude him from serious drama. Why? It is because drama is an interpretation of life, though life is often melodrama. We demand of drama, and with justice, more than we do of life. Life is a creation from the Unknown; drama is a creation from man to help us explain this unknown. If an acquaintance commits murder, most often we do not know why. If a play-character does, we *must* know the reason, or we are unsatisfied. The aim of drama is to explain life, not merely to reproduce it. If the playwright does not understand, why should he reproduce? Such ununderstood actions we can see, we are seeing, every minute of our lives—we need not set apart evenings especially for the purpose. That is why, although chance occurs in life, it must be eliminated from the play. It must be—unless the mere amusement to be derived from watching the occurrences compensates us for our ignorance of why they occur. When this happens, we have popular farce. The combination of circumstances must be such as to lead us to accept them without question, for the sake of the laughter involved. Such is the case with *Seven Days*. Clever lines, situations and acting keep the audience in gales of merriment. It is not intellectual amusement, but it may well serve a good purpose for the intellectuals, because occasional relief from all thought helps thought, as a deep sleep prepares the body for fresh toil.

But the “message” tendency does come to light in another so-called farce appearing on our boards: *The Lottery Man*, by Rida Johnson Young. As a farce this piece is not a success, because it does not conform to its own species. When we are children—and many adults in this respect are still children, just as many children are already adults—when we are children and see a man slip on the street, proceed precipitously to the pavement, wave his hands wildly and attempt vainly to pursue his fleeing hat—when we see this, as children, we smile, if we do not actually laugh. But after we have fallen in like manner, or have had explained

to us the attendant pain and danger of such a fall, though we may still smile, we do not laugh—we sympathize. It is all a matter of understanding. It is all a matter of the difference between farce and comedy. It is all a matter of why the really clever joke never makes us guffaw. Ignorance is at the source of boisterous laughter. There is always a tear behind the smile. And in *The Lottery Man* there is too much we can understand, for it to be classed as farce. Certain of the occurrences are farcical, but the characters are almost all limned with the comic brush. There are two sets of mother and son, one in which the close mutual touch is present, the other in which both members are yearning to have it so. And in the end it comes to set number two, because it learns the secret of it from set number one: which is that youth and its attractiveness are a matter of the color of the heart, not of the hair; that being loved is a matter of loving; and that loving arises from active sympathy. That is the “message” clearly placed in the midst of farcical surroundings. It is like setting a pearl in tin. The effect is incongruous. Mrs. Young loves these and other characters in her play too well for farce. The farceur should not love his characters; for we cannot love those we do not know, any more than we can hate those we know. But the play shows that Mrs. Young can write comedy, as she has, and as it is to be hoped she will. The billboards proclaim the piece as one long scream. It is not. But it is successful, though not according to artistic canons. That is because the great public is eager for gold, even in the nugget; because, I think, it enjoys the play’s smiles, and does not mind the incongruity of its laughs.

But why, if farces are successful, cannot melodramas also be? The answer, if correct, is significant of the dramatic trend. It is because people are willing to be amused without thought that they like farce. But they have thought too much to make it possible to play ignorantly upon their more exhausting emotions. Theodore Burt Sayre did not realize this when he constructed the extremely coincidental *The Commanding Officer*. There was in this play a very deft intertwining of the old, melodramatic strings of the once faithless, now repentant wife, the villainous lover, the assignation in his room at midnight, the suffering, self-sacrificing girl friend of the wife, and her suffering, heroic lover. The strings were the same eternally old strings, to be sure, frazzled from overuse—but the knot they were wound into had a new twist which was interesting to look upon. Now this is what makes farce effective, because the new twist is laughable. But the twist in melodrama is too technical, too mental to compensate for the presence of the well-known strings.

People cannot become excited, because it seems too essentially improbable, *chanceful*. That is why the play failed.

That is why *The Nigger*, by Edward Sheldon, fell so disappointingly short of the promise of his previous *Salvation Nell*. It is only necessary to quote one line from the play to bring it vividly before the reader in its true character. Just before the climax, the villain of the piece, who is in possession of a letter that will prove to the hero the fact (of which he and everybody else but one is entirely ignorant), namely that the hero has negro blood in his lineage; just before the climax the villain decides that he must resort to blackmail in order to force the hero, who is governor, to veto a bill adverse to the villain's interests. So he proceeds to take the letter from his wallet; and as he does so, he comes out of the picture to remark to the audience in an aside, of which the following is an exact quotation: "Lucky I always carry it with me." Is it necessary to recount the various other "chance happenings"? Is it necessary to say that the hero of the tainted blood just happens to be the one most respected member of his community, of the proudest blood of the state? Is it necessary to note that a full-blooded relative of his just happens to appeal to him, then sheriff, for protection against a mob of lynchers who are after him for the commission of the unspeakable crime, and that this negro's mother, who just happens to be the other person in possession of the dread secret, shouts to the hero in her frantic excitement "You must save him. You must save him. He is your—[*pause*]—He is your—[*long pause*]—" while the hero expresses not the slightest curiosity to ascertain his *what* the man is? When the villain does show the governor the letter, for fear of having the evidence destroyed he hands him a typewritten copy. This time he does not remark to the audience upon the happy chance that made him have this copy made and carried with the original—but doubtless that was merely an oversight of the author. The flippancy must be pardoned because the play makes such unerring appeal to one's humorous sense.

It is sad, however, for the play comes from the pen of a promising American dramatist, a product of Harvard's playwriting course, and it is produced by the New Theatre, which should accomplish only dignified work. In the last act Mr. Sheldon suddenly remembers his position and the "message" tendency of drama. So he attempts to handle the negro problem. But it is too late. He advocates no solution; he does not even suggest a line of thought. His message is tacked on. In essence it is "Love and work and wait"—neither startlingly new nor practically helpful; and it does not evolve itself from the previous action. It will not save the play nor the theatre. But it is hoped that Mr. Sheldon, still

young, will shortly save himself; while the New Theatre, through subsequent productions, has already in good part covered up the stain.

The School for Scandal, the next work it produced, in spite of certain artistic shortcomings, was, nevertheless, on the whole, a very entertaining performance. Especially noteworthy was the scenery, as has been the case with every play at that theatre so far, with the single exception of the first act of *The Nigger*. Scenery is a far more important factor in a production than most people, except artists and a few playwrights, such as Mr. Thomas, realize. It forms a subconscious attitude toward the action which often serves in the case of a doubtful play to determine its standing, or falling. Hamlet did not say "The play's the thing." He appended the particularization which egotistic dramatists have dropped from their memory: "Wherewith to catch the conscience of the king." The New Theatre has not forgotten this, and, as a result, it is the only playhouse in the city which consistently sets its performances in artistic and appropriate backgrounds, which are only backgrounds. The much discussed draped stage would as yet stand out as inartistically to our unprepared eye as the solid wood trees or the creased sky-flap do to-day. Between the two extremes of the late Sir Henry Irving and the future Gordon Craig, the New Theatre has struck a satisfying medium. And that did much to help this particular performance on its way to success.

The acting was uneven. Mr. Anson as Joseph, Mr. Bruning as Crabtree and Mr. E. M. Holland as the uncle, lived up to their artistic statures. And Miss George's performance of Lady Teazle welded beautifully together the flower of the country and the perfume of the town. One realized, as one so seldom does in seeing this play acted, that Lady Teazle was one of the School only in veneer, that the wood beneath was of healthy, living pine; and so, for once, one was not nonplussed to see the wood, when the screen scene rubbed the veneer away. But Mr. Calvert's Sir Peter was too jovial to be effective. Sheridan's old husband was a less pessimistic and more unpolished edition of Molière's misanthrope. Society considered him, as it always does the outspokenly honest man, a crank, if not a bore. While he was fairly happy, it was not interested in him, beyond a feeling of slightly scornful pity. When he became miserable, he was the centre of their selfish, laughing regard. But Mr. Calvert lost all this. His evident good humor, at the first, made the School's uncomfortable scorn inexplicable and robbed the quarrel scenes of their amusing contrast. And his noisome anger, later, took from the climax and the scene following the grim pathos of his rôle. Besides, he fumbled often over his lines, a fault to be expected perhaps in the weekly-bill-

changed stock actor, but hardly pardonable in what aims to be the foremost stock company of America. This, combined with the unaccountable pauses in the speeches, especially of Miss Rose Coghlan's *very* bland Mrs. Candor, served to retard unfortunately the tempo of the comic action. Mr. Lang, a recent importation, failed to suggest beneath the outward vulgarity of Charles the innate spiritual refinement. Of course the man who twitted Sir Peter at the very moment of his tragedy could not have had any. But it is necessary to introduce it for the sake of modern auditors.

The whole piece is extremely immoral, both because it represents certain immoralities of life with approbation, and, chiefly, because, to effect its dénouement, it is untrue to human nature. It is interesting to note how Sheridan, while morally chastizing the gossiping spirit of his age, shows himself none the less a true son of it. He constantly reiterates that true wit is much nearer to good humor than the stinging phrase-makers realize; yet he is never witty except in the gossiping scenes. The humor he praises is the riotous nonchalance of a set of drunkards, and his hero is one of them, a spendthrift without a morsel of love or respect for those who have been kind to him. Of his two apparently good men, one is a hypocritical villain; and the other he allows to find out that the man he considered a paragon is entertaining a French milliner in his apartment—and yet to be not the least shocked at the disclosure, on the contrary, amused. Sir Peter, of course, would have had his hopes blasted on discovering Joseph a reprobate—but Sir Peter, as far as Sheridan, the son of the eighteenth century, could conceive him, could actually laugh and poke Joseph between the ribs. “Sly dog,” says Sir Peter’s tongue, but Sheridan’s mind. That is immoral in the only absolute sense of immorality—a misrepresentation of nature. It is the same with Charles. It is natural, even for certain of *us*, to like this incapable, incapable of active evil as he is of active good. But it is not natural that Charles should have spared his uncle’s portrait at the sale. If he had not, and if Sir Peter had been shocked, how different the ending must have been. It is typical of its age that the twisting of nature in this play to the age’s ideals of life did not trouble its ethical or artistic conscience. To-day we realize it to be that most dangerous of play types for the unthinking—a comedy with an almost imperceptible farcical turn. Its delightful comedy situations are excuse for its production. But let us hope, for the good of the community, that its farce will become more and more generally noticed.

It is in *Don*, however, by Rudolph Besier, that the New Theatre has, for the second time this season, achieved what should be its artistic posi-

tion. The play outlines the story of a dreamer and doer, too big spiritually to stop to consider what other people may think of his actions, once he determines they are right. He is placed, as all of his class are, in the midst of a world of far more limited horizon, who judge his actions only as that part of them lying this side of their sky-line appears. But this world is not taken as an opposed whole. The author subtly divides it into its varied components, including, it seems, the whole field, from the utterly blind old warrior, who condemns on circumstantial evidence and refuses to be reasoned out of it, through the fiancée of the hero, who understands up to the crucial point and then is overwhelmed by conventional tradition, to the hero's dear mother, who has entirely the world's point of view, but whose mother-love condones and forgives all "her Son" does. It would be thoroughly worth while, if space permitted, to enter into an analysis of every character, each so incisively portrayed, so significantly contrasted to the others, so excellently vivified by the company's second splendid performance. Mr. Lang as the hero proves that he is fashioned chiefly for sweeping, vigorous rôles; for the man's active independence he mastered, while he missed his spiritual glow. But this was the only slip in a performance where the rest of the acting was so well done that if it were not for the exceptionally virile art of Mr. Calvert's impersonation in the last act, it would be unfair to single out his name for mention. But the finely, tellingly wrought figure he presented is of more value than as a study in thespic art, which this article could not compass within its limits: taken into consideration with the character he created in *Strife* and that he failed to create in *The School for Scandal*, it goes to prove the falsity of that strangely rife theory that a great actor can play any part well. Any actor of course, can play any part. But every actor is a man with the limitations of any other artist. That we accept these limitations in other arts and refuse to in the thespic, is indicative of the fact, so well illustrated by many members of this literally "profession," that acting is at once probably the oldest, the most spontaneous, and the least studied of the arts.

That is why it is such a delight to see Miss Tempest. She is a comedienne who knows what she can do well, and continues to do it. One is always sure of her. She may lack the fascination of novelty, but she possesses the more valuable attraction of reliability. The same may be said of Mr. Maugham, the author of *Penelope*, in which she is appearing. There is nothing startling or gripping in his work—but there is always a deliciously gentle flow of unlabored comedy, aided by a pleasant sparkle of as unlabored cleverness of dialogue. The result is not epoch-making, but in the field of its endeavor it is art. For art, in spite of the pains

expended in the workshop, must appear before the world as the product of ease.

On that very account *The Lily* appears faded. It is an adaptation from the French, and the spectator never forgets it. The sweat of labor is clearly visible on the brow of that which should toil not, neither spin. The exposition, pre-Scribe, shows it. The working up to the climax shows it. The climax shows it. And the particularly adapted last act, where an argument for free love in the original changes into an argument against it in this version, shows it more unmistakably than ever. As background to a sombre play there is a particularly sombre setting. The stage is throughout in half light, which helps on the depression. It is heavy, unrelievedly heavy. The cast is composed, for the most part, of players with big reputations, but they do not live up to them. Mr. Cartwright portrays the stern father, the weak roué, the selfish egotist, individually well; but the ingredients stand forth, they are not welded; they form a physical not a chemical compound. Mr. Kelly plays impossibly an impossible rôle—a sentimental lover of the sixties in a drama of the tens. Miss Deane and Miss O'Neill do good work until the climax. Then they are weighed down by the heaviness. It is as if they cannot throw it off. One feels himself at the edge of a thrill which never cuts. The only really capable impersonations are those of Mr. McRae and Mr. Dietrichstein, both playing superfluous rôles; one, the familiar old familiar of the household; the other a friend of the hero, to whom he relates his past life for the convenience of the audience. The trouble with the play is that it is a purely emotional drama, smothered by the incongruous mixture of *Old Homestead* sentimental technique—there is actually incidental music—and the ultra-modern, rational technique of "suppressed emotion."

When a play is an emotional frenzy, let it be frankly so. Clyde Fitch's last work, *The City*, is thus produced. All lights on, and emotion freed. The first act is one of the most finished pieces of exposition seen on the boards this year. It is live, vital, true. Except for one distasteful touch at the fall of the curtain, the whole act is a masterpiece of straightforward dramatic presentation. The second act whirls us into the midst of the climax, to be more exact, of the climaxes. Swiftly and terribly the action proceeds until the uttermost emotion is wrung. From the scene of a man's realizing that he is corrupt rather than honest, we pass through the scenes of that man's trying to keep his sister from her half-brother, whom she has in ignorance married, through a murder, to the spectacle of a maniac begging to be given a pistol that he may end his life—and begging in vain. It leaves the spectator exhausted, particularly because of Mr. Tully Marshal's nerve-wrackingly realistic portrayal of the maniac.

This is not claimed to be great drama. It purports to be only thrilling, and it achieves that end. Calm reflection later leads one to doubt the possibility of the hero's believing his corrupt practices to be honest, and especially his sudden realizing that they are not; but during the performance one has no time to think—one is swept away. The last act, as usual with Clyde Fitch, is weak. But it, too, bears the "unmistakable message": in this case, that the city is not the destroyer, but the test, of a man's strength.

There remains for consideration only *The Affinity*, which in spite of its unfortunately cheap title, is an excellent translation by Lawrence Irving of Eugène Brieux's excellent *Les Hanneçons*. In brief, amusing comedy scenes, we are taught the meaning of marriage, with and without benefit of clergy. A professor and a young girl are living together, bickering, quarrelling, unhappy. They separate—but habit brings them together again as surely as the marriage tie. It is all a matter of habit. It is the knot of destiny and not of law that holds men and women together. That is the theme of this subtly realistic play. The message is not stated, but it is evident. The compelling force with which it is driven home lies in the difference between Brieux's handling of character and Shaw's. The persons of the play do not realize its meaning, they do not talk their author's ideas. They act unthinkingly as would their prototypes in life. It is left for the observer to draw the inevitable conclusion. And because, therefore, it is truer to nature's essence, it is greater dramatic art.

The Affinity is a foreign play. So were others discussed or mentioned. But when produced in America, such plays affect and illustrate the dramatic trend. For the most part the "message" seems to have crept into all those of note. Whether or not it has come to stay is still questionable. Some plays without it are nevertheless of value. It is too early yet to decide. But now, at least, we may watch the new movement with our eyes open, and await its development without fear.

Edward Goodman.

THE CRIMINAL FOLLY OF A TARIFF WAR BETWEEN GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article reflects the attitude of the German Government in the Tariff negotiations interpreted by a leading authority. It is a startling revelation of certain aspects of this intricate question that have not even been touched upon in any previous discussion. In view of the present commercial crisis in the relations of the two countries, the subject is one of vital importance.]

THE negotiations between Germany and the United States with regard to a renewal or modification of the present tariff truce have entered upon their most critical phase. The next few weeks will bring the decision: Which shall it be, peace or war? The scales of fate rest in the hands of the President. In the past Germany has often made concessions to the United States, at times to her obvious disadvantage. There is, however, a point in national as well as in individual life where amiability degenerates into weakness. Germany feels that she has now reached the stage where further compromise would be suicide. She has been the ally of the United States in world politics. The mailed fist of the Kaiser has aided President Taft in preventing the Open Door in China from being slammed in the face of this country. Commercially, as well as politically, Germany has preserved the splendid tradition of Frederick the Great, the first European ruler to welcome America as a full-fledged nation. But it cannot, in fairness, demand the sacrifice, on the part of Germany, of vital interests. It is the purpose of this paper to explain why certain questions which affect America only academically touch Germany to the quick of her being.

Before entering upon the discussion of the crucial point of the present diversity of opinion—the non-admission of American cattle—we must disperse the clouds artificially generated by special interests to obscure the judgment of the American people. There have been vigorous attempts of late to inject the proposed German governmental regulation of the production of potash, the most important ingredient in artificial fertilization, into the tariff question. This matter is utterly irrelevant in this connection, but as it has been dragged into the discussion we may as well dispose of it once for all. In the first place, the American Government has not, as has been stated, lodged a protest in Berlin against the intended restrictive measures with regard to the exploitation of the mineral in question, but has merely made a friendly inquiry as to how American interests will be affected thereby. In order to understand the full importance of the matter, we must investigate the history

of the so-called *Kalisyndikat*, a projected combine of the leading interests in the production of potash. Last year in July negotiations had almost been completed when, on the very day on which the final papers were to be signed, a traitor appeared in the camp in the person of Herr Schmidtman. That gentleman surreptitiously made a seven years' contract with the American Fertilization Trust for the delivery of a large quantity of potash at rates considered ruinous by his prospective associates. His action, at the time, frustrated the combination.

Unfortunately Herr Schmidtman was—and is—unable to live up to the terms of his agreement without drawing upon the resources of other members of the Syndicate. The latter are unwilling to furnish the mineral in question at his rates; they, moreover, claim that the enormous amount called for by the contract would be tantamount to *destructive exploitation* and exhaust the limited supply of this valuable substance. We must realize that the area of the German Empire is hardly more than half that of Texas in order to understand why artificial fertilization is absolutely indispensable to the German farmer. Representatives of the Syndicate have vainly attempted to cancel the contract made individually by their delinquent member. When they realized the futility of appealing to the Fertilization Trust they addressed themselves to the German Government demanding (1) the imposition of a heavy export duty on potash and (2) the legal limitation of production (*Kontingierung*.)

The expedient of restricting production to preserve natural resources is by no means unparalleled. Germany has adopted this measure in the case of whiskey. Formerly the production of sugar was restricted by law in a similar manner. The present agitation in America to preserve lumber lands advocates similar measures of national self-preservation. The bill has not yet been presented to the Reichstag, but it may be stated positively that the demand for an export duty, being contrary to the policy of the Empire, will not even be considered. There is no doubt, however, that the production of the mineral will be restricted. The only sufferer thereby will be the Fertilization Trust, not the American farmer; for it is the Trust and not the farmer that would have pocketed the profit. The question therefore is of interest not to the American people at large, but only to a limited industrial combination. We shall see presently why artificial fertilization is of supreme importance to Germany. Potash and beef, paradoxical as it may seem, are to her *questions of life and death*.

"If you love us so much," the American breeder insists, "why don't you love our cattle." The answer requires an intimate knowledge of

Germany's politically precarious geographical position and of her agricultural household. There are many reasons why Germany must ward off American cattle, but one of supreme importance. *Beef is to Germany what Dreadnaughts are to England.* The integrity of her agriculture is the basis of her security as a nation. From the American point of view, however, the question is of no *practical* consequence whatsoever. If the United States insists on her pound of bovine flesh, she will provoke a disastrous commercial war for the sake of an *abstract principle*. In fact, the present writer is prepared to maintain that not even a principle is involved from the American point of view.

Mr. Sanders, the representative of the American breeder, triumphantly points to two facts: (1) that England welcomes American cattle, and (2) that Germany relaxes her stringent regulations in her traffic with her immediate neighbors. Well, then, Mr. Sanders notwithstanding, the question is purely theoretical for the simple reason that America has no live stock to export. England, it is true, is willing to admit the American bovine provided it is quarantined and slaughtered twelve days after its arrival. The English steamship lines have ample provisions for the transportation of American cattle. But searching investigation has disclosed the indisputable fact that the quantity actually exported is not worth speaking of. Vainly the empty stalls call for the American oxen. The soaring of meat prices to a point where even the White House and the household of Cardinal Gibbons appreciate the increase, affords in itself incontrovertible evidence of the truth of our contention. Senator Root recently said that within ten years, in view of the growth of our population, America will consume alone her *entire* raw production. If under these conditions the American breeder exports cattle to Germany, it is the American consumer who suffers. Will America permit the cattle breeders to drag her into a tariff war merely to enable them to impose prohibitive prices upon her own citizens?

Even if the German Government were prepared to stake the interests of the Empire, the Agrarian majority in the Reichstag would defeat any such intention. We are here face to face with a fact that no amount of arguing can explain away: An Agrarian majority will always, for better or for worse, put agricultural before industrial interests. In fact, the Agrarians in the Reichstag are not averse to a tariff war. They claim that Germany should produce her own food supplies, independently of alien markets. It is also claimed that the admittance of American cattle would be a serious menace to German cattle. American Government reports admit the ravages of Texas fever among native ruminants. "Yet," argues the American breeder, "the Fatherland imposes

no equal restrictions upon the bovines of Austria and Russia." Germany admits this discrimination, but denies that it is "undue." Austria, we must remember, was for almost ten centuries an integral part of the old German Empire. It would be practically impossible to prevent occasional traffic on the frontiers, where both countries almost imperceptibly melt into one. Nevertheless, the import of cattle from Austria and from Russia is negligible in quantity. Moreover, in *boundary traffic* certain exceptions must be allowed for what American diplomacy has termed "reasons of proximity." For the same reasons America has denied certain privileges to Germany that she has conceded to Cuba. If, therefore, the relaxation permissible in boundary traffic constitutes "undue discrimination," then the attitude of the United States in Cuba also constitutes "undue discrimination."

All this may be regarded as a juggling of terms, but there is at bottom one vital fact that cannot be denied, although on the surface it may appear somewhat startling to those ignorant of European conditions: If England is surrounded by water, Germany is surrounded by enemies. In case of war with France and Russia—with her harbors blocked and her bases of supplies, except from Austria, cut off—Germany would be in the same position in which England would find herself if her fleet were destroyed, *unless she could replenish her store from her own acres*. The most marvellously equipped army in the world cannot conquer famine. All the guns of the Krupp works cannot supply one beefsteak. If Germany were to welcome American cattle, she could not unduly discriminate against the bovines of Canada and Argentina. The German Agrarian, unable to compete with the foreign invader, would turn perforce to more profitable pursuits and in case of extreme war need the German Empire would be at the enemy's mercy. To strike a blow at the German oxen is to strike a blow at the safety of the Empire. To ask of Germany the impairment of the integrity of her live stock, would be like politely requesting England to abandon her fleet.

This is the cat in the bag of the Foreign Office; this is the *secret* reason of Germany's seemingly unaccountable stubbornness. It is clearly understood in Berlin that a tariff war is *inevitable*, if the special interests of the American cattle breeder prevail over the interests of the country at large. Such a war would be a piece of criminal folly, unmatched in the history of commerce. It would be a struggle of Titans, terrific and wasteful. The question is not as to who would suffer most, for both parties would suffer. An impoverished Germany would mean an impoverished customer for America. A tariff war would cripple the industries of victor as well as of vanquished. American harvesting

machines, American typewriters and American shoes would be absolutely barred by prohibitive duties. At present eighty-two per cent. of all metal working machines imported in Germany, seventy-four per cent. of metal working machines, and seventy-eight per cent. of sewing machines come from the United States. America furnishes, however, only twelve per cent. of the imports in leather goods and in shoes, while Germany's large imports of cotton tissue and cotton yarns are derived entirely from other sources. Great as are American exports to Germany at present, the potentialities of future development are almost unlimited.

Naturally a tariff war would be a severe blow to German shipping industries, but whatever the outcome, the probabilities are that England would be the *tertius gaudens*. The victor would exclaim with Pyrrhus: "Another such victory, and I am lost." If the present development is not disturbed, the United States and Germany will increase indefinitely their production and their consumption, their foreign purchases and their foreign sales. In our days, as the German Ambassador remarked in a speech before the *American Academy of Political and Social Science*, the wealth and prosperity of a nation depend, not on the poverty, but on the wealth and prosperity of other nations. The Ambassador instanced the trade relations between England and Germany. There are many people in England who grumble that German energy has in recent years been so successfully exercised in that sphere of industrial and commercial enterprise which Englishmen have been accustomed to regard as peculiarly their own, but they quite forget that the German export trade has created a great prosperity in Germany by which England benefits just as well as Germany, because the latter has become one of Great Britain's best customers. A similar exchange of goods is steadily increasing between Germany and the United States. An interruption of this growth would be an international catastrophe—a catastrophe, moreover, that may easily be prevented. The United States must abandon their position regarding the introduction of live stock; Germany, in turn, is ready to meet her half way in the readjustment of duties. The watchword must be: tariff peace, not war.

While there is no reason why trade rivalry should inspire political antagonism between nations, it is more than likely that the cordial relations between the two countries would be violently disturbed by commercial dissension. Germany, it should be remembered, has supported so far every proposal of President Taft, even at a sacrifice to herself. When the question of the Chinese Loan was broached, it was Germany that first consented to the President's plan. Washington gratefully admits the tremendous weight of the German Government's immediate moral sup-

port. Again now, when the neutralization of the Manchurian Railway was proposed by the American Secretary of State, Germany at once signified her willingness to act in harmony with the American Government. Mr. Knox's latest proposal, the establishment of a Permanent International Court, is also being favorably considered by the powers that be in the *Wilhelmstrasse*. In contrast to the Haag, law, not politics, is to determine the verdicts of this tribunal. The absurd statement published by some newspapers that the suggestion was merely an attempt on the part of the advisers of President Taft to take the wind out of Roosevelt's sails has not received one moment's serious attention from official Germany. If Mr. Roosevelt should indeed be ambitious to mediate between Germany and England, Mr. Knox's Peace Court, which is merely intended as an extension of the international Prize Court in London, would hardly interfere with his efforts.

The Kaiser's American sympathies have passed into current history. The American people formerly regarded only the English as their kindred by blood. Of late America is beginning to realize that she is, like England, a Germanic nation. It was noticed by foreign diplomats that during the Hudson-Fulton celebration the interest of the public was evenly divided between the German and the English admiral. The representatives of the other nations were not in the limelight of public attention. May not this foreshadow the cordial understanding between the three great Germanic nations, so fervently advocated by the first Roosevelt Professor in Berlin, John W. Burgess? Meanwhile an American Institute has been founded in Berlin under the auspices of Privy Councillor Schmidt of the *Kultusministerium*, in response to the growing interest in American problems. The aim of the Institute will be an extension of the Culture Exchange or *Kulturaustausch* between the two countries. Provisions will be made for scholarships for American students in Germany. Although no official announcement has been made, large donations have already been promised on both sides of the ocean. A thousand threads of international amity are spun from shore to shore. The splendid steamship service is daily lessening the distance between the two countries, symbolically, as well as in geographical miles. Who then will take upon himself the frightful responsibility of shattering with rude hands these many intimate ties of sympathy and of interest through a disastrous and needless commercial struggle?

One Who Knows.

BOOKS AND MEN

ROOSEVELT: A FEMININE TYPE

THERE may be something startling to the average mind in a statement that Theodore Roosevelt is a typical embodiment of the feminine in man; but the thoughtful, who do not jump to the conclusion that feminine is the same as effeminate, or mistake the superficial manifestations of character for its underlying bases, may find food for reflection in such a diagnosis.

Parenthetically, the principal reason why men find women so hard to understand is that they persist in considering them complex, whereas, in fact, the female mind is essentially simple in its processes. There is in the truly feminine little of that weighing and analysis that lie at the base of characteristically masculine decisions and acts. The woman sees one thing at a time, is governed by one controlling motive. This, it is true, may be cast aside at any moment and a new one take its place, but, while it stands, it is seldom affected or modified by the consideration of other sides of the question. A woman's horizon is not less distant than a man's, but, when gazing at it, she holds up her hands like blinders and sees only the small segment that is straight ahead instead of allowing her eyes to sweep around the circumference. All this is really only another way of expressing that ancient and accepted saying that a woman acts by intuition rather than reason, for intuition is nothing at all but the perfectly simple and uncomplicated mental process. Also it helps us understand why a bad woman will often do something very noble, a good one something contemptible, and why it is much safer to count on a man's acts being in accord with his general character.

Full comprehension of this premise will go far to classify and illuminate Mr. Roosevelt's activities. His is pre-eminently a mind that sees one thing at a time, or, in other words, works by intuition pure and simple. One object, one method, being in his vision, fills it for the time to the exclusion of all considerations that might affect or even negative its desirability. He is honest—nay, more, he is cock-sure of even his least impression. The thing that has occurred to him is always the only thing worth doing, and his divined way of doing it is the only proper and effective way.

In times of action rather than of thought, such a man is likely to go far. He is trammelled by none of the doubts or misgivings that beset reasoning and more masculine mentalities; for most questions have, at

the very least, two sides to them. It is fortunate for Mr. Roosevelt's prestige that his lot did not fall in classical or renaissance days, when a man's merit was apt to be measured by his soundness rather than by his activity; days when people were not in quite such a strenuous hurry to *do*, that, at best, they could only afford time to think afterward; for seeing both sides of a question is very likely to affect action with a moderation that, to the unthinking, often savors of indecision, and to inject a measure of deliberation that often spells failure of what may be considered effective accomplishment.

With us, as in most pronouncedly democratic periods of the world's history, mental development, too rapid for healthy assimilation, induces the tendency toward hysteria and, in the universal levelling movement, men become more like women as women become like men. He or she who is in fullest accord with the popular trend receives the prize of pre-eminence. At such times the sanity of the thinking man is apt to be left behind by the energy of the unthinking. It is the latter who wins the victory, but there is a difference between victories and successes, as a wise English statesman once suggested. That difference is usually unnoted at the moment; the slowly realized fact of virtual failure is lost sight of by the fickle multitude whose eyes are ever bent on some newer question in the settlement of which the same qualities again win the praises and the crowns.

I wonder to how many of us has a doubt suggested itself as to the real benefit of the enforced peace between Japan and Russia, the most highly lauded act of our ex-president's life. Viewing the matter in the yet faintly developing light of events there are certainly grounds to propound the question whether the lives of a few thousand soldiers in Manchuria have not been bought by many decades of delay in the redemption of Russia and, possibly, by a new and more terrible world convulsion in which we ourselves may have much to suffer; whether the advance of the world and its peoples has not really been set far back on the dial of time. All men must die and suffer more or less in the dying, and a few years one way or the other for some is a small matter in that larger view that embraces within its scope the fortunes of the race. Mr. Roosevelt saw only the immediate suffering of the few and, carried away by sympathy, threw himself into the situation with all the forcefulness that his nature demands. He won the most spectacular victory of his career. It is well to hope that this victory may not prove itself also the most monumental failure.

Never were so many and such complicated problems as beset our national civilization to-day met with such indomitable and furious

energy, while the people stood by and gave voice to their admiring plaudits. It is for us to hope that this energy may not have been like doing good whereof shall come vaster evil. Few can claim seriously that it was guided by a fitting measure of knowledge and reason. Our only trust must be that the intuitions of Mr. Roosevelt's very feminine mind guided him, in the main, with that correctness which such intuitions are said to have and that we have not relied on them in fields that are beyond the province of their safe employment.

Duffield Osborne.

SHAKESPEARE: A NEW INTERPRETATION¹

SHAKESPEARE was a poet who happened to express himself in plays, some thirty-seven odd, which with our modern rice paper ingenuity, may be compressed into two tolerably convenient volumes; the number of books which have since been perpetrated in his name are scarcely contained on shelves whose dimensions must be measured in rods rather than in feet. Commentators are the curse which follows in the wake of authorship. Poor Shakespeare has been cursed almost out of existence. The Shakespeare bibliography of any large library amply reveals how few people with any pretensions of culture or literary liking managed to get through life without at one time writing or at least loudly contemplating a book on the Bard. Sooner or later the shelves groaned with another contribution added to the many which already ranged from complete inanity to profound misunderstanding, from happy guess to intuitional insight. After a time the process became innocuous, except to the shelves. For the general reading public, with its rough wisdom, has realized long ago that it is quite safe to neglect the average book on Shakespeare. When occasionally it clears away these literary barnacles and reads the actual plays, that is only on account of the accepted demands of culture which has taken the place of conscience and proves in this case almost as irksome. It therefore takes an unusual amount of courage for a sensible man to write another book on Shakespeare. There can be only two laudable reasons: to give us the final truth and to negative previous critics according to the degree of their error. In his preface Mr. Harris claims to have done both.

Mr. Frank Harris is easily distinguished from the host of Shakespeare critics. Indeed, I have known few men with such passionate contempt for commentators. First an accomplished man of the world

¹*The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story.* By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

and only secondly a man of words and a journalist, Mr. Harris has been a power in English lettered circles, perhaps more through the sheer force of his personality than on account of his literary output. The association with two generations of literary men has helped to develop Mr. Harris's tastes and critical standards, and his mind treasures a host of unusually rich reminiscences, which range from the aging Carlyle to the harshly condemned Wilde. He turned to Shakespeare and read him avidly in early youth, at an age which exonerates him from the charge of having read Shakespeare in order to write a book about him. Again and again in the lulls of an active and highly colored life the plays fascinated him. Gradually, out of the seeming chaos of lyric beauty and passionate emotions there emerged order and purpose. Traits and mental attitudes repeated, continued voicings of personal likes and dislikes, little tell-tale touches echoed in the mouths of many characters and finally a definite outlook upon life and a personal philosophy—all these were clues and guide-posts for a theory that did not exist until it had completed itself and a solution that solved without a remainder. Mr. Harris first tentatively embodied his discovery in a series of brilliant articles in the *Saturday Review*, some fourteen years ago. Encouraged by the warm approval of Wilde and Shaw, Mr. Harris continued to test and apply his theory until now at last we have his book. It has already been hailed as a landmark and a departure in Shakespeare criticism by that numerically insignificant minority on both sides of the Atlantic which cherishes a sincere, and is fitted for a critical, admiration of Shakespeare.

Mr. Harris begins with the accepted critical axiom that great artists reveal themselves in their work:

It is the life-work of the artist to show himself to us, and the completeness with which he reveals his own individuality is perhaps the best measure of his genius.

To put it still more strongly:

Even had Shakespeare tried to hide himself in his work, he could not have succeeded.

His other premise is that Shakespeare does not "out-top" knowledge. The second preliminary is perhaps more important than the first. For as long as we accept a rankly superstitious and idolatrous attitude toward Shakespeare he will, of course, always "out-top" us. To accept Coleridge's dictum and to sanctify it in a sonnet as Matthew Arnold did is to beg the question at the outset. If the critic can discover a series of self-revealing traits running through the plays in many characters

and convincingly embodied in one of them, he has already made considerable progress in his task of establishing identity. This Mr. Harris proceeds to do with a sure touch-stone and a baffling wealth of illustrative and parallel quotations.

Of all the many figures in Shakespeare's plays, Hamlet has made the deepest impression. Critics have been afraid either to affirm or to deny that in Hamlet we come very close to Shakespeare himself. On the likely assumption that when an author goes deepest into human nature his guide is likely to be self knowledge, Mr. Harris affirms that Hamlet is Shakespeare's first complete portrait of himself and proceeds both to apply his theory and to prove the Hamlet-Shakespeare identity by finding trait after trait of Hamlet in a multitude of other characters. Now the Hamlet traits are well known. Introspection, irresolution, pessimism, scholarliness, melancholy, garrulity, sensuousness and sensualism, these are but a partial catalogue. A moment's consideration, with the help of Mr. Harris's skilful quotation, shows that most of them are present in Romeo, a character limned some eleven years before Hamlet. Temperamentally Romeo is a "younger brother of Hamlet," although like Jaques, another early portrait, merely a pale reflection. But it is in Macbeth that we find the closest parallels. The chapter in which the startling analogy between Macbeth and Hamlet is clearly and persuasively drawn is undoubtedly the most brilliant bit in the book. Macbeth is simply Hamlet over again with every trait repeated and emphasized. Shakespeare's powers have increased in the brief interval between the two plays; striving to portray Macbeth's innermost self, he unconsciously falls into self-portrayal and gives us that series of concise monologues whose definite individuality stands in striking contrast to Hamlet's rambling incoherencies. Macbeth is as incapable of action as Hamlet was; by nature meditative, introspective, and religious, he is totally unsuited to the plot in hand. Whenever he is called upon to act he must be nerved up to the deed by Lady Macbeth's fierce promptings or by a courage temporarily instilled by a torturing monologue. Never was there so sorry a general! There remain two characters whose similarity to the Hamlet type is striking, Duke Vincentio in *Measure for Measure* and Posthumus the protagonist of *Cymbeline*. Both display a fine sensuousness and a profound melancholy. Only the note of skepticism grows even deeper, the pessimism more hopeless. Posthumus is Shakespeare's most complete later portrait (1611) with all the old unstable Hamlet qualities idealized.

Mr. Harris has now definitely established what might be called a type character. The five characters thus far examined have all shown

a subtle variation upon the Hamlet type, slight variations due to youth and age, to apprenticeship and crowning ability, which make the essential similarity only the more remarkable. The remaining characters in Shakespeare's plays fall into two classes, those who, lacking an individuality of their own, are merely the mouthpieces of the poet's thoughts; and the anti-type characters. It is this anti-type which offers corroborative proof of the author's theory. The antithesis to the Hamlet type is of course the man of action. Hitherto the large body of critical opinion has held that Shakespeare's men of action, as found mostly in the Chronicle plays, are portrayed in a masterly manner. Men like Hotspur and Faulconbridge, Prince Hal and Talbot, have been held up as models for English fighting-cock patriotism. Mr. Harris's examination rudely destroys this misconception. These characters are at best mere sketches whose occasional superb outbursts have hidden their defects. Their best characteristics, when for the moment they come up to the conception of manliness and courage, are practically all borrowed by Shakespeare from the Chronicles and the robust plays that preceded him. Whenever these men of action are left to themselves, so to speak, they fall back into the Hamlet mood and indulge in irrelevantly beautiful poetry or mawkish and cowardly philosophy. Shakespeare is here as incapable of portraying courage and manliness as he was in Hamlet and Macbeth who in the face of danger boast like defeated prize-fighters. Hotspur dies with an effete philosophy on his lips and Henry V indulges in a species of blustering defiance that only escapes the charge of bluff through its high sounding rhetoric. And as usual the weak and Hamlet-like characters, the girlish Arthur and the womanish Richard II, are painted in deathless phrases of poetic beauty.

Thus far Mr. Harris's theory has been consistent but rather onesided. The world knows Shakespeare almost as well in his joyful lyric raptures and his abiding humor as in his melancholy moods. It was as a lyric poet that Shakespeare first became known. Hamlet has found a rival in Falstaff. And it is in the greatest of the lyric dramas that we again come very close to Shakespeare. Duke Orsino, the refined sensualist in *Twelfth Night*, is essentially Shakespeare. From Hamlet to Jaques, from Vincentio to Ophelia, Shakespeare's sensuality is everywhere overpowering. But in Orsino it is still sane and balanced and its normal concomitants, sensuous appreciation of æsthetic delight and a very fine appreciation of the passion of love, are evident in his character.

When liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are well supplied and filled
Her sweet perfections—with one self king!

are lines which reveal Shakespeare's nature in normal balance. Later, when chaos reigned in him, these three became distorted and raved in ugly discord. The other outlet for Shakespeare's youthful spirits was his humor, which found consummation and exhausted itself in Falstaff. All his later humor, when not artificially employed for comic relief, was bitter and cynical, a grave digger's irrelevancy or a fool's pat criticism.

Mr. Harris's examination of the sonnets, apart from a somewhat unnecessary defence against the usual charge brought against them, is mainly interesting on account of the fact that he discovers there a solution of the mystery of Shakespeare's sudden abandonment to his long-sustained, sinister, tragic mood. No one before Mr. Harris seems to have noticed that the story of the sonnets, a trusting lover who sends his dearest friend to do his wooing for him only to be betrayed and lose both friend and maid, had already been treated in three separate plays, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. This very frequency of treatment would seem to show how deeply the actual event must have affected Shakespeare. Mr. Harris sees in it a key to the poet's tragic life story. A disastrous and degrading love that mastered and humiliated Shakespeare becomes an intelligent explanation for the sudden gloom that descended upon his work. The more or less plausibility with which Mr. Harris fixes upon the enigmatic Mary Fitten as the object of Shakespeare's affections, matters little. A woman was the evil, that is sufficient.

There is little need of following Mr. Harris further through the gallery of Shakespeare portraits. With an illuminating gift of quotation he shows phase after phase of Shakespeare's passion and degradation; how in *Hamlet* the wild promptings of revenge upon Earl Herbert shook him to the roots of his being, while in *Othello* his even wilder jealousy raged, with the raving of mere lust in *Troilus and Cressida* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the escape from madness in *Lear*, and the abandonment to despair in *Timon*. There is a blunt reasonableness about Mr. Harris. As we read we are convinced. We feel that he is reconstructing Shakespeare by virtue of the things that made him so.

This is in brief the theory which caused Oscar Wilde to exclaim to the author, "You have unlocked Shakespeare's heart to us." It is undoubtedly the finest piece of sustained critical analysis of Shakespeare that has appeared since Coleridge. For here, for the first time, we have a theory which deals in positive terms and imposes silence upon the timid school of criticism which tries to define Shakespeare by telling what Shakespeare could by no essay of reason ever have been, and yet at

best has hardly the courage squarely to meet the newest Bacon aberration. Mr. Harris's thought is rounded and whole, almost too complete, a perfect solution for an equation whose terms are merely human.

But is the point of view really so unusual? Is it not after all merely the application of a commonplace of literary criticism? True, it required courage and a certain intellectual independence to pierce the false halo in which stupidity had enshrined Shakespeare. But who would feel thus toward any other writer? A man is known by his works and critics by their criticism. Goethe's writings are so intimately autobiographical that he eludes all biographers. Milton wrote the *Æro-pagitica* that we might know all about his relations with his wife and his *Paradise Lost* because he had a personal quarrel with Providence. Why, in a century which exalted subjectivism in literature and criticism to a fanatic degree, should Shakespeare alone be considered exempt? Mr. Harris has done for Shakespeare what Modernism is striving to do for the Catholic Christ. He has humanized him. He has not deprived him of the divinity of genius, except for those for whom unintelligibility is a necessary predicate of divinity. I can quite imagine a mission forming among the clan of Shakespeare critics; they will become Shakespeare rescuers, to snatch the poor bard from the desecrating hands of Mr. Harris. But the truth will out, even about Shakespeare. He is still our greatest poet, though Plato and Shaw would eject him from their republics, and still, alas! our greatest dramatist. For Shakespeare was first and foremost, a lyrical poet who sang his emotions in unforgettable strains. He was also a dramatist. How far that was the fault of the age in which he lived we can hardly judge. But the mere length of this dramatic apprenticeship when compared with the rapid arrival of a Marlowe or a Fletcher seems to argue that it was more his word genius than his inborn dramatic gift that brought him to the stage. Shakespeare had sufficient genius to spare, to develop into a very fair dramatist. But like most lyrical geniuses he was far too impatient to achieve perfect form, and symmetry of thought, in drama. Most of his plays are merely pretexts for Shakespeare to talk, and those dramas are best in which he talks most. And talking as he did, with that god-like gift of speech, he gave what was in him and predominantly that quality which ruled him most. No dramatist can escape his fate. Shaw and Ibsen, being predominantly intellectual, use plays in order to reveal their mind, men like Jones and Pinero in order to reveal their lack of mind. That Shakespeare was predominantly emotional Mr. Harris has abundantly proven; it is natural that love should have dominated and often distorted his plays. Historically that has proven unfortunate. For the love tradition

soon became every play-hack's dogma and chief stock in trade. Lovers like Shakespeare are rare; the development of an intellectual drama in England has been smothered by sexual plays that are not even love plays. Had Marlowe prevailed, whom amorous critics delight to execrate because they think he could not write a love scene, the dreary history of our drama since Shakespeare might never have been written.

I will not stop to touch upon the few flaws and extravagances which can be detected in Mr. Harris's book, or the occasions when the author, with pardonable zeal, inclines to intimidate his reader into accepting violet eyes for black and other little Harrisisms. The grubbers of literary criticism will surely attend to that and mayhap will even prove the truth of his theory on Mr. Harris himself by deducing him out of his own book. But I will give them a hint how to combat Mr. Harris. He has given us a complete theory behind which he is as impregnable as a German philosopher with his system. The only way to answer it is to confront it with another theory and prove its superior worth. They could for instance champion the men of action and claim that Henry V was Shakespeare's ideal and that all along he was making fun of the Hamlet type who ought always to be acted by the clown of the company. Or, as Mr. Harris warmly defends the sensual-sensuist view of Shakespeare, they might induce so typical an ascetic as Bernard Shaw to prove Shakespeare's aceticism. But until another such theory can come to disprove Mr. Harris, we Shakespeare lovers owe him an immeasurable debt and hail him as a dean among literary critics, one from whose richly laden mind we have the right to expect many another illuminating book.

Alfred B. Kuttner.

FIGS FROM THISTLES¹

IN fifty years the word "evolution" has become a commonplace in the vocabulary of the civilized world. But clear ideas about evolution have not become commonplace in the thoughts of the civilized world. To the minds of most people the word brings up something vaguely suggestive of certain supposed affinities between man and monkeys; or something dimly derogatory to a literal acceptance of the scriptural account of creation; or something hazily associated with the name of

¹The Mutation Theory: Experiments and Observations on the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom. By Hugo DeVries, Professor of Botany at Amsterdam. Translated by Prof. J. B. Farmer and A. D. Darbishire. Vol. I, The Origin of Species by Mutation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1909.

Darwin as the inventor and cause of all the trouble. But the world moves; and it is no evidence of fatuous optimism if one looks forward to the time when children now in the schools will grow up into a generation that thinks in terms of evolution.

It has taken two generations of fighting to establish the idea that all things change, in the minds of just that part of our population that makes claim to being "educated" or "cultured." But even in this part of the population, the word *evolution* is for the most part sadly confused with a special system of doctrines which attempts to explain the mechanism of organic evolution. It is probable that more than four-fifths of all the people who class themselves as "evolutionists" are "Darwinists" or "selectionists." That is, to most evolutionists who are not professional students of the problem, the idea of evolution is synonymous with the idea that the different species of animals and plants have arisen in the course of long ages, as a result of the natural selection of the "favored races," or by a process of the "survival of the fittest" variants, in the "struggle for existence." It has taken fifty years for the mass of "educated" people to learn that. And now that the lesson is learned, we are ready for the next lesson, which involves to a degree the unlearning of what we have with so much difficulty acquired.

Among scientists and metaphysicians evolution has for centuries been accepted as a matter of fact: the great problem is to find the *how* of the process. It has been the chief merit of the selection theories of Darwin and Wallace that they furnished us a working plan for explaining the adaptations of plants and animals to their life conditions, thus making it easier for people to adjust their minds to the idea that the different species have actually arisen by an orderly process of change, rather than by separate acts of special creation. But as soon as there had grown up a generation of thinkers about problems of life who could think of evolution without straining their intellects, they began to question the adequacy of the selection theories to explain the origin of species. Herbert Spencer was one of the earliest of the strong doubters; but he rested his case finally on speculation in regard to what *must be* logically, rather than on what *is* actually. Since the great forensic struggles for the establishment of the idea of evolution came to an end, there has been more attention given to critical re-examination of the facts of plant and animal life that have a bearing on the problem of the origin of species. The most important single contribution to the problem since the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* was the epoch-making book by DeVries, *Die Mutations-theorie*, which appeared in German in 1901. In the eight years that have elapsed since then, there has been time for the leaders of thought to

adjust themselves to the revolutionary doctrines of the Dutchman, and gradually the laymen will be admitted to partake in the grand ideas.

The evolution that we have been brought up on is of the kind that made the timid philistine whisper at the suggestion of any social or economic reform, "I believe in Evolution, not Revolution" (both with very large capitals). That is to say, it assumed a painfully slow progression by imperceptible stages from the primeval slime to the philosopher, from the savage to the peace conference. The important points, especially for those of us who cannot lose sight of our comfort, were that the progress should be secured "a step at a time," and that the steps should be so small as not to jog any one. For consciously or unconsciously (and perhaps more often unconsciously) most of us cannot consider scientific or philosophical ideas without applying them to our personal affairs. In general this lack of detachment is not a bad thing; but it makes it difficult to consider new theories on their merits. And so with evolution theories. Most of us do not consider the theories and the evidence for them without prejudice. It has even been asserted that the propositions of Euclid would not meet with such general acceptance if they had a more direct bearing on our private interests. However that may be, Darwinian ideas have received very wide acceptance; it has become fashionable for all who do not wish to be considered behind the times to speak of laws of nature—meaning thereby *laissez-faire* in the broadest sense—in justification of the methods of strife and competition so general in our every-day affairs.

The prevailing or Darwinian idea of the origin of species rests upon certain facts and inferences that are very widely accepted. The individuals of a species are not all alike—the law of variation. The number of individuals produced in every species is much greater than can possibly reach maturity—the law of over-population. Among the variants, some are obviously better adapted to their surroundings and to the demands made upon them by the conditions of life, and must therefore survive in larger proportions, and leave offspring in larger proportions—the law of survival of the fittest. Or, some are necessarily less fit to survive and are eliminated by natural forces in the struggle for existence in larger proportions—the law of natural selection. The favored groups of individuals, the survivors, transmit their advantageous characters to their offspring, which in turn are better adjusted (to however slight an extent) than the average of the preceding generations—the law of heredity. In the course of many generations these slight advantages will accumulate to the point of establishing groups of organisms with specifically distinct characters; these groups constitute the species of nature.

This theory meets with many difficulties: but it has received widest acceptance because it is on the whole the easiest to understand, and the easiest to adjust to common knowledge. It is certain that there is variation, although we may not know what causes it. It is also true that only a small fraction of all the eggs and seeds ever develop into mature animals or plants. It may even be granted that those who survive are on the whole the "fittest" under the circumstances. But it is by no means certain that the advantage of one individual over another lies in the greater or less development of those characters wherein all individuals do differ more or less. And it is very doubtful whether successive generations of individuals show the specific characters developed steadily to greater and greater perfection. The fact of hereditary resemblance between parent and offspring cannot be denied, but it is by no means certain that successive generations will depart more and more from the type of the ancestral stock until new characters are "fixed." In other words, there is no evidence at all that those characters of organisms which serve the classifying botanists and zoologists for distinguishing and sorting the thousands of species, are either of life-and-death significance in the struggle for existence, or that they do actually arise by the slow accumulation of imperceptible gradations. It is true that intermediate forms are found in all groups of living things; but there is no assurance that these intermediate forms are necessarily transitional forms; nor, if there are transitions, that the transitions are continuous.

For over twenty years biologists have been accumulating evidence which goes to confirm the suspicion that species are not continuous, but distinct from one another; and that the variations from which species develop are not continuous, but arise definitely and suddenly from the very first. This evidence was chiefly in the form of comparisons of the structure and development of thousands of organisms. There was also the collection of new material, but this was in the nature of more observations of the same kind. For example, a person with six fingers on the hand was born of parents with the normal numbers; there was no evidence of a gradual development of an additional finger by slow accumulations in the course of a number of generations. DeVries made a decided advance when he set out to discover the facts by means of experiments. The Mutation Theory is the result of more than seventeen years of experiments and observation.

At the present time most biologists accept some form of the mutation theory as being more in accord with known facts than Darwin's simpler hypothesis of descent with modification. In brief, the new doctrine is that new species arise suddenly by the appearance of individuals that are

definitely different from their ancestors with respect to one or more characters, and that these then establish themselves, preserving their new characters. The individuals with the new characters constitute a new species. That such "jumps" occur in nature and under cultivation has been known for many centuries. Darwin considered the case of these "sports," as these "spontaneous" or freak variations are called by breeders and fanciers, but he rejected the idea that these might serve as the beginnings of new species. He stuck firmly to the old doctrine, formulated by Linnæus, that "nature makes no jumps." But as has happened before, the stone that was rejected has been raised to a position of honor. It is the individuals who show distinctive departures from the standards of the race that are the forerunners of the new races.

DeVries attempts to establish the theory that every species is made up of a number of definite units or characters, and is positively different from every other species. Two species may be alike in everything but one character, but with respect to that character they are completely different: one of them has the character and the other has not. It is not merely a case of more or less.

As every one knows, all the individuals of a species differ more or less with respect to every character. These differences make up what are called individual or fluctuating variations; and it is these variations which, Darwin supposed, furnish the materials that natural selection acts upon. According to DeVries, the differences between species are not differences between more or less, but differences between presence or absence.

The difficulty in reconciling these two views disappears, or is at any rate reduced, if we take into consideration the fact that the older naturalists, including Darwin, used the word "species" in a sense quite different from that employed by DeVries and the newer school of biologists. Ordinarily, when we speak of a species of plants or animals we really have in mind a very complex group of organisms which contains, according to DeVries, several distinct and independent forms. These limited forms constitute the "elementary" species of DeVries; and the experience of breeders confirms this view. Now the problem of Darwin and of the earlier students was to discover the origin of the inclusive "species" and of even large groups; the problem of DeVries, and of the experimental student of evolution in general, is to discover the origin of these more restricted groups, or rather, to discover the origin of the particular characters that distinguish these restricted species from their ancestors and from each other.

According to the mutation theory new species may arise in four different ways:

1. Individuals may be born having new characters that distinguish them from their ancestors.

2. Individuals may be born with some of the parental characters lacking.

3. Individuals may be born with some one or more latent characters of their group brought into active development again.

4. Hybrids may arise from the crossing of species, presenting new *combinations* of characters.

Each group of individuals arising in any of the above ways may establish itself, and will constitute with its progeny a new species, under certain conditions. They must of course be able to meet the conditions of life. In the "struggle for existence" there are included two distinct processes: There is the competition between individuals of a species, in the course of which the "fittest" individuals survive, and a race may be improved up to a certain point by the constant action of the selection. Then there is also the struggle between the elementary species, in the course of which the less fit may be eliminated. The doctrine of selection thus explains the "survival" of species; but the doctrine of mutation explains their "arrival." No amount of selection or weeding out can create anything new.

The bulk of DeVries's researches was upon a group of evening primroses, from which he obtained under strictly controlled conditions a series of absolutely new forms. These forms differed from each other as well as from the parent stock, and bred true to the new types through seeds, for several generations. A large part of the book is devoted to descriptions of the experiments and of the thirteen new and distinct species which he derived from the original stock. Of about 50,000 plants grown from seeds in seven generations, over 800, or over 1.5 per cent. mutated, that is, showed new characters which could not be found in any of the ancestors, and which were preserved by all the progeny of the mutating individuals. Certain of the new forms appeared in greater or less abundance in nearly every generation of the parent stock; others were more rare. Some departed from the ancestral type but slightly, others a great deal. But in all cases the actual production of individuals of new type by parents of known pedigree could be observed without the chance of a mistake. The more common of these new species, together with the parent stock, are shown in handsome colored plates and numerous text illustrations.

The causes of the mutations are not known, but are being sought experimentally. DeVries has formulated the laws of mutation under seven points, which are worth restating. 1. New elementary species arise suddenly, without transitional forms. 2. New elementary species are, as

a rule, constant from the moment they arise. 3. Most of the new forms that have appeared are elementary species, and not varieties in the strict sense of the term. 4. New elementary species appear in large numbers at the same time, or at any rate during the same period. 5. The new characters have nothing to do with individual variability. 6. The mutations, to which the origin of new species is due, appear to be indefinite, that is to say, the changes may affect all organs and seem to take place in almost every conceivable direction. 7. Mutability appears periodically. These laws are based almost exclusively upon the results obtained with the evening primroses; but there is evidence available on the subject from other sources, though not experimental evidence. It is to be expected that some or all of these formulations will be subjected to change as new knowledge is accumulated. But as they stand they give the best interpretations we have of the facts in regard to the origin of new species.

DeVries does not believe that the laws of organic evolution are applicable to social problems, because the human race is a stable, non-mutating species; the great differences among men are of the kind known as fluctuating variations, and many are the direct results of environmental influences. I believe that DeVries's point is well taken—but his assumption may be too dogmatic. We do not know for example whether men of genius and various human monsters are extreme variants or mutants. Certain it is that we are not establishing noticeably distinct strains of human beings. But it is not certain that the isolation of specifically distinct strains of the human family is impossible. However, the important point is that the Darwinian principle of selection does not apply to the biological side of social evolution; and the DeVriesian principle of mutation is equally inapplicable.

We have not yet learned to gather figs from thistles nor grapes from thorns; but we have seen that every tree need not bring forth fruit after its own kind, and that by their fruits you cannot always know them. The practical applications of this new knowledge have already produced results of great value—but that is another story.

The publication of this translation should be the occasion for gratulations to the publishers as well as to the American and English students of biology and of evolution. We should have had a translation eight years ago, but the large Eastern publishers were rather timid. In the meanwhile the Chicago house has brought out Professor DeVries's American lectures under the title *Species and Varieties*, which has gone through two editions, and the same author's *Plant Breeding*. And there can be no doubt that the present work will be a financial success as well as a source of gratification to Dr. Carus. The first volume contains

Parts I, II and III of the first volume of the German edition; Part IV, which treats of the origin of garden varieties, is promised as a portion of the second volume. The illustrations are from new plates, which are generally somewhat smaller than the originals, and in many cases not so clear. But the print and other mechanical features of the book are of a high degree of excellence. And the translation reads like good English. The special student will want this book; the layman will for many years be able to get more from the *Species and Varieties*. It is unfortunate that the translation has been delayed so long; and now that it is published, it would have been well to revise it and add the more important of the new discoveries made since the German edition appeared. But it is fortunate that the translation is not any longer delayed.

Benjamin C. Gruenberg.

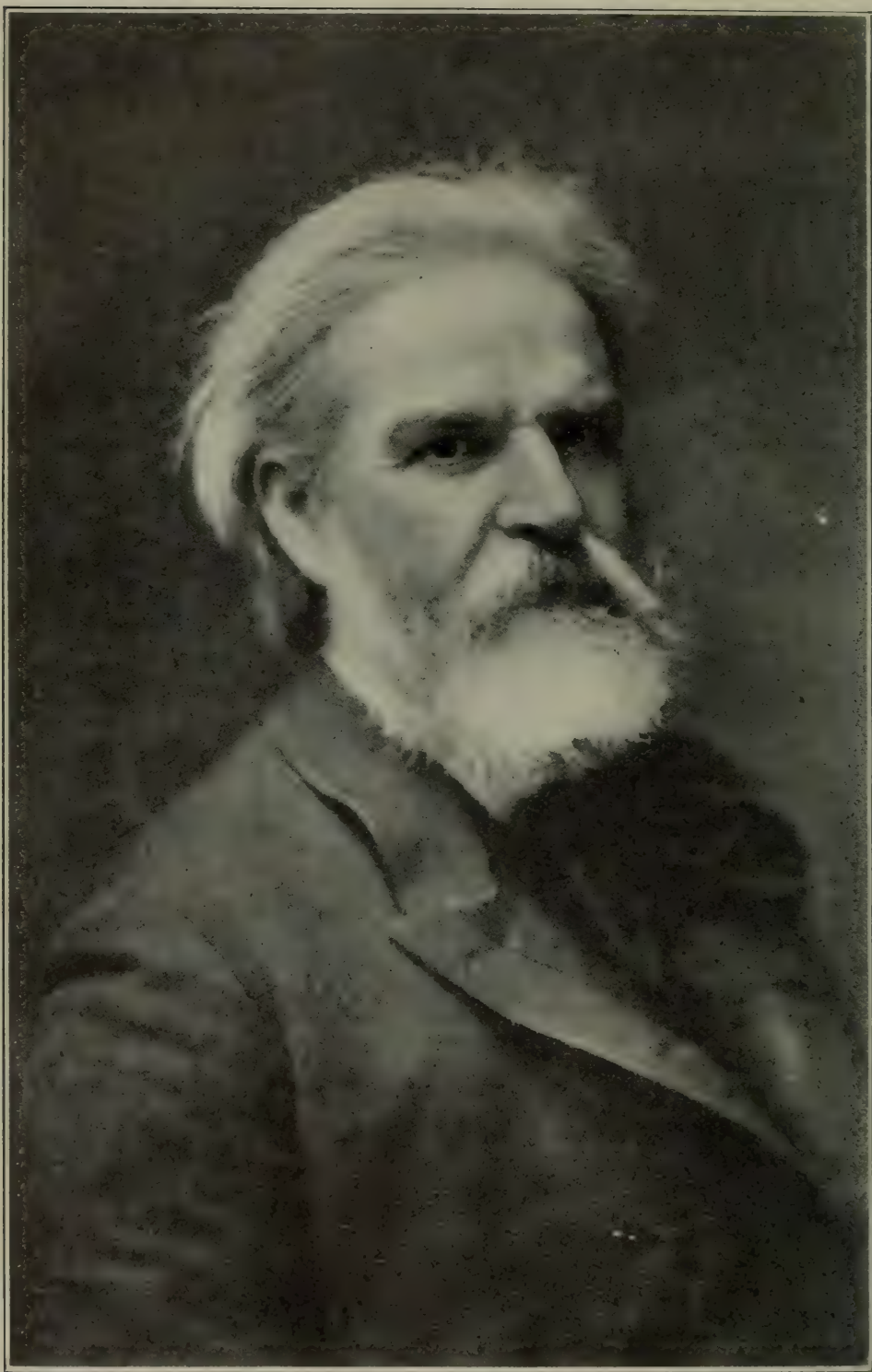
SAPPHO

THE twilight's inner flame grows blue and deep,
And in my Lesbos, over leagues of sea,
The temples glimmer moonwise in the trees.
Twilight has veiled the little flower face
Here on my heart, but still the night is kind,
And leaves her warm sweet weight against my breast.
Am I that Sappho who would run at dusk
Along the surges creeping up the shore
When tides came in to ease the hungry beach,
And running, running, till the night was black,
Would fall fore-spent upon the chilly sand
And quiver with the winds from off the sea?
Ah, quietly the shingle waits the tides
Whose waves are stinging kisses, but to me
Love brought no peace, nor darkness any rest.
I crept and touched the foam with fevered hands
And cried to her from whom the sea is sweet,
From whom the sea is bitterer than death.
Ah Aphrodite, if I sing no more
To thee, God's daughter, powerful as God,
It is that thou hast made my life too sweet
To hold the added sweetness of a song.
There is a quiet at the heart of love,

✱

And I have pierced the pain and come to peace.
I hold my peace, my Cleis, on my heart;
And softer than a little wild bird's wing
Are kisses that she pours upon my mouth.
Ah, never any more when spring like fire
Will flicker in the newly opened leaves,
Shall I steal forth to seek for solitude
Beyond the lure of light Alcæus' lyre,
Beyond the sob that stilled Erinna's voice.
Ah, never with a throat that aches with song,
Beneath the white uncaring sky of spring,
Shall I go forth to hide awhile from Love
The quiver and the crying of my heart.
Still I remember how I strove to flee
The love-note of the birds, and bowed my head
To hurry faster, but upon the ground
I saw two winged shadows side by side,
And all the world's spring passion stifled me.
Ah Love, there is no fleeing from thy might,
No lonely place where thou hast never trod,
No desert thou hast left uncarpeted
With flowers that spring beneath thy perfect feet.
In many guises didst thou come to me,
I saw thee by the maidens while they danced,
Phaon allured me with a look of thine,
In Anactoria I knew thy grace,
I looked at Cercolas and saw thine eyes;
But never wholly, soul and body mine,
Didst thou bid any love me as I loved.
Now have I found the peace that fled from me;
Close, close, against my heart I hold my world.
Ah Love that made my life a lyric cry,
Ah Love that tuned my lips to lyres of thine,
I taught the world thy music, now alone
I sing for one who falls asleep to hear.

Sara Teasdale.



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EDWIN MARKHAM

The Forum

MARCH, 1910

FOR A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH

BY MRS. ISAAC L. RICE

THE question of putting an end to the barbarity of our present observance of Independence Day is now assuming an importance undreamed of several years ago. No longer need one fear to be branded with the stigma of disloyalty to country if one inveighs against the madness of parents who place dangerous explosives in the hands of their little ones, or protests vehemently against the crime of permitting wee children to be maimed and killed in the celebration of a holiday. Partly as a result of the untiring efforts of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in compiling statistics of the cost of our observance of the Fourth, a wave of indignation is sweeping over the country, and the time now certainly seems ripe for some concerted action for the protection of our boys and girls.

Several months ago, the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, through its President, began a new line of work in its endeavor to establish a sane and safe observance of Independence Day. This consisted in interviewing, by means of correspondence, men whose names would carry weight in any cause and who could never, by any stretch of imagination, be deemed unpatriotic or indifferent to matters affecting the public welfare. Letters, petitions, and literature were sent to Governors of all the States, to Mayors, to Fire Chiefs, to Commissioners of Health, to Heads of Police Departments, and to Presidents of Colleges. The State Executives were asked to permit their names to be placed on a National Committee for the promotion of a safe and sane Fourth, and the others were asked to express their opinion on the necessity for the agitation. In response to this request, much valuable material has reached us, all of which, as a splendid manifestation of enlightened and humane patriotism, deserves to be made public. As the limited space of a

magazine article, however, would not admit of this I shall only give the letters from the Executives in their entirety, and, from the other communications, shall simply make extracts. They need no comment, for they speak with a note of authority that renders superfluous any word of mine. Indeed, it is scarcely necessary to say that no article from a single pen could rival in interest this symposium of those whose high position, official duties and intellectual attainments command the respect of the public.

The first letter is from the Governor of Illinois:

DEAR MADAM: Your letter with reference to the formation of a national committee composed of the governors of the States to promote the sane and safe observance of Independence Day is received. I appreciate the value of the suggestion and shall be glad to coöperate with the other governors in bringing about the abandonment of the noisy and dangerous use of fireworks and explosives to which so much suffering and loss of property are due every Fourth of July. I am glad that such a movement has been entered upon to bring about this result. This plan I am sure will be far more effectual in securing a more rational observance of the national holiday than the usual proclamations issued by the mayors and police authorities of cities each year. These have proven almost invariably a dead letter and have been totally disregarded. Wishing you success in your laudable efforts, I am,

Yours truly,

C. S. DENEEN.

The next is from the Governor of Wisconsin:

DEAR MADAM: I am in receipt of your letter, with enclosures, relating to the effort being made to promote a safe and sane celebration of the Fourth of July. I agree with you that the truest patriotism consists in living and working for our country—not in dying or in placing ourselves in such positions that we are liable to be maimed.—and I am in hearty sympathy with the efforts that are being made to secure a sanely patriotic safe celebration of our national holiday. I shall be very much pleased to give every assistance within my power to promote the objects for which you are striving. You are hereby authorized to use my name as a member of the national committee for the promotion of a safe and sane Fourth of July in any way which will further the objects of the organization. Thanking you for your courtesy, and wishing you all success, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. O. DAVISON.

The third is from the far Northwest, from the Governor of Washington:

DEAR MADAM: Your kindness of December 3d. addressed to the late Governor Cosgrove, relative to a safe and sane observance of Independence Day, placed upon my desk for reply. Agreeable thereto would say that I will certainly be very much pleased to do what I can toward securing a more rational observance of our National Birthday, and if you so desire I shall be pleased to join with the other Governors in the formation of a National Committee to bring about a less noisy and more patriotic observance of our National Day. I am,

Very respectfully yours,

M. E. HAY.

And next, one from the Governor of Vermont:

MADAM: I am in receipt of yours of the 21st, and I shall certainly be very glad to do anything I can to assist in promoting a sane and safe Independence Day Celebration, and should be glad to coöperate in any way that I am able to that end.

Yours very sincerely,

G. H. PROUTY.

From the Governor of Montana came the following:

DEAR MADAM: Your letter dated December 22d relative to the sane observance of the Fourth of July, has been received. I assure you that I am in thorough sympathy with the movement and shall be pleased to coöperate in any way possible in its furtherance.

Yours truly,

EDWIN L. NORRIS.

And this, from the Governor of South Carolina:

DEAR MADAM: Your letter of the 21st instant, asking the use of my name as a member of the national committee for the promotion of a safe and sane Fourth of July, has been received, and I thank you very much for the same. I have also received copies of letters received by you from other governors, and I join with them in wishing you great success in the movement you have on foot. I think a moderate amount of celebration on this occasion is permissible, but the use of great crackers, firearms and other things of that kind are the cause often of accidents, and I shall be glad to do anything I can in a reasonable way to help the cause.

Yours very respectfully,

M. F. ANSEL.

From another Southern State, Alabama, came this letter:

DEAR MADAM: Yours asking for coöperation from the State Executives in the suppression of unnecessary noise received and noted. Thank you for the invitation. Agreeing with you fully, I would suggest adding another line. For the suppression of suicides. You will easily recall the many deaths as a result of explosives used in celebrating the Fourth of July. With regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

B. B. COMER.

The Governor of Delaware wrote:

DEAR MADAM: Your letter of January the 21st has been received. The movement for the promotion of a safe and sane Fourth of July meets with my hearty approval. I will gladly coöperate with your society, and join with the Governors of other States in bringing about this reform.

Yours very truly,

SIMEON S. PENNEWILL.

From North Dakota, this:

MY DEAR MADAM: In answer to yours of recent date I will say that I shall be glad to act with you in securing a safe and patriotic observance of our National Holiday. The explosives used are becoming more dangerous every year. When I was a boy there was no such thing as a giant firecracker and the firecrackers used

were small and almost harmless compared with those of to-day. I am willing to lend what assistance I can.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BURKE.

And this from the East, Massachusetts:

DEAR MADAM: Your letter of the 21st instant has been received. I am perfectly willing that you should use my name in the manner indicated in favor of a saner July Fourth. I do not object to the noise so much as I do to the danger to our children and young people through an indiscriminate use of dangerous explosives.

Yours very truly,

EBEN S. DRAPER.

From Maryland:

MY DEAR MADAM: In reply to your letter, addressed to the Governor, he directs me to say that he shall be very glad to act as a member of the National Committee for the promotion of the safe and sane Fourth of July.

Yours very truly,

EMERSON R. CROTHERS (Sec'y).

This, from Colorado:

DEAR MADAM: I am in receipt of your letter of January 21st, and in reply thereto would say that I have no objection to my name being used in connection with the promotion of a safe and sane Fourth of July. I have long felt that the injuries and loss of life, occasioned by the present method of celebrating the Fourth, were a great reflection upon our intelligence. I wish you well in every particular in your excellent movement.

Yours truly,

JOHN F. SHAFROTH.

From another Western State, Nevada, I received the following letter:

DEAR MADAM: I am in receipt of your letter of January 21st requesting me to act as a member of the National Committee for the Promotion of a Safe and Sane Fourth of July. I shall be pleased to act as a member of such committee and to assist in any way I can to further the objects for which the committee is formed.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKERSON.

The Governor of South Dakota sent me this:

MY DEAR MRS. RICE: Your favor of the 21st received to-day with enclosures. The contents of your letter has been noted with care, and I assure you that I shall be glad to act with you in regard to bringing about a safe and sane Fourth. I shall also be pleased to act on your National Committee if there is anything that I can do to assist in furthering the work you have undertaken. With good wishes for the success of the movement, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

R. S. VESSEY.

Coming back again to the East, this from Maine:

DEAR MADAM: I am in receipt of your letter of January 21st in relation to a safe and sane Fourth of July. The alarming list of accidents that is annually brought to our attention as a result of the reckless use of dangerous explosives certainly warrant the effort your Society is making to bring about a more rational observance of our National Holiday. If I can coöperate with the Executives of other States to aid the movement it will assuredly give me pleasure to do so.

Very truly yours,

BERT M. FERNALD.

And once more from the West, Idaho, came another endorsement:

MY DEAR MADAM: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 21st calling my attention to a letter from Governor Deneen of Illinois, both with reference to the formation of a National Committee of the Governors of the several States to promote a sane observance of Independence Day. I heartily agree with the sentiments expressed by Governor Deneen. I shall be pleased to coöperate with your society and with the Governors of the several States in this regard. Trusting that your efforts will meet with a full measure of success, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

J. H. BRADY.

And from Tennessee:

DEAR MADAM: In reply to your favor of the 21st instant, will state that I shall be very glad to serve as a member of the National Committee for the promotion of a safe and sane Fourth of July, as requested by you. Thanking you, and wishing you success in your undertaking, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

MALCOLM R. PATTERSON.

From New Jersey I received the following:

DEAR MADAM: Your letter to the governor has been received. He is entirely willing for you to use his name in connection with a safe and sane Fourth of July, and he will be very glad to serve you in any way that he can.

Very truly yours,

LESLIE R. FORT (Sec'y).

Governor Weeks of Connecticut wrote as follows:

DEAR MADAM: I am in receipt of your favor of the 21st instant. I most certainly am favorably disposed toward any movement that will insure a sane and safe Fourth. I, with the hosts of others in our country, feel that the dangerous use of explosives at that season has passed all bounds of reason, and I will gladly coöperate in any way I can toward this desired reform. I am,

Respectfully,

FRANK B. WEEKS.

This cordial note of approval came from Minnesota:

DEAR MADAM: Replying to your valued favor of December 22d I take pleasure in saying that I am in hearty accord with the objects of your society and will be

glad to coöperate in any movement to aid in bringing about the reforms for which it is laboring. Kindly advise me as the movement progresses, if I can be of any further service and believe me to be,

Very truly yours,

A. EBERHARDT.

Governor Warner of Michigan wrote:

DEAR MADAM: I am writing to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed favor of January 21st. I take pleasure in complying with your request regarding the use of my name as a Member of the National Committee for the Promotion of a Safe and Sane Fourth of July.

Very truly yours,

FRED M. WARNER.

And from Louisiana came the last:

MY DEAR MADAM: In reply to your communication of January 21st I desire to say that I heartily approve of the object for which the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise was formed. I am very glad, indeed, to add my indorsement to the movement for a sane Fourth of July. I will be glad to encourage and assist in the movement in every way possible.

Respectfully yours,

J. Y. SANDERS.

No less encouraging than the replies from the Executives have been the answers received from the Mayors of many cities, who have put themselves on record as being opposed to the present celebration of the Fourth. From cities north, east, south and west, from cities large and small, have come words of endorsement and approval and, almost invariably, offers of assistance. Trenton, for instance, is evidently preparing for a sane Fourth, if one may judge from the reply sent me by Mayor Madden:

I beg to state that I am in hearty sympathy with this movement. When one reflects upon the frightful number of fatalities and accidents which have annually resulted from our thoughtless and barbarous manner of celebrating this National Holiday, it behooves every thoughtful person to contribute some aid toward a more sane method of expressing our patriotic feelings on this day. I have appointed a committee of twenty-five representative citizens to arrange for a safe and sane celebration of Independence Day, on July Fourth, 1910, in the city of Trenton.

The same attitude regarding this matter is manifested by Mayor Edgerton of Rochester, who, for a long time, has been working for a better observance of Independence Day:

I am in hearty sympathy with any movement to bring about a safer and

more rational celebration of the Fourth of July. We can show our patriotism just as effectively without the use of explosives, which annually causes the loss of so many lives and involves the destruction of so much property.

"Let the good work go on!" is the language of the Mayor of Duluth, while the Mayor of Chattanooga stated that our petition had not only his signature but his hearty endorsement. The Mayor of Bridgeport wrote:

The real significance of our National Holiday seems to elude the majority of our youths, who look upon it as a day of license to carry and discharge diabolical weapons and thundering explosives. Anything that will tend to correct this erroneous idea of celebrating will surely be welcomed by all thinking people.

In a communication from Mayor Mahool we learn in how drastic a manner Baltimore is engaged in the fight against the slaughter on Independence Day and about its protective ordinance:

"As mayor," he stated, "I have the right to grant a permit free of charge for the explosion of fireworks, but in the three years I have been in office, I have not granted a permit of this nature, with the result that the Fourth of July in Baltimore is celebrated in a safe and sane manner, the day being given up to celebrations of a patriotic character."

A most interesting letter has reached me from Mayor Meals of Harrisburg:

We appreciate the spirit that actuates our American people in celebrating this glorious event, but we are not unmindful of the fact that there is a danger of going to extremes, which in my opinion is not an observance of the great principles of Independence Day, but rather a noisy demonstration for personal gratification. This department is in hearty sympathy with the movement that has been inaugurated, and we are satisfied that the determined effort upon the part of yourself and others who may be interested with you, will result in a far more effectual and rational observance of the National Holiday than are such methods that bring disaster and sorrow to our homes.

From Hartford came the following:

Your work in interesting the Nation is certainly producing good results in very many cities, and I am glad to heartily commend the unselfish service that you have given which has accomplished so much for the benefit of all our people.

In his letter to me the Mayor of Nashville touched upon a point which seems strange to Northerners—I refer to the custom prevalent in the South of celebrating Christmas with pistols and fireworks:

Here in the South, it is the custom to celebrate Christmas with fireworks, toy pistols, cannon crackers, and various devices that cause death and injury to our children. I think the work you are engaged in will be a great benefit to the rising generation and I am willing to help you in any way that I can.

And this, from the Northwest, Portland:

I am in hearty sympathy with the movement you head. I think the time has come when a strong stand ought to be made for a less noisy, a saner and more patriotic observation of our National Holiday.

This came from Mayor Homer of Joplin (Mo.):

I note with pleasure the stand taken by your society in demanding a more rational observance of our National Holiday, and the assistance assured by twenty-one governors of various States, and you should have the support of every governor of all States.

Joplin, a city of 50,000 population, surrounded by a population of 75,000 people within the radius of ten to twenty miles, connected with interurban street-car lines, is generally the hot-bed on the Fourth of July, and naturally we have a great many serious accidents. So last year I not only issued a strong proclamation, but followed same up by making arrangements with the park managements to cut out all dangerous fireworks and to allow no one to have fireworks on the grounds, except competent men who had charge of the firework display, and also put on several special police, so that the Chief of Police McManamy could handle the city nicely. Consequently we had no accidents reported.

I have this month had an ordinance drawn which is now on its first reading before the Council, making it a misdemeanor for a merchant to display or sell cannon fire-crackers, bombs, canes, or toy blank pistols, and we expect to have this coming Fourth under absolute control.

I wish your Society success in your movement for a safe and sane Fourth of July.

From the town of East Liverpool came this:

I feel that the sale of any dangerous articles of any nature whatsoever, for any celebration of any kind, or for any other purpose, should be prohibited by law, as it is foolish and unnecessary at the best, and brings many serious and bad results.

And from another town, Wausau (Wisconsin), the following:

This city believes in a sane Fourth of July. Last year we did not have a single accident and no fires.

In a most encouraging letter, the Mayor of Lafayette (Ind.) spoke of the passage of a drastic ordinance in August, 1908, which prohibited the use of everything explosive:

At first the adoption and signing of this ordinance caused some inconvenience to dealers in such merchandise, but since its going into effect all our citizens are fully satisfied, and on the Fourth of July we no longer have burning buildings nor killed nor maimed and injured children, or other persons. Your society deserves the greatest praise in taking up this work, and no city should fail at once to put into effect such a law as this city is enjoying.

"I approve of your movement and am willing to do anything in my power to help you," wrote the mayor of Malden. "There is no sense in our present methods of celebrating the Fourth."

From the Mayor of Louisville came this very vigorous letter:

Turning this Republic into a field of carnage on Independence Day is horrifying. Glorifying our National Birthday with explosives is barbarous, as shown by the record last year—163 killed, 5460 injured. Every city should enact an ordinance looking to sanity and safety in celebrating the Fourth of July.

And now another town, Anderson:

I feel both honored and pleased to offer my humble coöperation in the movement you suggest. No honest mind will hesitate a moment to go upon such a programme of progress.

From the Mayor of Lebanon:

I am heartily in sympathy with the movement you have inaugurated to prevent the deaths and mutilation of the people and the destruction of property that occur from the manner of celebrating our natal day. Ever since taking office I have endeavored as faithfully as I possibly could to enforce all ordinances bearing on this subject, and have realized the most gratifying results. Because of the strict enforcement of this ordinance an effort was made by councils to repeal it, but a veto was interposed—a copy of which I enclose—which will give you my feelings in regard to our present method of celebrating our natal day. In my limited sphere, I shall continue in this matter as I started, and battle with you in the entire overthrow of the reckless and criminal use of fireworks, for the saving of life, limb and property.

Quite a number of Mayors have informed me of the work that has been done in their cities to promote a better observance of the Fourth, and have sent me copies of ordinances that have been enacted. One of these was the Mayor of Dayton, who wrote:

I can assure you that your plan is approved in this city, as a few months ago our city council passed an ordinance prohibiting the shooting of fireworks, pistols and other explosives on Independence Day. This ordinance is now in effect in our city, and we hope hereafter to have a quiet, and at the same time a patriotic celebration of Independence Day.

From Utica:

This question has had the attention of our people, to the extent that an ordinance is at present in force in this city having that object in view. We are enclosing you a copy of the ordinance.

And from Springfield (Mass.):

For several years past the city of Springfield has been working out the same idea which you are advancing, "establishing a sane and safe observance of Fourth of July." We have been most successful in our plans.

The Mayor of Topeka wrote:

The proposition or suggestion is a good one, and I am in hearty accord with it. I might say that in Topeka we are moving along these lines already, as you will notice by the enclosed ordinance.

SPRINGFIELD'S FOURTH OF JULY



SIGNING THE TREATY



THE FIRST AMERICANS



SIGNING THE DECLARATION



THE COLONIES

Many others have sent us sympathetic words:

"I am heartily in sympathy with the object which your society hopes to accomplish," wrote the Mayor of Columbus (Georgia). "The work in which you are engaged meets with the Mayor's hearty approval," was the message that came to us from St. Louis; while from Passaic, nearer home, the Mayor wrote: "I am strongly in favor of a safe and sane celebration of our nation's birthday, and I believe that the patriotism of the people can be shown just as well by sane methods as by barbarous ones, and without blowing off the heads and hands and fingers and legs of our children and grown-up people." "It will give me pleasure to coöperate with your efforts, and those of your society, to secure a more rational observance of Independence Day," replied Mayor Speer of Denver. "I assure you that I am in thorough sympathy with the movement," came to me from New Brunswick.

And still more letters have come from the Mayors of Wilmington, Paterson, Des Moines, York, Newark, Galena, Cleveland and Cambridge. As for our petitions in favor of a safe and sane Fourth, they have been signed by the Mayors of Toledo, Richmond, New Haven, Holyoke, Cincinnati, Erie, Sacramento and Jacksonville.

Regarding the communications from Commissioners of various departments, all of which are valuable to our cause, many have already been received and many others are still coming in. Without exception, they lay stress on the urgency of putting an end to our present mode of celebrating the Fourth, and pronounce their willingness to help along the movement.

Beginning with those of Health Officers (which have come from State as well as from City Departments), here is one from Dr. E. H. Porter, of the New York State Department of Health:

I sincerely hope that your movement to secure a rational observance of the National Holiday will be successful, as I am in thorough sympathy with the movement and will be glad to help in any way in my power.

Commissioner Dixon of the Pennsylvania Department wrote:

I heartily commend the movement you have headed for a safe and sane Independence Day instead of "Our Barbarous Fourth." As Commissioner of Health I have done all I could to warn the people against the grave danger of explosive wounds, but it will take some strong united movement on the part of municipal authorities to put a stop to the unpatriotic practice of killing and disabling our young children, and your determined effort should command the heartiest support.

From Director Neff, of Philadelphia:

My thought on this subject is, that so long as manufacturers make high explosives and other dangerous fireworks, so long as local dealers fill their shelves with these implements of suffering and death, just so long will they be sold and used by "Young America," in spite of proclamations issued by municipal authorities. If ordinances are passed prior to the booking of orders by manufacturers, and dealers realize that the law will be enforced, they will not procure a supply of the interdicted articles, and their commercial interests will be protected, and no sale take place. This is the surest way of preventing the improper celebration of the day.

And this from Rochester:

For years past it has been customary for us to send out cards similar to the enclosed, warning the public against the danger of lockjaw from wounds produced by Fourth of July fireworks. I believe, however, that it would be a great deal better to suppress unnecessary noise than it is to distribute tetanus antitoxin.

Similar letters or signed petitions have also been received from the following Health Officers:

Dr. Ernst Lederle, New York City; Dr. E. C. Levy, Richmond; Dr. W. A. Evans, Chicago; Dr. G. W. Gordon, Springfield (Mass.); Dr. W. S. Rankin, North Carolina State Board of Health; Dr. J. Wigglesworth, Wilmington (Del.); President Thomas J. Clark, St. Joseph; Dr. W. C. Woodward, District of Columbia; Dr. C. E. Faney, Jacksonville; Dr. B. Bevier, Toledo; Dr. William D. Peckham, Utica; Dr. C. H. Thomas, Cambridge, and Dr. William B. Foster, Lexington, Mass.

And next letters which have come from Police Departments:

"We have an element in this city," stated the Chief of Police of Worcester, "who come from countries where firearms are strictly forbidden, so on the 'Fourth' they go out and buy revolvers and proceed into the public streets firing blank cartridges. We arrest all such offenders and put them before the court. This element sees that a certain celebration is going on, and though they have no conception of what it is all about, they see others celebrating, so join the procession. I send you a circular such as is issued to all dealers, posted in all mills and public places by patrolmen of this department. It is in several different languages to reach the non-English speaking element."

Accompanying this letter was a placard printed in seven languages.

"Personally I think the present method of celebrating the day idiotic," wrote the Chief of Police of Newport, while the message from Superintendent of Police Stewart, of Chicago, was: "The value of concerted effort and action throughout the country cannot be over-estimated." And this from Major Sylvester, Superintendent of Police of Washington: "I might add that the celebration of Independence Day, 1909, in this jurisdiction was devoid of the explosions, firing of crackers

and other noise-making devices. There were no accidents and but one fire on the day. . . . The success attending a quiet celebration of the Fourth of July was remarkable. It showed conclusively what can be done in that direction."

From Police Headquarters, Portland, Ore., Chief Cox wrote:

I am heartily in accord with your efforts. I have little ones of my own, and I presume the feelings of the average parent are about the same as mine, and in past years hardly a Fourth has passed which has not been accompanied by some apprehension for my own and other people's children. While I am in favor of bringing the younger generation up with a reverence and an admiration for the spirit exemplified on our National Holiday, I am also in favor and would be glad to see some of the element of danger eliminated from the occasion as they are now annually observed.

In addition to these, letters and signatures to petitions have come from Commissioner Wm. F. Baker, New York City; Superintendent McQuaide, Pittsburg; Chief Levan, Reading; Chief Hyatt, Albany; Secretary Skelly, San Francisco; Superintendent Birmingham, Bridgeport; Chief Davis, Memphis; Chief Randall, Duluth; Chief Creecy, St. Louis; Secretary Gee, Providence; Chief Persett, Galveston; Chief Moyer, Duluth; Superintendent Downey, Detroit; Messrs. J. M. Morton, Dansey and Lawson, Police Board, Fall River; Commissioner of Public Safety Hessler, Syracuse; Chief Millikin, Cincinnati; Chief Kohler, Cleveland; Secretary Kinsey, Baltimore; City Marshal Quilty, Springfield (Mass.); and Chief Werner, Richmond.

From the Fire Chiefs came the same recognition of the need of a change in the mode of celebrating the Fourth.

"I congratulate you," wrote the Fire Chief of Springfield (Ohio), "for leading this movement, as we have had, in years gone by, many fires and personal injuries resulting from the foolish and hazardous use of fireworks on the Fourth of July. I hope that the people of this country will see that the coöperation of the different mayors and the heads of fire departments will be the means of decreasing, on the Fourth of July celebrations, many personal injuries and losses of life and property. . . . You can count upon me at all times as against the unnecessary and hazardous risk of life and property in our city."

"I believe this great day should be observed and celebrated in a more moderate way, namely, by patriotic speech-making, music, athletic games, et cetera, and not in a way which is directly responsible for the destruction of life and property," declared the Fire Chief of Erie (Pa.), while the Head of the Fire Department of Chattanooga exclaimed: "Let the good work go on! Some of our greatest fire losses have been the result of fireworks. Several years ago one of our hotels was destroyed and three people burned alive as a result of such celebrations."

Further endorsement came from Chief Gernand, Galveston; Chief Salter, Omaha; Chief Randall, Duluth; Secretary Wilkinson, Baltimore;

Chief Mayo, Toledo; Horace B. Clark, President Board of Fire Commissioners, Hartford, and Chief Clancey, Milwaukee.

In reply to the letters and petitions sent to Universities and Colleges, many answers have been received, while hundreds of signatures to our petitions which had been posted on the bulletin-boards have been returned to us. If space only permitted it would be delightful to quote from many of these admirable letters, but—as it is—I must limit myself to one. This one, however, which came from President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, voices the sentiment of all:

I most unhesitatingly sign one of the blank forms of petition accompanying your letter of January 25th. I wish to express my entire sympathy with the interesting work you are undertaking for the suppression of unnecessary noise and the sane reform of our present way of celebrating the Fourth of July. I shall take pleasure in placing the other blank forms on the bulletin boards of the university, as you request.

Other College Presidents who have complied with our request are: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia University; Chancellor H. M. MacCracken, University of the City of New York; Dr. John Finley, College of the City of New York; President Ellis, Ohio University; Sister M. Paulinus, President College of St. Elizabeth, Morristown; President Levemore, Adelphi College, Brooklyn; President Schurman, Cornell; President Meserve, Shaw University, Raleigh; President Hamilton, Tufts College; Professor Crull, Concordia College; President Gallaudet, Gallaudet College; President Thomas, Middlebury College; President Sanford, Clark College, Worcester; President Cain, Washington College, Chestertown; President Blackwell, Randolph-Macon College, Ashland; President Ware, Atlanta University; President Thwing, Western Reserve University, Cleveland; Dean Carnell, Temple University, Philadelphia; President Gross, Union Theological Seminary, New York; President Smith, Smith College, Northampton; Director Aldrich, School of Technology, Potsdam; Dean Barr, Drake University, Des Moines; President Atkinson, Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn; Acting President Hutchins, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; President Judson, University of Chicago; President Faunce, Brown University, Providence; President Gulliver, Rockford College; President Spooner, Norwich University, Northfield; President Boatwright, Richmond; President Needham, George Washington University, Washington; Chancellor Din-

widdie, Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville; Chancellor Barrow, University of Georgia, Athens; President Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee Institute, Hampton; President Troxell, Midland College, Atchison; President Craighead, Tulane University, New Orleans; President MacLean, University of Iowa; President Briggs, Radcliffe College, Cambridge; President Frieden, St. Louis Institute of Law; President William Smith, Randolph-Macon, Lynchburg; President Mooney, Seton Hall College, South Orange; Bursar Zabriskie, General Theological Seminary, New York; President Denny, Washington and Lee University, Lexington (Va.); President Taylor, Vassar, Poughkeepsie; President Murphree, University of Florida, Gainesville; President Carson, Mills College; President Gunsaulus, Armour School of Technology, Chicago; President Baker, University of Colorado, Boulder; President Hammelkamp, Illinois University; President Baer, Occidental College, Los Angeles; President Lory, State Agricultural College, Fort Collins; Secretary Hawley, Teachers College, New York; Secretary Pratt, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; Acting President Gunsolly, Graceland College, Lamoni; President George, Drury College, Springfield (Mo.); President Manck, Hillsdale College; President Harris, Amherst College; President Riley, McMinneville; President Marn, Iowa College, Grinnell; President Venneble, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill; President Keister, Lebanon Valley College; President Kelly, Earlham College, Earlham; President Aikens, Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove; President David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford, Jr. University, California; Rev. President Hosmer, Southern University, Greensboro; and President McClure, McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.

I believe that the most potent factor in the fight for a safe and sane Fourth has been the set of tables of Independence Day casualties prepared by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, although it must be remembered that these statistics, startling as they are, do not, by any means, state a complete case, as a large proportion of casualties never are recorded. However, until these figures had been tabulated, no one realized the price that we were paying for the celebration of our National Holiday.

Perhaps one could not give a better object-lesson of this than that of placing side by side with the casualty lists of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for the past seven years, those of the American losses

in seven famous Revolutionary battles, namely, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Fort Moultrie, White Plains, Fort Washington, Monmouth and Cowpens, the figures for the latter being taken from Bancroft's *History of the United States*.

Battles	Killed and Wounded	Celebrations	Killed and Wounded
Lexington	83	July 4, 1903	4,449
Bunker Hill	449	July 4, 1904	4,169
Fort Moultrie	37	July 4, 1905	5,176
White Plains	100	July 4, 1906	5,466
Fort Washington	149	July 4, 1907	4,413
Monmouth	229	July 4, 1908	5,623
Cowpens	72	July 4, 1909	5,307
	<hr/> 1,119		<hr/> 34,603

And now, what are the instruments, by means of which Death reaps so large a harvest every Fourth? Unfortunately, but little is known, either by parents or children, concerning the dangerous playthings indulged in, and to this may be attributed, without doubt, many sad features of our "holy day." Only three attempts have been made, I believe, to remedy this, one in Philadelphia, the second in Boston and the third in New York. In Philadelphia, Superintendent Brumbaugh has arranged for lectures which are to be given to children in the public schools warning them of the dangers of explosive enthusiasm; in Boston lectures have been prepared for parents, in which they will be made acquainted with the risks that they allow their children to run in permitting them to purchase fireworks; while in New York, the subject is to be taken up in the Free Lecture Course of the Department of Education, beginning the latter part of April, for the purpose of promoting a better holiday observance.

It is surprising, considering the enormous sums annually spent for fireworks, that so little literature dealing with the subject can be found. One of the few articles that I have come across refers to a circular which has been issued by the Kentucky Board of Fire Underwriters. This states first that the composition of many dangerous pieces cannot be ascertained (the secret resting with the manufacturers), and then it goes on to speak of the composition of the common cracker and of the torpedo:

The largest cannon crackers contain two-thirds ounce of chlorate, one-third

ounce of sulphur, and a small amount of charcoal. The seven-inch variety contains one-half the amount of ingredients of the larger kind. Last Fourth of July one of these "murderers" exploded while under a man's arm, killing him almost instantly, and driving his watch from his vest pocket into a telegraph pole to the depth of one inch. And next. The small torpedo contains a small wafer of chlorate of potash, and gravel, while the largest variety contains chlorate, phosphorus and chloride of antimony. One manufacturer is using fulminate of mercury, which makes their explosive power almost as great as dynamite. These noise-makers have been responsible for many deaths and accidents, and have also turned valuable properties into bonfires, etc.

"Very few parents," the circular proceeds, "would allow their children to experiment with dynamite, yet they allow them to explode these fireworks, which are even more dangerous than that explosive."

Mr. H. J. Pain, the "Fireworks King," divides fireworks into those that are exploded by fire and those that are exploded by concussion. The latter he declares, with the addition of giant crackers which belong to the first class, are dangerous and should be prohibited. "There should be no giant crackers," he declares, "large torpedoes should not be allowed. Pistols, revolvers, and cap pistols should be prohibited from use." Mr. Pain voices, I think, the sentiment of most fireworks makers, in regretting that the trade in dangerous articles is harmful to that in beautiful, spectacular pieces which could be set off under expert supervision, on the occasion of public displays. "As the cities are going now they are stopping all fireworks," are his own words.

It must not be imagined, however, that toy pistols and giant crackers are the only dangerous devices that are yearly bought by our boys and girls, for there are many others. To the list must be added the shooting cane, the lozenges for which, made of potassium chlorate, sulphur, powdered glass and other substances, sometimes explode *en masse*, igniting clothing, or perhaps even blowing off a limb; fix rohr, too, is another gentle toy for children, a box of which some time ago exploded in the Boston Custom House, tearing up the floor and killing three men; toy-cannon are dangerous when they "kick" as well as when they burst, and toy balloons frequently start fires, because the paper of which they are made becomes ignited, five houses in one town, in one day, being burned in this manner.

Of many recent ordinances, either proposed or enacted, I shall simply quote that of Alderman Courtland Nicoll of New York, which is inter-

esting not only because it is one of the very latest (introduced February 1st), but also because it is absolutely prohibitive, and not merely restrictive. As Dr. Simmons, Editor of the *Journal of the Medical Association*, has said, this idea of regulating has been attempted in many cities already, and in no instance has it resulted even in an improvement. Here is the text of Alderman Nicoll's Ordinance:

Be it Ordained by the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York, as follows:

That section number 531 of the Code of Ordinances of the City of New York be and hereby is repealed and the following substituted in place of the present language of the section so numbered:

SEC. 531. That it shall be unlawful to discharge or explode or to have in possession for any such purpose, or to sell or offer for sale to any person under the age of twenty-one, within the City of New York, any toy pistol using a percussion cap, or any squib, rocket, fire cracker, roman candle or other combustible fireworks designed to be exploded with a sudden report or detonation; provided, however, that the Police Commissioner may issue a permit to any person above the age of twenty-one years to set off and have in his possession for such purpose for a period not exceeding one day any such fireworks, provided such person shall first satisfy the Police Commissioner by proof satisfactory to him that he is familiar with the nature and operation of such fireworks; second, shall pay a license fee of five dollars (\$5) for such permit; and third, execute a bond or undertaking under seal in the sum of five thousand dollars with sureties satisfactory to the Commissioner, the condition of such bond or undertaking being that the license shall save the city harmless from all damage incurred by reason of his having in his possession or setting off such fireworks. Such permit shall have endorsed thereon the time and place at which it is proposed to set off such fireworks, and no such permit shall be valid as permission to set off any such fireworks within any of the public parks or playgrounds of the City of New York without having endorsed thereon the consent of the Park Commissioner of the Borough in which such park or playground is situated.

There are many cities laying claim to protective ordinances, in which restriction—and not prohibition—is aimed at. Lynn, for instance, forbids large crackers, but permits them to be used up to two inches in length and half an inch in diameter; Springfield's new ordinance allows them to be used up to three and one-half inches in length; Syracuse permits a five-inch cracker and Boston, I believe, countenances one six inches long and one inch wide. When one recognizes the fact that fourteen-inch cannon crackers are commonly sold, even in towns where their use is forbidden, and that it is impossible for a police officer to differentiate (*after the explosion*) between a five and a fourteen-inch cracker, ordinances of a merely restrictive character appear to have little practical value. Dr. Evans, Health Commissioner of Chicago, has declared that even a two-inch firecracker could not be considered safe, because the wound made by it could become infected just as easily as that made by

a ten-inch cracker, and this statement has been corroborated by those in charge of many Chicago hospitals. "Tetanus," said Dr. Simmons, "frequently comes from wounds not more than a quarter of an inch long."

Efforts to promote a better celebration of the Fourth are now being made in many cities in various different ways—by prohibition, by restriction, by prohibition and substitution and by restriction and substitution. Of all these experiments, the most interesting is that which has been tried for several years in Springfield, Massachusetts, if one may judge by last year's official programme, a copy of which was sent me by Mayor Lathrop. The scope of the celebration was wide enough to interest and to please all, embracing as it did music and band concerts, a parade, athletic sports and exercises, aquatic sports, displays of fireworks, and historical pageants with floats representing scenes from events enacted there, such as Pynchon's purchase of the land from the Indians, the Corn Fleet, Defeat of Shay's Insurgents, and the Underground Railway. In describing one of these fete-days, Dr. Gulick said:

This splendid parade, which included the children and adults, the city government, the nationalities of which the city was composed—the history of the city—brought the people together as they had never come together. It developed a feeling of oneness, of belonging together, which was new. . . . By this means, Springfield has, by constructive rather than restrictive measures, won her day and is winning her city consciousness. . . . We have many holidays and other occasions which demand social expression, but the Fourth of July gives us the most dramatic point of attack.

Pittsburg is at present agitating the question of preparing a gorgeous pageant in honor of the Fourth, for which a large sum is to be raised by popular subscription. It is proposed to engage John W. Alexander, the artist, and Percy MacKaye, the dramatist, in order to arrange a marvelous historical and artistic festival, in which young and old, Americans and those of all other nationalities will take part. "Let us make our National Holiday a holy day," said the Mayor, a few days ago, "recalling and revering the heroic past and symbolizing the present reality with the ideal of the brotherhood to be."

Philadelphia, too, is now working for a holiday programme which will engage the public attention to the exclusion of gunpowder. In this celebration a military parade will be a conspicuous feature, and there will be patriotic music, speeches, pyrotechnic displays, both public and private, set off under expert supervision, and children's games in every breathing space in the city from a park to a vacant lot. In this work,

Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley is the moving spirit and it is she who, more than any other Philadelphian, has led the movement for sanity on Independence Day. Newark is evidently in favor of a great patriotic and historical festival in which civic organizations and the militia can participate, as well as the schools. In Indianapolis, the Mayor and the President of Council recently met the members of the Committee on City Interests in order to plan a suitable celebration of our National Birthday; later there will be a joint meeting of all civic organizations and all city officials. And thus, even in mid-winter, city after city is ranging itself on the side of those who are endeavoring to do away with a mode of observance that is a desecration of our National Birthday, a "devastating nuisance," as it has been called, and to replace it with one that is safe, instructive, attractive, artistic and patriotic.

I cannot bring this article to a more fitting close than by quoting a letter just issued by the Governor of Connecticut to the Mayors of the municipalities of the State:

STATE OF CONNECTICUT

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

HARTFORD, February 21, 1910.

To his Honor, the Mayor of

SIR: The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, with headquarters in New York City, is making every effort to interest the people of the States through their executives in the wisdom and importance of observing a "safer and saner Fourth of July." Statistics show that during the celebration of five national holidays 1,153 persons were killed and 21,520 men more or less injured. No computation can possibly be made of the harm, say nothing of the discomfort, our sick and nervous are obliged to undergo by the noise. All this, together with the immense loss through fires, leads the society to believe that all thinking people are more than ready to coöperate with the authorities toward securing a less noisy day.

Therefore, as I am in hearty sympathy with this movement, and believing, as I do, that the size and quality of some of the explosives used, together with the unreasonable time allowed in which to celebrate has passed all bounds, I feel warranted in calling attention to the heads of municipalities and to our people generally of the advisability of taking steps toward making the glorious anniversary a day of pleasure and profit, instead of a day of unrest and horror.

Hoping for your coöperation in the matter, I am, Mr. Mayor,

Yours very truly,

FRANK B. WEEKS,

Governor.

CELT AND SAXON

CHAPTER VII

THE MINIATURE

PATRICK returned to Earlsfont very late; he had but ten minutes to dress for dinner; a short allowance after a heated ride across miry tracks, though he would have expended some of them, in spite of his punctilious respect for the bell of the house entertaining him, if Miss Adister had been anywhere on the stairs or corridors as he rushed away to his room. He had things to tell; he had not been out over the country for nothing.

Fortunately for his good social principles, the butler at Earlsfont was a wary supervisor of his man; great guest or little guest; Patrick's linen was prepared for him properly studded; he had only to spring out of one suit into another; and still more fortunately the urgency for a rapid execution of the manœuvre prevented his noticing a large square envelope posted against the looking-glass of his toilette-table. He caught sight of it first when pulling down his shirt-cuffs with an air of recovered ease, not to say genial triumph, to think that the feat of grooming himself, washing, dressing and stripping, the accustomed persuasive final sweep of the brush to his hair-crop, was done before the bell had rung. His name was on the envelope; and under his name, in smaller letters,

Adiante.

"Shall I?" said he, doing the thing he asked himself about doing, tearing open the paper cover of the portrait of her who had flitted in his head for years unseen. And there she was, remote but present.

His underlip dropped; he had the look of those who bate breath and swarm their wits to catch a sound. At last he remembered that the summoning bell had been in his ears a long time back, without his having been sensible of any meaning in it. He started to and fro. The treasure he held declined to enter the breast-pocket of his coat, and the other pockets he perhaps, if sentimentally, justly discarded as being beneath the honor of serving for a temporary casket. He locked it up, with a vow to come early to rest. Even then he had thoughts whether it might be safe.

Who spoke, and what they uttered at the repast, and his own remarks, he was unaware of. He turned right and left a brilliant countenance that had the glitter of frost-light; it sparkled and was unreceptive. No wonder Miss Adister deemed him wilder and stranger than ever. She

necessarily supposed the excess of his peculiarities to be an effect of the portrait, and would have had him, according to her ideas of a young man of some depth of feeling, dreamier. On the contrary, he talked sheer commonplace. He had ridden to the spur of the mountains, and had put up the mare, and groomed and fed her, not permitting another hand to touch her: all very well, and his praises of the mare likewise, but he had not a syllable for the sublime of the mountains. He might have careered over midland flats for any susceptibility that he betrayed to the grandeur of the scenery she loved. Ultimately she fancied the miniature had been overlooked in his hurry to dress, and that he was now merely excited by his lively gallop to a certain degree of hard brightness noticeable in hunting men at their dinner.

The elixir in Patrick carried him higher than mountain crests. Adiante illumined an expanded world for him, miraculous, yet the real one, only wanting such light to show its riches. She lifted it out of darkness with swift throbs of her heavenliness as she swam to his eyelids, vanished and dazzled anew, and made these gleams of her and the dark intervals his dream of the winged earth on her flight from splendor to splendor, secrecy to secrecy;—follow you that can, the youth whose heart is an opened mine, whose head is an irradiated sky, under the spell of imagined magical beauty. She was bugle, banner, sunrise, of his inmost ambition and rapture.

And without a warning, she fled; her features were lost; his power of imagining them wrestled with vapor; the effort contracted his outlook. But if she left him blind of her, she left him with no lessened bigness of heart. He frankly believed in her revelation of a greater world and a livelier earth, a flying earth and a world wealthier than grouped history in heroic marvels: he fell back on the exultation of his having seen her, and on the hope for the speedy coming of midnight, when the fountain of her in the miniature would be seen and drunk of at his full leisure, and his glorious elation of thrice man almost up to mounting spirit would be restored to make him worthy of the vision.

Meanwhile Caroline had withdrawn and the lord of Earlsfont was fretting at his theme. He had decided not to be a party in the sale of either of his daughter's estates: let her choose other agents: if the iniquity was committed, his hands would be clean of it. Mr. Adister spoke by way of prelude to the sketch of "this prince" whose title was a lurid delusion. Patrick heard of a sexagenarian rake and Danube adventurer, in person a description of falcon-Caliban, containing his shagginess in a frogged hussar-jacket and crimson pantaloons, with hook-nose, fox-eyes, grizzled billow of frowsy moustache, and chin of a beast

of prey. This fellow, habitually one of the dogs lining the green tables of the foreign Baths, snapping for gold all day and half the night, to spend their winnings in debauchery and howl threats of suicide, never fulfilled early enough, when they lost, claimed his principedom on the strength of his father's murder of a reigning prince and sitting in his place for six months, till a merited shot from another pretender sent him to his account. "What do you say to such a nest of assassins, and one of them, an outcast and blackleg, asking an English gentleman to acknowledge him as a member of his family! I have," said Mr. Adister, "direct information that this gibbet-bird is conspiring to dethrone—they call it—the present reigning prince, and the proceeds of my daughter's estates are, by her desire—if she has not written under compulsion of the scoundrel—intended to speed their blood-mongering. There goes a Welshwoman's legacy to the sea, with a herd of swine with devils in them!"

Mr. Camminy kept his head bent, his hand on his glass of port. Patrick stared, and the working of his troubled brows gave the unhappy gentleman such lean comfort as he was capable of taking. Patrick in sooth was engaged in the hard attempt at the same time to do two of the most difficult things which can be proposed to the ingenuity of sensational youth: he was trying to excuse a respected senior for conduct that he could not approve, while he did inward battle to reconcile his feelings with the frightful addition to his hoard of knowledge: in other words, he sought strenuously to mix the sketch of the prince with the dregs of the elixir coming from the portrait of Adiante; and now she sank into obscurity behind the blackest of brushes, representing her incredible husband; and now by force of some natural light she broke through the ugly mist and gave her adored the sweet lines and colors of the features he had lost. There was an ebb and flow of the struggle, until able to say to himself that he saw her clearly as though the portrait was in the palm of his hand, the battle of the imagination ceased and she was fairer for him than if her foot had continued pure of its erratic step: fairer, owing to the eyes he saw with; he had shaken himself free of the exacting senses which consent to the worship of women upon the condition of their possessing all the precious and the miraculous qualities; among others, the gift of an exquisite fragility that cannot break;—in short, upon terms flattering to the individual devotee. Without knowing it he had done it and got some of the upholding strength of those noblest of honest men who not merely give souls to women—an extraordinary endowment of them—but also discourse to them with their souls.

Patrick accepted Adiante's husband: the man was her husband.

Hideous (for there was no combatting her father's painting of him), he was almost interesting through his alliance:—an example of how much earth the worshipper can swallow when he is quite sincere. Instead of his going under eclipse, the beauty of his lady eclipsed her monster. He believed in her right to choose according to her pleasure since her lover was denied her. Sitting alone by his fire, he gazed at her for hours and bled for Philip. There was a riddle to be answered in her cutting herself away from Philip; he could not answer it; her face was the vindication and the grief. The usual traverses besetting true lovers were suggested to him, enemies and slanders and intercepted letters. He rejected them in the presence of the beautiful inscrutable. Small marvel that Philip had loved her. "Poor fellow!" Patrick cried aloud, and drooped on a fit of tears.

The sleep he had was urgently dream-ridden to goals that eluded him and broadened to fresh races and chases waving something to be won which never was won, albeit untiringly pursued amid a series of adventures, tragic episodes; wild enthusiasm. The whole of it was featureless, a shifting agitation; yet he must have been endowed to extricate a particular meaning applied to himself out of the mass of tumbled events, and closely in relation to realities, for he quitted his bed passionately regretting that he had not gone through a course of drill and study of the military art. He remembered Mr. Adister's having said that military training was good for all gentlemen.

"I could join the French Foreign Legion," he thought.

Adiante was as beautiful by day as by night. He looked. The riddle of her was more burdensome in the daylight.

He sighed, and on another surging of his admiration launched the resolve that he would serve her blindly, without one question. How, when, where, and the means and the aim, he did not think of. There was she, and here was he, and heaven and a great heart would show the way.

Adiante at eighteen, the full-length of her, fresh in her love of Philip, was not the same person to him, she had not the same secret; she was beautiful differently. By right he should have loved the portrait best: but he had not seen it first; he had already lived through a life of emotions with the miniature, and could besides clasp the frame; and moreover he fondled an absurd notion that the miniature would be entrusted to him for a time, and was almost a possession. The pain of the thought of relinquishing it was the origin of this foolishness. And again, if it be fair to prove him so deeply, true to his brother though he was (admiration of a woman does thus influence the tides of our

blood to render the noblest of us guilty of some unconscious wavering of our loyalty), Patrick dedicated the full-length of *Adiante* to Philip, and reserved the other, her face and neck, for himself.

Obediently to Mr. Adister's order, the portrait had been taken from one of his private rooms and placed in the armory, the veil covering the canvas of late removed. Guns and spears and swords overhead and about, the youthful figure of *Adiante* was ominously encompassed. Caroline stood with Patrick before the portrait of her cousin; she expected him to show a sign of appreciation. He asked her to tell him the Church whose forms of faith the princess had embraced. She answered that it was the Greek Church. "The Greek," said he, gazing harder at the portrait. Presently she said: "It was a perfect likeness." She named the famous artist who had painted it. Patrick's "Ah" was unsatisfactory.

"We," said she, "think it a living image of her as she was then."

He would not be instigated to speak.

"You do not admire it, Mr. O'Donnell?" she cried.

"Oh, but I do. That's how she looked when she was drawing on her gloves with good will to go out to meet him. You can't see her there and not be sure she had a heart. She part smiles; she keeps her mouth shut, but there's the dimple, and it means a thought, like a bubble bursting up from the heart in her breast. She's tall. She carries herself like a great French lady, and nothing beats that. It's the same color, dark eyebrows and fair hair. And not thinking of her pride. She thinks of her walk, and the end of it, where he's waiting. The eyes are not the same."

"The same?" said Caroline.

"As this." He tapped on the left side. She did not understand it at all.

"The bit of work done in Vienna," said he.

She blushed. "Do you admire that so much?"

"I do."

"We consider it not to be compared to this."

"Perhaps not. I like it better."

"But why do you like that better?" said Caroline, deeming it his wilfulness.

Patrick put out a finger. "The eyes there don't seem to say, 'I'm yours to make a hero of you.' But look," he drew forth from under his waistcoat the miniature, "what don't they say here! It's a bright day for the Austrian capital that has her by the river Danube. Yours has a landscape; I've made acquaintance with the country, I caught the print of it on my ride yesterday; and those are your mountains. But mine

has her all to herself while she's thinking undisturbed in her boudoir. I have her and her thoughts: that's next to her soul. I've an idea it ought to be given to Philip." He craned his head round to woo some shadow of assent to the daring suggestion. "Just to break the shock 'twill be to my brother, Miss Adister. If I could hand him this, and say, 'Keep it, for you'll get nothing more of her; and that's worth a kingdom.'"

Caroline faltered. "Your brother does not know?"

"Pity him. His blow's to come. He can't or he'd have spoken of it to me. I was with him a couple of hours and he never mentioned a word of it, nor did Captain Con. We talked of Ireland, and the service, and some French cousins we have."

"Ladies?" Caroline inquired by instinct.

"And charming," said Patrick, "real dear girls. Philip might have one, if he would, and half my property, to make it right with her parents. There'd be little use in proposing it. He was dead struck when the shaft struck him. That's love! So I determined the night after I'd shaken his hand I'd be off to Earlsfont and try my hardest for him. It's hopeless now. Only he might have the miniature for his bride. I can tell him a trifle to help him over his agony. She would have had him, she would, Miss Adister, if she hadn't feared he'd be talked of as Captain Con has been—about the neighborhood, I mean, because he," Patrick added hurriedly, "he married an heiress and sank his ambition for distinction like a man who has finished his dinner. I'm certain she would. I have it on authority."

"What authority?" said Caroline coldly.

"Her own old nurse."

"Jenny Williams?"

"The one! I had it from her. And how she loves her darling Miss Adiante! She won't hear of "princess." She hates that marriage. She was all for my brother Philip. She calls him "Our handsome lieutenant." She'll keep the poor fellow a subaltern all his life."

"You went to Jenny's inn?"

"The Earlsfont Arms, I went to. And Mrs. Jenny at the door, watching the rain. Destiny directed me. She caught the likeness to Philip on a lift of her eye, and very soon we sat conversing like old friends. We were soon playing at old cronies over past times. I saw the way to bring her out, so I set to work, and she was up in defence of her darling, ready to tell me anything to get me to think well of her. And that was the main reason, she said, why Miss Adiante broke with him and went abroad: her dear child wouldn't have Mr. Philip abused for

fortune-hunting. As for the religion, they could each have practised their own: her father would have consented to the fact, when it came on him in that undeniable shape of two made one. She says, Miss Adiante has a mighty soul; she has brave ideas. Miss Deenly, she calls her. Ay, and so has Philip: though the worst is, they're likely to drive him out of the army into politics and Parliament; and an Irishman there is a barrow trolling a load of grievances. Ah, but she would have kept him straight. Not a soldier alive knows the use of cavalry better than my brother. He wanted just that English wife to steady him and pour drops of universal fire into him; to keep him face to face with the world, I mean; letting him be true to his country in a fair degree, but not an old rainpipe and spout. She would have held him to his profession. And, Oh, dear! She's a friend worth having, lost to Ireland. I see what she could have done there. Something bigger than an island, too, has to be served in our days: that is, if we don't forget our duty at home. Poor Paddy, and his pig, and his bit of earth! If you knew what we feel for him! I'm a landlord, but I'm one with my people about evictions. We Irish take strong root. And honest rent paid over to absentees, through an agent, if you think of it, seems like flinging the money that's the sweat of the brow into a stone conduit to roll away to a giant maw hungry as the sea. It's the bleeding to death of our land! Transactions from hand to hand of warm human flesh—nothing else will do; I mean, for men of our blood. Ah! she would have kept my brother temperate in his notions and his plans. And why absentees, Miss Adister? Because we've no centre of home life: the core has been taken out of us; our country has no heart-fire. I'm for union; only there should be justice, and a little knowledge to make allowance for the natural cravings of a different kind of people. Well, then, and I suppose that inter-marriages are good for both. But here comes a man, the boldest and handsomest of his race, and he offers himself to the handsomest and sweetest of yours, and she leans to him, and the family won't have him. For he's an Irishman and a Catholic. Who is it then opposed the proper union of the two islands? Not Philip. He did his best; and if he does worse now he's not entirely to blame. The misfortune is, that when he learns the total loss of her on that rock-promontory, he'll be dashing himself upon rocks sure to shiver him. There's my fear. If I might take him this . . . ?" Patrick pleaded with the miniature raised like the figure of his interrogation.

Caroline's inward smile threw a soft light of humor over her features at the simple cunning of his wind-up to the lecture on his country's case, which led her to perceive a similar cunning simplicity in his identifica-

tion of it with Philip's. It started her to surprise, for the reason that she'd been reviewing his freakish hops from Philip to Ireland and to Adiante, and wondering, in a different kind of surprise, how and by what profitless ingenuity he contrived to weave them together. Nor was she unmoved, notwithstanding her fancied perception of his Jesuitry: his look and his voice were persuasive; his love of his brother was deep; his change of sentiment toward Adiante after the tale told him by her old nurse Jenny, stood for proof of a generous manliness.

Before she had replied, her uncle entered the armory, and Patrick was pleading still, and she felt herself to be a piece of damask, a very fiery dye.

To disentangle herself, she said on an impulse, desperately:

"Mr. O'Donnell begs to have the miniature for his brother."

Patrick swung instantly to Mr. Adister. "I presumed to ask for it, Sir, to carry it to Philip. He is ignorant about the princess as yet: he would like to have a bit of the wreck. I shan't be a pleasant messenger to him. I should be glad to take him something. It could be returned after a time. She was a great deal to Philip—three parts of his life. He has nothing of her to call his own."

"That!" said Mr. Adister. He turned to the virgin Adiante, sat down and shut his eyes, fetching a breath. He looked vacantly at Patrick.

"When you find a man purely destructive, you think him a devil, don't you?" he said.

"A good first cousin to one," Patrick replied, watchful for a hint to seize the connection.

"If you think of hunting to-day, we have not many minutes to spare before we mount. The meet is at eleven, five miles distant. Go and choose your horse. Caroline will drive there."

Patrick consulted her on a glance for counsel. "I shall be glad to join you, Sir, for to-morrow I must be off to my brother."

"Take it," Mr. Adister waved his hand hastily. He gazed at his idol of untouched eighteen. "Keep it safe," he said, discarding the sight of the princess. "Old houses are doomed to burnings, and a devil in the family may bring us to ashes. And some day . . . !" he could not continue his thought upon what he might be destined to wish for, and ran it on to, "Some day I shall be happy to welcome your brother, when it pleases him to visit me."

Patrick bowed, oppressed by the mighty gift. "I haven't the word to thank you with, Sir."

Mr. Adister did not wait for it.

"I owe this to you, Miss Adister," said Patrick.

Her voice shook: "My uncle loves those who loved her."

He could see she was trembling. When he was alone his ardor of gratefulness enabled him to see into her uncle's breast: the inflexible frigidity; lasting regrets and remorse; the compassion for Philip in kinship of grief and loss; the angry dignity; the stately generosity.

He saw too, for he was clear-eyed when his feelings were not over-active, the narrow pedestal whereon the stiff figure of a man of iron pride must accommodate itself to stand in despite of tempests without and within; and how the statue rocks there, how much more pitifully than the common sons of earth who have the broad common field to fall down on and our good mother's milk to set them on their legs again.

CHAPTER VIII

CAPTAIN CON AND MRS. ADISTER O'DONNELL

RIDING homeward from the hunt at the leisurely trot of men who have steamed their mounts pretty well, Mr. Adister questioned Patrick familiarly about his family, and his estate, and his brother's prospects in the army, and whither he intended first to direct his travels: questions which Patrick understood to be kindly put for the sake of promoting conversation with a companion of unripe age by a gentleman who had wholesomely excited his blood to run. They were answered, except the last one. Patrick had no immediate destination in view.

"Leave Europe behind you," said Mr. Adister warming to advise him, and checking the trot of his horse. "Try South America." The lordly gentleman plotted out a scheme of colonization and conquest in that region with the coolness of a practised freebooter. "No young man is worth a job," he said, "who does not mean to be a leader, and as leader to have dominion. Here we are fettered by ancestry and antecedents. Had I to recommence without those encumbrances, I would try my fortune yonder. I stood condemned to waste my youth in idle parades, and hunting the bear and buffalo. The estate you have inherited is not binding on you. You can realize it, and begin by taking over two or three hundred picked Irish and English—have both races capable of handling spade and musket; purchasing some thousands of acres to establish a legal footing there. You increase your colony from the mother country in the ratio of your prosperity, until your power is respected, and there is a necessity for the extension of your territory. When you are feared you will be on your mettle. They will favor you with

provocation. I should not doubt the result, supposing my self to have under my sole command a trained body of men of English blood—and Irish."

"Owners of the soil," rejoined Patrick, much marvelling.

"Undoubtedly, owners of the soil, but owing you service."

"They fight, Sir."

"It is hardly to be specified in the calculation, knowing them. Soldiers who have served their term, particularly old artillerymen, would be my choice: young fellows and boys among them. Women would have to be taken. Half-breeds are the ruin of colonists. Our men are born for conquest. We were conquerors here, and it is want of action and going physically forward that makes us a rusty people. There are"—Mr. Adister's intonation told of his proposing a wretched alternative,—“the Pacific Islands, but they will soon be snapped up by the European and North American Governments, and a single one of them does not offer space. It would require money and a navy.” He mused. “South America is the quarter I should decide for, as a young man. You are a judge of horses; you ride well; you would have splendid pastures over there; you might raise a famous breed. The air is fine; it would suit our English stock. We are on ground, Mr. O'Donnell, which my forefathers contested sharply and did not yield.”

“The owners of the soil had to do that,” said Patrick. “I can show the same in my country, with a difference.”

“Considerably to your benefit.”

“Everything has been crushed there barring the contrary opinion.”

“I could expect such a remark from a rebel.”

“I'm only interpreting the people, Sir.”

“Jump out of that tinder-box as soon as you can. When I was in South America, it astonished me that no Englishman had cast an eye on so inviting a land. Australia is not comparable with it. And where colonizations have begun without system, and without hard fighting to teach the settlers to value good leadership and respect their chiefs, they tumble into Republics.”

Patrick would have liked to fling in a word about the Englishman's cast of his eye upon inviting lands, but the trot was resumed, the lord of Earlsfont having delivered his mind, and a minute made it happily too late for the sarcastic bolt. Glad that his tongue had been kept from wagging, he trotted along beside his host in the dusky evening over the once contested land where the gentleman's forefathers had done their deeds and firmly fixed their descendants. A remainder of dull red fire prolonged the half-day above the mountain strongholds of the former

owners of the soil, upon which prince and bard and priest, and grappling natives never wanting for fierceness, roared to-arms in the beacon-flames from ridge to peak: and down they poured, and back they were pushed by the inveterate colonizer—stationing at threatened points his old “artillerymen” of those days: and so it ends, that bard and priest and prince; holy poetry, and divine prescription, and a righteous holding; are as naught against him. They go, like yonder embers of the winter sunset before advancing night: and to-morrow the beacon-heaps are ashes, the conqueror’s foot stamps on them, the wind scatters them; strangest of all, you hear victorious lawlessness appealing solemnly to God the law.

Patrick was too young to philosophize upon his ideas; or else the series of pictures projected by the troops of sensations running through him were not of a solidity to support any structure of philosophy. He reverted, though rather in name than in spirit, to the abstractions, justice, consistency, right. They were too hard to think of, so he abandoned the puzzle of fitting them to men’s acts and their consciences, and he put them aside as mere titles employed for the uses of a police and a tribunal to lend an appearance of legitimacy to the decrees of them that have got the upper hand. An insurrectionary rising of his breast on behalf of his country was the consequence. He kept it down by turning the whole hubbub within him to the practical contemplation of a visionary South America as the region for him and a fighting tenantry. With a woman, to crown her queen there, the prospect was fair. But where dwelt the woman possessing majesty suitable to such a dream in her heart or her head? The best he had known in Ireland and in France, preferred the charms of society to bold adventure.

All the same, thought he, it’s queer counsel, that we should set to work by buying a bit of land to win a clean footing to rob our neighbors: and his brains took another shot at Mr. Adister, this time without penetrating. He could very well have seen the matter he disliked in a man that he disliked; but the father of Adiante had touched him with the gift of the miniature.

Patrick was not asked to postpone his departure from Earlsfont, nor was he invited to come again. Mr. Adister drove him to the station in the early morning, and gave him a single nod from the phaeton-box for a good-by. Had not Caroline assured him at the leave-taking between them that he had done her uncle great good by his visit, the blank of the usual ceremonial phrases would have caused him to fancy himself an intruder courteously dismissed, never more to enter the grand old Hall. He was further comforted by hearing the station-master’s exclamation of astonishment and pleasure at the sight of the squire “in his place” hand-

ling the reins, which had not been witnessed for many a day: and so it appeared that the recent guest had been exceptionally complimented. "But why not a warm word, instead of turning me off to decipher a bit of Egyptian on baked brick," he thought, incurably Celtic as he was.

From the moment when he beheld Mr. Adister's phaeton mounting a hill that took the first leap for the Cambrian highlands, up to his arrival in London, scarcely one of his "ideas" darted out before Patrick, as they were in the habit of doing, like the enchanted hares of fairyland, tempting him to pursue, and changing into the form of woman ever, at some turn of the chase. For as he had travelled down to Earlsfont in the state of ignorance and hopefulness, bearing the liquid brains of that young condition, so did his acquisition of a particular fact destructive of hope, solidify them about it as he travelled back: in other words, they were digesting what they had taken in. Imagination would not have stirred for a thousand fleeting hares: and principally, it may be, because he was conscious that no form of woman would anywhere come of them. Woman was married; she had the ring on her finger! He could at his option look on her in the miniature, he could think of her as being in the city where she had been painted; but he could not conjure her out of space; she was nowhere in the ambient air. Secretly she was a feeling that lay half slumbering very deep down within him, and he kept the secret, choosing to be poor rather than call her forth. He was in truth digesting with difficulty, as must be the case when it is allotted to the brains to absorb what the soul abhors.

"Poor old Philip!" was his perpetual refrain.—"Philip, the girl you love is married; and here's her protrait taken in her last blush; and the man who has her hasn't a share in that!" Thus, throwing in the ghost of a sigh for sympathy, it seemed to Patrick that the intelligence would have to be communicated. Bang is better, thought he, for bad news than snapping fire and fainting, when you're bound half to kill a fellow, and a manly fellow.

Determined that bang it should be, he hurried from the terminus to Philip's hotel, where he had left him, and was thence despatched to the house of Captain Con O'Donnell, where he created a joyful confusion, slightly dashed with rigor on the part of the regnant lady; which is not to be wondered at, considering that both the gentlemen attending her, Philip and her husband, quitted her table with shouts at the announcement of his name, and her husband hauled him in unwashed before her, crying that the lost was found, the errant returned, the Prodigal Pat recovered by his kinsman! and she had to submit to the introduction of

the disturber: and a bedchamber had to be thought of for the unexpected guest, and the dinner to be delayed in middle course, and her husband corrected between the discussions concerning the bedchamber, and either the guests permitted to appear at her table in sooty day-garb, or else a great gap commanded in the service of her dishes, vexatious extreme for a lady composed of orderliness. She acknowledged Patrick's profound salute and his excuses with just so many degrees in the inclining of her head as the polite deem a duty to themselves when the ruffling world has disarranged them.

"Con!" she called to her chattering husband, "we are in England, if you please."

"To be sure, madam," said the captain, "and so's Patrick, thanks to the stars. We fancied him gone, kidnapped, burned, made a meal of and swallowed up, under the earth or the water; for he forgot to give us his address in town; he stood before us for an hour or so, and then the fellow vanished. We've waited for him gaping. With your permission I'll venture an opinion that he'll go and dabble his hands and sit with us as he is, for the once, as it happens."

"Let it be so," she rejoined, not pacified beneath her dignity. She named the bedchamber to a footman.

"And I'll accompany the boy to hurry him on," said the captain, hurrying Patrick on as he spoke, till he had him out of the dining-room, when he whispered: "Out with your key, and if we can scramble you into your evening-suit quick we shall heal the breach in the dinner. You dip your hands and face, I'll have out the dress. You've the right style for her, my boy: and mind, she is an excellent good woman, worthy of all respect: but formality's the flattery she likes: a good bow and short speech. Here we are, and the room's lighted. Off to the basin, give me the key; and here's hot water in tripping Mary's hands. The portmanteau opens easy. Quick! the door's shut on rosy Mary. The race is for domestic peace, my boy. I sacrifice everything I can for it, in decency. 'Tis the secret of my happiness."

Patrick's transformation was rapid enough to satisfy the impatient captain, who said: "You'll tell her you couldn't sit down in her presence undressed. I married her at forty, you know, when a woman has reached her perfect development, and leans a trifle more to ceremonies than to substance. And where have you been the while?"

"I'll tell you by and by," said Patrick.

"Tell me now, and don't be smirking at the glass; your necktie's as neat as a lady's company-smile, equal at both ends, and warranted not to relax before the evening's over. And mind you don't set me off talking

overmuch downstairs. I talk in her presence like the usher of the Court to the Judge. 'Tis the secret of my happiness."

"Where are those rascally dress-boots of mine!" cried Patrick.

Captain Con pitched the contents of the portmanteau right and left. "Never mind the boots, my boy. Your legs will be under the table during dinner, and we'll institute a rummage up here between that and the procession to the drawing-room, where you'll be examined head to foot, devil a doubt of it. But say, where have you been? She'll be asking, and we're in a mess already, and may as well have a place to name to her, somewhere, to excuse the gash you've made in her dinner. Here they are, both of'm, rolled in a dirty shirt!"

Patrick seized the boots and tugged them on, saying: "Earlsfont, then."

"You've been visiting Earlsfont? Whack! but that's the saving of us! Talk to her of her brother:—he sends her his love. Talk to her of the ancestral hall:—it stands as it was on the day of its foundation. Just wait about five minutes to let her punish us, before you out with it. 'Twill come best from you. What did you go down there for? But don't stand answering questions; come along. Don't heed her countenance at the going in: we've got the talisman. As to the dressing, it's a perfect trick of harlequinade, and she'll own it after a dose of Earlsfont. And, by the way, she's not Mrs. Con, remember; she's Mrs. Adister O'Donnell: and that's best rolled out to Mistress. She's a worthy woman, but she was married at forty, and I had to take her shaped as she was, for moulding her at all was out of the question, and the soft parts of me had to be the sufferers, to effect a conjunction, for where one won't and can't, poor t'other must, or the union's a mockery. She was cast in bronze at her birth, if she wasn't cut in bog-root. Anyhow, you'll study her. Consider her for my sake. Madam, it should be—madam, call her, addressing her, madam. She hasn't a taste for jokes, and she chastises absurdities, and England's the foremost country of the globe, in direct communication with heaven, and only to be connected with such a country by the tail of it is a special distinction and a comfort for us; we're that part of the kite!—but, Patrick, she's a charitable soul; she's a virtuous woman and an affectionate wife, and doesn't frown to see me turn off to my place of worship while she drum-majors it away to her own; she entertains Father Boyle heartily, like the good woman she is to good men; and unfortunate females too have a friend in her, a real friend—that they have; and that's a wonder in a woman chaste as ice. I do respect her; and I'd like to see the man to favor me with an opportunity of proving it on him! So you'll not forget, my boy; and prepare for a cold bath the first five minutes.

Out with Earlsfont early after that. All these things are trifles to an unmarried man. I have to attend to'm, I have to be politic and give her elbow-room for her natural angles. 'Tis the secret of my happiness."

Priming his kinsman thus up to the door of the dining-room, Captain Con thrust him in.

Mistress Adister O'Donnell's head rounded as by slow attraction to the clock. Her disciplined husband signified an equal mixture of contrition and astonishment at the passing of time. He fell to work upon his plate in obedience to the immediate policy dictated to him.

The unbending English lady contrasted with her husband so signally that the oddly united couple appeared yoked in a common harness for a perpetual display of the opposition of the races. She resembled her brother, the lord of Earlsfont, in her remarkable height and her calm air of authority and self-sustainment. From beneath a head-dress built of white curls and costly lace, half enclosing her high narrow forehead, a pale, thin, straight bridge of nose descended prominently over her sunken cheeks to thin locked lips. Her aspect suggested the repose of a winter landscape, enjoyable in pictures, or on skates, otherwise nipping. Mental directness, of no greater breadth than her principal feature, was the character it expressed; and candor of spirit shone through the transparency she was, if that mild taper could be said to shine in proof of a vitality rarely notified to the outer world by the opening of her mouth; chiefly then, though not malevolently to command: as the portal of some snow-bound monastery opens to the outcast, bidding it to be known that the light across the wolds was not deceptive and a glimmer of life subsists among the silent within. The life sufficed to her. She was like a marble effigy seated upright, requiring but to be laid at her length for transport to the cover of the tomb.

Now Captain Con was by nature ruddy as an Indian summer flushed in all its leaves. The corners of his face had everywhere a frank ambush, or child's hiding-place, for languages and laughter. He could worm with a smile quite his own the humor out of men possessing any; and even under rigorous law, and it could not be disputed that there was rigor in the beneficent laws imposed upon him by his wife, his genius for humor and passion for sly independence came up and curled away like the smoke of the illicit still, wherein the fanciful discern fine sprites indulging in luxurious grimaces at a government long-nosed to no purpose. Perhaps, as Patrick said of him to Caroline Adister, he was a bard without a theme. He certainly was a man of speech, and the having fearfully to contain himself for the greater number of the hours of the day,

for the preservation of the domestic felicity he had learned to value, fathered the sentiment of revolt in his bosom.

By this time, long after five minutes had elapsed, the frost presiding at the table was fast withering Captain Con: and he was irritable to hear why Patrick had gone off to Earlsfont, and what he had done there, and the adventures he had tasted on the road; anything for warmth. His efforts to fish the word out of Patrick produced deeper crevasses in the conversation, and he cried to himself: Hats and crape-bands! mightily struck by an idea that he and his cousins were a party of hired mourners over the meat they consumed. Patrick was endeavoring to spare his brother a mention of Earlsfont before they had private talk together. He answered neither to a dip of the hook nor to a pull.

"The desert where you've come from's good," said the captain, sharply nodding.

Mrs. Adister O'Donnell ejaculated: "Wine!" for a heavy comment upon one of his topics, and crushed it.

Philip saw that Patrick had no desire to spread, and did not trouble him.

"Good horses in the stable too," said the captain.

Patrick addressed Mrs. Adister: "I have hardly excused myself to you, madam."

Her head was aloft in dumb apostrophe of wearifulness over another of her husband's topics.

"Do not excuse yourself at all," she said.

The captain shivered. He overhauled his plotting soul publicly: "Why don't you out with it yourself!" and it was wonderful why he had not done so, save that he was prone to petty conspiracy, and had thought reasonably that the revelation would be damp gunpowder, coming from him. And therein he was right, for when he added: "The boy's fresh from Earlsfont; he went down to look at the brave old house of the Adisters, and was nobly welcomed and entertained, and made a vast impression," his wife sedately remarked to Patrick, "You have seen my brother Edward."

"And brings a message of his love to you, my dear," the Captain bit his nail harder.

"You have a message for me?" she asked; and Patrick replied: "The captain is giving a free translation. I was down there, and I took the liberty of calling on Mr. Adister, and I had a very kind reception. We hunted, we had a good day with the hounds. I think I remember hearing that you go there at Christmas, madam."

"Our last Christmas at Earlsfont was a sad meeting for the family. My brother Edward is well?"

"I had the happiness to be told that I had been of a little service in cheering him."

"I can believe it," said Mrs. Adister, letting her eyes dwell on the young man; and he was moved by the silvery tremulousness of her voice.

She resumed: "You have the art of dressing in a surprisingly short time."

"There!" exclaimed Captain Con: for no man can hear the words which prove him a prophet without showing excitement. "Didn't I say so? Patrick's a hero for love or war, my dear. He stood neat and trim from the silk socks to the sprig of necktie in six minutes by my watch. And that's witness to me that you may count on him for what the great Napoleon called two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage; not too common even in his immortal army:—when it's pitch black and frosty cold, and you're buried within in a dream of home, and the trumpet springs you to your legs in a trice, boots and trousers, coat and sword-belt and shako, and one twirl to the whiskers, and away before a second snap of the fingers to where the great big bursting end of all things for you lies crouching like a Java-Tiger—a ferocious beast painted undertaker's color—for a leap at you in particular out of the dark;—never waiting an instant to ask what's the matter and pretend you don't know. That's rare, Philip; that's bravery; Napoleon knew the thing; and Patrick has it; my hand's on the boy's back for that."

The captain was permitted to discourse as he pleased: his wife was wholly given to the recent visitor to Earlsfont, whom she informed that Caroline was the youngest daughter of General Adister, her second brother, and an excellent maiden, her dear Edward's mainstay in his grief. At last she rose, and was escorted to the door by all present. But Captain Con rather shamefacedly explained to Patrick that it was a sham departure; they had to follow without a single spin to the claret-jug; he closed the door merely to state his position; how at half past ten he would be a free man, according to the convention, to which his wife honorably adhered, so he had to do likewise, as regarded his share of it. Thereupon he apologized to the brothers, bitterly regretting that, with good wine in the cellar, his could be no house for claret; and promising them they should sit in their shirts and stretch their legs, and toast the old country and open their hearts, no later than the minute pointing to the time for his deliverance.

Mrs. Adister accepted her husband's proffered arm unhesitatingly at the appointed stroke of the clock. She said: "Yes," in agreement with

him, as if she had never heard him previously enunciate the formula, upon his pious vociferation that there should be no trifling with her hours of rest.

"You can find your way to my cabin," he said to Philip over his shoulder, full of solicitude for the steps of the admirable lady now positively departing.

As soon as the brothers were alone, Philip laid his hand on Patrick, asking him, "What does it mean?"

Patrick fired his cannon-shot; "She's married!" Consulting his feelings immediately after, he hated himself for his bluntness.

Philip tossed his head. "But why did you go down there?"

"I went," said Patrick, "well, I went. . . . I thought you looked wretched, and I went with an idea of learning where she was, and seeing if I couldn't do something. It's too late now; all's over."

"My dear boy, I've worse than that to think of."

"You don't mind it?"

"That's old news, Patrick."

"You don't care for her any more, Philip?"

"You wouldn't have me caring for a married woman?"

"She has a perfect beast for a husband."

"I'm sorry she didn't make a better choice."

"He's a prince."

"So I hear."

"Ah! And what worse, Philip, can you be having to think of?"

"Affairs," Philip replied, and made his way to the cabin of Captain Con, followed in wonderment by Patrick, who would hardly have been his dupe to suppose him indifferent and his love of Adiante dead, had not the thought flashed on him a prospect of retaining the miniature for his own, or for long in his custody.

George Meredith.

(To be Continued)

THE FEDERAL CORPORATION TAX LAW

IN the recent effort of the Chief Executive, and the Congress of the United States, to revise the tariff laws in order to secure revenue for the support of the Government, a novel tax proposition was announced, and was incorporated in the Payne Tariff Act of 1909. Known as the Federal Corporation Tax Law, this tax is technically Section 38 of the new tariff law entitled "An Act to furnish revenue, equalize duties and encourage the industries of the United States and for other purposes," approved by the President, August 5, 1909.

There are many forms of taxation imposed upon corporations, but heretofore such taxation has been limited to the State, under the laws of which the corporation is organized, and the State or States in which it does business. It was, therefore, a novel proposition to suggest a tax by the Federal Government upon corporations organized under State laws. The law imposes a tax upon corporations, joint-stock companies or associations, organized for profit, and having a capital stock represented by shares; and upon insurance companies. The tax is designated as "a special excise tax with respect to carrying on or doing business," and the rate of taxation is one per cent. upon the entire net income over and above five thousand dollars received during the calendar year. It is provided in the law that in computing such net income, the amount received as dividends upon the stock of any other corporation, joint-stock company, etc., subject to the tax, shall not be included.

To those unfamiliar with the extent of the authority of Congress to impose taxes it may seem strange that Congress should attempt to place a tax on a corporation created by a State. Since the Commerce clause of the Constitution has been extended by judicial interpretation to cover so many seemingly intra-state acts, the popular mind has become possessed of the idea that all powers of the General Government affecting property or transactions within a State are based upon the authority of Congress to regulate intra-state and foreign commerce. The Federal corporation tax is, however, imposed under an entirely distinct power, vested in Congress by the Constitution. Under Section 8 of Article 1, of the Constitution of the United States, Congress has "power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States," and it is under this authority that the tax in question is imposed. There are a few limitations on this power of Congress, which are enumerated in the Constitu-

tion, but subject to these limitations, the power of Congress to tax persons and property throughout the United States is practically unlimited. To use the words of Mr. Chief Justice Chase, "Congress cannot tax exports, and it must impose direct taxes by the rule of apportionment, and indirect taxes by the rule of uniformity. Thus limited, and thus only, it reaches every subject and may be exercised at discretion." It should be borne in mind right here that the income tax of 1894 was declared unconstitutional, not because the tax upon incomes was beyond the powers of Congress, but because, the Supreme Court held, it was improperly imposed as an indirect tax, whereas in reality it was, in its most important features a direct tax which could be imposed only by the rule of apportionment between the several States according to their respective population.

That Congress has this extensive power of taxation is undoubted, but it is also true that the several States, subject to the provisions and restrictions of the Federal Constitution, retain their sovereign power of taxation over persons and property under their respective jurisdiction. This concurrent power of taxation, existing in the Federal and the State Government, has resulted in the establishment by judicial interpretation of a further restriction upon the power of Congress to impose taxes. This restriction is to the effect that Congress cannot lawfully impose a tax upon an agency employed by a State in carrying out its functions of Government; and it is likewise established that a State may not lawfully impose a tax which will interfere with or embarrass the Federal Government in its functions. Thus, in the income-tax case above referred to, the Supreme Court, before it finally reached the conclusion that the whole tax must be declared unconstitutional, held that the tax could not reach the income from bonds of a municipality, because those bonds were an instrument employed by the State, through such municipality, in carrying out its functions of government; and that to allow Congress to tax the earnings of such bonds would be in effect to place a burden upon the borrowing capacity of the State.

Passing on from the general power of Congress to impose taxes to the particular tax under consideration, we come to the question whether this enactment of Congress is within its powers under the Constitution. The law was conceived and enacted as a "special excise tax with respect to carrying on or doing business," by the corporations, etc., subject to its operations. The tax is not on the income, but net income is the measure of the tax.

It is evident that Congress meant to avoid an income tax because, by the decision of the Supreme Court, such a tax could lawfully be laid only

as a direct tax by the rule of apportionment; and that the intent was to authorize an indirect or excise tax. But in selecting the measure or basis upon which the tax was to be assessed, Congress perhaps unfortunately selected "net income," which has given ground for the argument that the tax is in reality an income tax, and therefore that the law is unconstitutional.

Assuming, however, that this is an excise tax and one within the power of Congress to impose by the rule of uniformity, upon what special privilege or license is the tax levied? It appears that practically all of the corporations and joint-stock companies or associations named in the Statute receive their grant of powers from one or more of the States; and, except in so far as they may be subject to the regulation of their business under the commerce clause of the Constitution, they may go ahead with their affairs without notice to, license from, or interference by, the Federal Government.

It must be, then, that the tax is not upon the privilege or franchise to do business in a corporate form or in the form of a joint-stock company or association, which, it is admitted, is exclusively a grant from the State; and it must be upon some other theory that this tax scheme is founded.

The true theory of the tax appears to be this: the corporations, etc., named in the statute are a special class, as distinguished from individuals and partnerships, endowed with and enjoying special privileges and powers. Congress has designated this special class as a body of taxpayers upon whom to levy a special tax. It is not the charter or right to do business in a corporate or semi-corporate form which is taxed—not the property or business. It is purely and simply a classification. All those who put themselves in the class named in the statute make their business liable to the tax. All those who retain their individual or partnership relation in business are in a different class, and not subject to the tax. The power of Congress to make reasonable classifications in imposing taxes is undoubted; so long as they tax all of the one class they may leave free of tax all other classes. As an illustration—the War Revenue Act of 1896 imposed a tax upon all transactions upon any Board of Trade; the Supreme Court held that the tax was lawful on the ground that those who conducted their business transactions upon a Board of Trade enjoyed and made use of special privileges which placed them in a special class clearly distinguishable from those who did business in any other manner.

How far, if at all, the power of Congress to impose this tax is limited by the restriction that the Federal Government should not tax agencies of the State, especially in the case of quasi-public corporations, such as intrastate railway and ferry companies, is perhaps too technical a subject to

be discussed in this article. In any event it is a big subject and deserves a chapter by itself.

The constitutionality of the tax is about to be thrashed out before the United States Supreme Court, and it is hoped that the Court will announce its decision before the time fixed by the law for the payment of the first annual tax on June 30, 1910. The same procedure has been followed in bringing up the questions for an early determination as was followed in the income tax case. A stockholder of a corporation affected by the tax brings a bill in equity, alleging that although the tax is unconstitutional on certain specified grounds, the corporation is nevertheless about to comply with the law and voluntarily pay the tax which may be assessed against it. The corporation demurs to the bill, and without taking evidence the case is brought on to a hearing on the legal points raised. The Circuit Court dismisses the bill, recites that the constitutionality of a law of the United States is in question, and allows an appeal direct to the Supreme Court. In the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General appears, and after stating the interest of the Government in the case obtains permission to submit briefs and arguments in support of the constitutionality of the law. All parties then join in a request that the case be advanced for an early hearing by the Court. In the present instance seven suits of the character above described are now before the Supreme Court for early argument, all of which will be heard and considered at the same date, the time allowed by the Court being divided up by counsel engaged, as they may agree upon. Among the questions to be submitted are whether the tax is really an indirect tax, as it pretends to be; whether it unduly interferes with the rights of the States in so far as it may attempt to tax quasi-public corporations; whether the tax makes a proper, lawful classification in distinguishing between corporations and individuals engaged in the same line of business; and whether the exemption of incomes to the extent of \$5,000 is lawful.

The law was drawn and enacted rather hastily, and to meet a certain emergency. The President had advocated a government tax on inheritances, but this suggestion aroused general opposition for the reason that inheritances, or rather the passage of property upon death of the owner, were already heavily taxed by the several States. It was argued that a Federal tax would not only place an unreasonable burden upon this class of property or property rights, but that it would unreasonably interfere with the rights of the several States, most of which obtain a substantial part of their necessary revenue from a similar tax. There was a very strong feeling in Congress, and perhaps throughout the country, for a tax on incomes. The trouble with this course was, however, that the last

income-tax law had been declared unconstitutional upon such grounds that to enact a law which would meet the requirements of the decision of the Supreme Court would be to arouse the States-rights question to a fever heat. Although Congress has the power to levy a direct tax to be apportioned to the several States according to their respective population, that power has not been exercised since the Civil War. Our Federal system of taxation has grown up to be one of indirect taxes, Congress seeking by general customs and internal revenue taxes to provide all funds necessary to meet the expenditures incurred and obligations maturing from time to time. There was therefore one point upon which all sides agreed, that a direct tax should not be enacted. The income tax adherents were not satisfied to forsake their pet project, however, and made the bold suggestion that inasmuch as the last income tax had been declared unconstitutional only by a much divided court, after a reargument of the first decision, Congress should again enact an income tax law as an indirect tax, and trust to luck that the present make-up of the Supreme Court would overthrow the previous decision and find the law constitutional. This proposition did not meet with the approval of the President and his advisers, for as good lawyers they recognized the strength of the legal position taken by the Supreme Court in the question; and as good citizens they could see strong reasons against weakening the authority of the findings of the Supreme Court of the land by re-enacting a law already declared unconstitutional by that Court. It was as an outlet to this dilemma that the novel proposition of the Federal corporation tax was offered; and it was to force a quick settlement of all the differences that the tax was, with little time for public discussion, put through at the special session of Congress called to enact the new tariff legislation. By this move the proposed Federal tax on inheritances was side-tracked, and the proposition to re-enact an income tax was side-tracked; but as a compromise, it was agreed that the question of a tax on incomes should be left to the people. For this purpose a joint resolution was enacted by Congress proposing an amendment to the Federal Constitution authorizing Congress to impose a tax on incomes as an indirect tax without apportionment between the States.

An interesting situation has arisen out of this proposition, which may result in the rejection of the proposed sixteenth amendment to the United States Constitution. The amendment, as it is submitted to the States for their action, provides that the Congress may levy an indirect tax upon "incomes from whatever source derived."

The Governor of the State of New York in a message to the State Legislature raises the point that in view of the decision of the Supreme

Court in the income tax case above referred to, it may hereafter be held that by the subsequent action of the States in conveying this new power upon Congress, the States by the use of the term "incomes from whatever source derived," intended to waive the exemption established by the Supreme Court, and expressly to empower Congress to lay a tax on the income from State and municipal bonds.

It seems strange in this day of corporation baiting that this tax has not met with more general approval than seems to have been the case. A tax on incomes reaches every man, if not in the payment of a sum assessed against him, yet in any event in the making and filing of a sworn statement of his affairs. A tax on corporations on the other hand reaches directly no man. Under the ruling of the Department of the Government charged with the collection of the tax, the net income which is the measure of the tax, is practically defined as net profits. It is, then, only the corporation which has net profits over and above five thousand dollars which will be taxed, and then only on such excess. The ordinary small corporation will not have a taxable income; while the corporation with \$100,000 or \$200,000 capital stock, which may be liable to an assessment, will find the tax so small that its payment will have no effect upon the dividends of the stockholders. This condition seems to have failed of general appreciation, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the small corporations have been intensely interested in the publicity feature of the tax, which they seem to think will act unfavorably upon them, and if more generally understood would no doubt arouse a public clamor for the proper enforcement of the corporation tax as a means of reaching the great corporations which extend their operations throughout the country.

It seems not unreasonable that State corporations should contribute direct to the Federal Revenue; they are quick enough to ask Federal assistance when the occasion arises. The fact that corporations must pay corporation and franchise taxes not only in their own State, but in every State in which they choose to do business does not prevent the formation of corporations or the extension of their business in as many States as they can reach; and it would seem that they could stand also a small tax payable to the Federal Government. How many times have we witnessed the spectacle of a corporation applying to the Federal Government, to which it pays no tax, for protection, under the Federal Constitution, against a threatened act of the State to which it owes its existence and to which it pays taxes, on the ground that the State is about to take its property without due process of law, or is about to deny to it the equal protection of the laws! While it is true that corporations are not citizens within the meaning of all provisions of the Federal Constitution, it is also true that they

are citizens in many respects and that the forces of the Federal Government are at their disposal in most of the emergencies which arise in the affairs of individuals and corporations alike. The tax being on the corporation income reaches the individual only if the corporation dividends are affected thereby, and then, divided up between many stockholders, makes but a nominal charge on the income of any one share.

If the people of this country have in mind to impose a tax on incomes with the idea that thereby the great fortunes of the country can be made to contribute a share to the public revenue, it is submitted that no better method can be found than the present tax, which touches neither the man nor the income not connected with corporations; and at the same time is so framed that the income of the man personally engaged in a small business conducted in a corporate form is not materially affected.

P. Lewis Anderson.

THE CHAUNT OF THE DEAD

SPARE us your grief. Serene, secure,
 We need no mourning, want no tear;
 For you are alive and live a year,
 But we that are dead endure.
 You that are men may curse the fate of men;
 We that are men no more can understand
 Man's mercy is God's justice, and
 God's mercy far outshines man's widest ken.

You that think Life so sweet,
 Behold us now, whose feet,
 Scorning the heat and dirt,
 Tired of the dragging limb and panting breath,
 Refused the ways of earth and, all unhurt,
 Ran down the straight foreordered Road of Death.
 You thus it is that sit in pain and gloom,
 Or by wild hearts are through rude rapids hurled;
 But we that are at last set free—
 Through far soul-reaches of Eternity
 We, calmly from the Mountain of the Tomb,
 Review the little kingdoms of the world.
 You, who think Life so sweet,
 Veering from sin to penitence and sin,
 Find it is very fleet,

And none there be that race with it and win;
So in the fever-strife,
Sated with long-loved life,
You cry: "From this wild war
Surely to cease is best;
And yet who knoweth rest
Till he knows Life no more?"—
Whereon Existence, like a braggart hushed,
Slinks out unmasked, a wolfish thing and mean:
Exquisite pause, the while the soul is crushed
Under the Wonder felt, but never seen;
A word
Is heard
Scarce whispered in the twilight gray, and then
The End and the Beginning, when
Full in your face,
Out of blank space,
There comes the swift-caressing breath
Of langorous, persuasive Death.

This is the Secret we would send to you:
That we may no more weep, nor yet rejoice,
Since not the faintest echo of Life's voice
Can pierce the bastions of our silence through;
Freed of all things, unbound of good and sin,
The dead man, brothers, no more travailleth;
Earth is no cup to pour God's anger in,
And death itself can have no fear of Death;
So we, all quit of Life's complexities,
Unchanging are;
Fixed as the firmest star,
We gaze at sun and moon with steady eyes,
The while each moment of the Waiting brings,
Down the long corridors where He has trod,
His wondrous music borne on rushing wings,
And silent Death is clamorous with God!

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

AT this interesting period, when the struggle toward democracy grows more acute with every passing year, one of its most significant phases is seen in the vast revolution of sentiment on the question of suffrage for women. It seems to have sprung up spontaneously in many parts of the country, but if there is really an underground current of influence its origin may possibly be traced to the recent establishment of the National Woman Suffrage Headquarters on a large scale in New York City. Through the wide circulation of newspapers of this great metropolis, and the immense territory covered by its press associations, every point of the United States has been reached by the news items which they have sent out day after day. Local papers have added their comment to increase the interest. The granting of the partial or complete franchise to women in other countries has given reality to the movement, while the unparalleled excitement in Great Britain has challenged the attention of the world. The English situation has indisputably been chief of the impulses which have stirred American women to action, and they have received still greater inspiration from the recent visits of the leaders across the water. But as the actual foundation of the present sentiment we must recognize always the patient, persistent work of the suffrage pioneers in our own country during the last half-century. It is because of the many other gains for women in which the suffragists have had so large a part—their advantages in education, in business, in organization, in many phases of public life—that they have now the wisdom, independence and courage to demand a voice in their own government. ✓

Without stopping for further analysis of reasons we see with much satisfaction the widespread awakening of women to the deep injustice that has so long been put upon them. This is found in all classes and conditions—there is rebellion all along the ranks. The arguments which for two generations were so effectively used to quell the uprising at its early indications sound new and strange to the women of to-day. The Adam and Eve story no longer has any terrors. The commands of St. Paul that women be in subjection, that they keep silence in the churches, that they learn of their husbands at home—all of these have been so long and so universally disobeyed that they have lost their authority. The assertion once so gravely made that woman has not so much brain as man now provokes only laughter. The charge formerly so potent, that women are not capable of managing property and carrying on business,

has been disproved so many thousand times that now it is never heard. The cry that women have not the physical strength they answer by soaring aloft in airships, making endurance runs with automobiles, climbing to the highest mountain tops and penetrating the jungles in search of big game. When all such objections have been completely answered then the opponents say, "Woman suffrage will break up the home," and the advocates answer, "Has it done so in the States of our Union and the various countries where women vote?" Defeated at every point the objectors finally declare with much emphasis and solemnity, "Well, the women don't want it and wouldn't use it if they had it." In answer to this the advocates have only to point again to the records of those States and countries where alone the proof can be found, and these show by the official count that women vote in fully as large a proportion as men and frequently in a larger proportion. In none of these places did a majority of women demand the franchise, but, having received it, they do use it, and by almost universal testimony, they use it for the highest interest of the community.

New Zealand gave the full franchise to women in 1893; they had long had a municipal vote. The first Parliament of Australia after its six States became federated in a Commonwealth conferred the full suffrage on all women and the right to sit in that body; they were already fully enfranchised in several of the States. The Finnish Parliament gave complete voting rights to women in 1906, and from nineteen to twenty-five have been elected to the several Parliaments since then. Norway conferred the suffrage for members of Parliament on women in 1908, and one has just been elected a deputy or proxy member. They have exercised the municipal suffrage since 1901, and a number have served on city councils. Denmark gave women every form of suffrage except for members of Parliament in 1908, and the following year one-seventh of all the city councillors elected were women, seven in Copenhagen. In Sweden and Iceland women may vote for all municipal offices and are eligible to all. In Great Britain one woman is serving her second term as mayor and a number are in city councils. The severe struggle now in progress there is only for the Parliamentary suffrage; they have had every other kind for the past forty years. Whichever party wins at the election now in progress, it is very probable that it will give this vote to at least a limited number of women in the near future and thus add still further to the humiliation of women in the United States.

In our own country there is municipal suffrage for women in but one State—Kansas. They have various forms of school suffrage in about half of the States. In Louisiana, Montana and Michigan tax-paying

women may vote on questions of special taxation, and those in the villages of New York have this privilege. In Iowa all women can vote on the issuing of bonds. In four States, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, women vote on exactly the same terms as men, and have done so for many years. They have also the right to fill all offices, but have shown very little desire for office-holding. The present year promises to be a very important one in the movement toward woman suffrage, probably the most important in its long history, as the question will be voted on in four States. The Legislatures of Washington and South Dakota have submitted an amendment to their constitutions giving the complete franchise to women on the same terms as men. The voters of Oregon will pass upon one conferring the franchise on tax-paying women. To this campaign the National Suffrage Association will contribute neither speakers nor money, as it stands only for universal suffrage—for the enfranchisement of women on exactly the same terms as men. In Oklahoma the State Suffrage Association has secured a petition of 40,000 voters asking the Governor to submit the question of woman suffrage, and the law requires him to do this. It is probable that in one or more of these States the amendment will receive a majority vote.

The women of Maryland have become very active during the last few years, and two distinct movements are under way. One is conducted by the State Association, which will have a bill introduced into the Legislature to amend the State constitution so as to give women the same suffrage possessed by men. If it passes, the question will then go to the voters for their decision. The second measure is in charge of the Equal Suffrage League and the Just Government League, two strong clubs in Baltimore, who will endeavor to have the Legislature grant the municipal franchise to the women of that city. This can be done without sending the question to the voters. A number of prominent men in Maryland are in favor of giving some form of suffrage to women, and the situation there seems hopeful.

Bills to amend the constitution are pending in New York and other State Legislatures, and there is agitation of the question from ocean to ocean. Out of all this confusion one fact stands forth clear and unmistakable—women intend to have the suffrage! All that any State can hope for is to delay the time for granting the vote to its own women. If they are not demanding it now in large numbers they will soon be doing so, and they will continue their demand till they get it. In many of the States their patience is almost exhausted and they will soon adopt more vigorous measures than this country is accustomed to. Whether

this may seem wise or unwise to the leaders in the cause they will not be able to restrain the older workers who have nearly reached the limit of endurance; and much less can they control the large body of independent, fearless and aggressive young women who have not been disciplined into submission by years of disappointment. Nothing can prevent a militant movement in this country if Legislatures continue their high-handed action in refusing to women their only chance—that of carrying their question to the voters. It is for men to determine to what extremes women shall be driven.

From Presidents of the United States down to local politicians, there has been one continuous example of cowardice as regards the question of woman suffrage—men who in private freely admitted their belief in it, in public were dumb. By their silence they gave consent to the schemes of the opponents and thus assisted in the defeat of women who could render no aid to their political ambitions. New and weak parties have professed loyalty only to repudiate their promises when they saw a political advantage to be gained. The position of women has been peculiarly helpless; they have had neither votes, money nor large organizations which could be brought to bear upon one party or another. Now they have two of these three most potent influences upon politics and politicians, and through them they expect to get the third. Organizations of women have been very slow to see the need of suffrage. All the traditions and influences behind them have been against it, and they had to learn its value through hard experience, through disappointment and defeat. They could not learn this lesson while their clubs were literary cloisters for the purpose of self-culture, but when this age of the woman's club movement passed away and their societies became the centres of civic work, then they realized what it meant to be disfranchised. There is no measure relating to the public welfare which does not lead directly or indirectly into politics, and its promoters find themselves at a tremendous disadvantage without political influence. It is because they have acquired this knowledge that practically all of the large organizations of women are joining the movement for the suffrage and giving it the strength of great numbers.

For obvious reasons this movement has not appealed to the rich women. They have felt no need of a vote to better their own conditions and not many of them have had special interest in the conditions of those less fortunately situated. This era too is passing away and we have seen significant instances of late to show that women of wealth and social power are beginning to investigate the needs of those who live by their daily toil. Some of them now believe the suffrage to be a neces-

sity for women wage-earners—that they could improve their situation in many ways if they had the power of a vote. And having once realized that the ballot means power, these women soon decide that they want this power for themselves, to protect their own interests and to enforce their own will in many directions. Their pride is aroused and a new sense of self-respect, and these grow more intense as they study the question and understand the injustice which the laws and the constitution impose upon them by denying the right to a voice in their Government. All these forces are increasing day by day and no combination of opposing elements can much longer hold out against them. The question is no longer, Shall women have the suffrage? but simply, When shall women vote?

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont.

THE CITY

GLORY shall be the keynote of thy song,
Thou who art Glory's self; whose hymns of praise
The vibrant centuries will still prolong
After the last of earth's declining days
Until the end, when not a star shall plough
Across the skies and meet thy steadfast gaze—
Oh thou, before whom all the nations bow
And all the world is standing in amaze.

Thou art the dream and the desire of men;
The plough-boy singing sadly by the lea
Has visions of thy beauty; in the fen
The slave is stirred with wonderings of thee;
On lonely plains and under alien skies
They tell thy name to those who cannot see
The golden light of promise in thine eyes
Or know thy bosom's boundless charity.

Aye, thou art Glory's self; I see thee rise
Superb and splendid in thy royal dress—
And thro' the streets thy song that never dies
Is echoed in the restless surge and stress.
Thro' highest temples and the smallest stone
In mystic murmurs no one can express
Come flowing like a whispered undertone
Thy singing spirit and thy vague caress.

Thou art the pride and envy of the earth—
Thou art the theme of which the thousands sing.
The winds and waves will whisper of thy worth
In far-off corners of the world, and bring
Tales of thy might and rumors of thy sway—
Or else repeat with rhythmic beat and swing
Thy song that sounds triumphant thro' the day
And sinks at night into a murmuring.

Thus shalt thou raise thy songful voice in pride
Against the jarring tune of Time—and when
The last faint murmur in thy streets has died
And thou art all unknown to mortal ken,
Still shall thy spirit live—that which endears
The city to the world; and even then
Thy fame will stand and thus defy the years—
A deathless glory built by dying men.

Louis Untermeyer.

THE VIRGIN SPHINX

(To M. R.)

FROM what strange tomb is thy strange knowledge blown,
Borne on the wings of what Chimacra's brood?
Thine is her secret whom the Serpent wooed,
And his who kindled passion in a stone.
Art thou her child, whom Egypt calls her own,
Her lore's gray guardian hewn in granite rude,
Has she perchance in a maternal mood
Revealed to thee her musings vast and lone?
Indifferent of things human and the years,
Cerebral still and granite still, she blinks
Through half-closed lids, perennially wise:
But thou, O virgin daughter of the Sphinx,
Grant God, that Love may scorch thee with his tears,
And kiss her ancient wisdom from thine eyes.

George Sylvester Viereck.

THE POET

"WHAT do you think of this? I'm not going to tell you what I think about it myself. I prove my point simply by telling you the story. Don't I? I prove I had imagination enough to see the story. That's my point; and I'm nothing but a miserable, weak worm of a business man. See?

"What I want to tell you is about a duffer named McTrouville. French-Irish extraction. Age thirty-five, plump, smooth, finicky about his clothes. A New Yorker. A piano salesman. He used to live at this very chop house, because—well, he was trying his best to be a gentleman, and they helped him here to carry out the bluff. He could dress like a gentleman here. He could eat like a gentleman here. He could drink like a gentleman here. A gentleman in a gentleman's club. See? He could converse. He could pose. He could put his little finger in the air when he held his fork. He could modulate his voice, refine it, when he addressed a waiter. All that sort of thing counted, and counted tremendously with McTrouville. You see it was partly because he only really lived at night. He vegetated in the day-time; but he blossomed after business hours. To him the business of selling pianos was merely a vague means to a mild end; the end was that he could sit in this grill room from eight in the evening until, say, two in the morning in ample animal content. The rest of life was nothing. You know there are people like that in this world, especially in New York. And especially at the age of thirty-five, which you remember I told you was his age.

"By the way, let me branch off here a moment and tell you something about New York. You come here broke and you work hard until you amount to something, until the money begins to come in. Not too much of it, but just enough to let you be a little bit luxurious with yourself. Then you begin to loaf; you begin to float. And there's only one way you can float. Down stream. Every one does it in New York, every one that is successful and that has just one teeny knuckle missing out of his backbone. You generally begin when you're about thirty and by the time you're thirty-five it's come to be a nice, easy, fixed habit. Smoke and talk and eat and drink and float. Especially plenty of talk and especially plenty of drink.

"Now, I'm not so far off my story as you might think, because all this applies to McTrouville. Mac was floating. He had a charming manner about him; what we call a 'pleasing personality'—he had to have, to sell pianos. I can't forget the man. I liked him immensely.

"‘I didn’t,’ said the harsh little man with the goatee. He was a literary man, named Fergus, who made the third at our table.

"‘Naturally you wouldn’t,’" went on the worm of a business man. "He was always poking fun at you because he knew more about literature than you did. However, I can’t forget Mac. And I can’t forget him because of one permeating memory. As I said, he was trying to live the life of a gentleman—with all the agony of repression and all the agony of luxury which the word implies—upon the salary of a piano salesman. And he had actually gained something of his ideal, too. He had actually attained something of the smooth ballast of a clubman, you know. Groomed, rotund, quiet; extravagant, but extravagant in a matter-of-fact way. He went through anguish about his clothes and his neckties, trying to keep them quietly extravagant. That’s the way with the floaters in New York. His gloves, his cane, his hose mimicked those of the young millionaires to the very up-to-datest fashion. You should have seen him when a waiter handed him his cane awkwardly. His stare was perfect.

"The fellow was lovable but, like everything in New York that he was trying to be, he was all attitude. When he came through those swinging doors of an evening it was an attitude which said ‘Good evening, Williams,’ to the clerk; an attitude which ordered a cocktail at the bar—‘Just a hint of orange bitters, Jack!’; an attitude which seated itself rather heavily and grandly at a table; an attitude which jerked open the evening paper and made a pretence of reading; an attitude which selected his choicely select, almost meticulous, meal. Attitudes, attitudes—of magnificence, of repose, of security. Little finger in the air. See?

"I want you to begin to get an idea of this man and then I’ll tell you about his magnificent poem. There he moved . . . a bland, intelligent attitude, full of little, surface, mental surprises. A plump, clean-shaven man in eyeglasses, dinner coat, white, starchy expanse of linen, soft-handed, velvet-knuckled, dilettante.

"He hid as much as he could, I know now, but the one thing he could not hide was—defeat.

"You bet he was beginning to know his own defeat. That was the reason he fooled around so busily over the little unimportant things of life. I know he accepted his defeat and did it calmly; I even know he tried to cloak it, because I caught him several times. But when he talked, especially when he talked about himself, all through that talk ran the faint cry of his own failure. Mac, you see, wasn’t the kind that went down before his appetites in a grand crash of despair. He just piddled along. Delicately, always that; slowly; imperceptibly. I think there

is a philosopher over in France who says that the important thing in life is not the series of big feats. The important thing is the series of gaps between the big feats. These gaps he practically calls lost worlds. Well, you will understand me when I say Mac's life was spent always among his lost worlds. His failure must have crawled on through years. It must have been even then such an intangible truth that he fooled himself at times into thinking it a spook. And, in front of the curtain of his secret chamber, here he stood, in spats and jewelry, hocusing us with attitudes, attitudes.

"Have I left you any idea that he was vulgar, simply because he was fat and took life easy? Don't get the idea that he was vulgar. Mac felt. He cloaked and he attitudinized, but he felt.

"He said to me once that he had been educated in a Jesuit College—in Wisconsin, I think—and that he had gone on from there in the craving way in which they had started him. He read, read, read everything modern and ancient. Read with a real emotional craving to read. Read with nervous exaltation. He said: 'I think this is how I became—well, a dilettante. I cannot explain it to you, but I must have been shut up too long. My father was an Irish politician in one of the wards in St. Louis. Of course, he wanted me to get out and hustle. But I had stayed in the closet too long. Hustle and force have always been'—he paused and searched sincerely for the words—'abominably vulgar to me.' He threw up both his white hands and went into an attitude before my very eyes. 'What was I to do? I had often thought of writing. Without trying to be affected, I can tell you I had the equipment. But I never wrote. I loved music.' He held up his manicured finger-nails and carefully studied them. I knew he was also carefully studying whether he should say the next words. 'So I went to selling pianos.'

"He had gormandized over books until he was twenty-six. Then he had idled with pianos for nine years. Now, in an irritating way, a spectre stalked through his consciousness, you see, the cruel, haunting, horrid spectre of personal failure. He absolutely did not dare to think of the future. Time and again he hinted as much. So he searched, for distraction, every labyrinth of his passing, present deeds. He could not order a dinner without going drowningly into each item, hugging the transaction to himself for what it was worth in temporary interest.

"I speak continually of his dinners because he had come to make much of eating. Of another sensation he had also come to make much, but, by some blank stupidity of mine, this escaped me for months, it was indulged in so casually by him amongst his attitudes. I mean—drink. Every evening he carefully put his clean linen and his dinner coat over

his spectre and descended to the dining-room; every evening he crooked his little finger over the menu; every evening his jewelry shone; every evening he cut Fergus to pieces and taunted the shreds mildly; every evening he closed his eyes and would not look at the past or the future.

"The hustle of life, of New York, was abominable to him. If he had had money, he would not have needed to tolerate it at all. But he did not have money. And so he did what was, absolutely, for him, the next best thing. He shirked the vulgarity of bustling as best he could, everywhere he could, and lived as nearly the life of a gentleman as he could, without money. That's the way the refinement of his taste went on; that's the way, too, that his physical laziness stealthily grew and clutched him. In time, if you get my meaning, his devious, persistent attempts to slip away from the anarchy of the world into the culture of his ideals brought on their own excess. McTrouville got to be dandified, extravagantly affected, an overdone man; yet, even then, curiously gross, curiously solid—and curiously melancholy.

"I said he used to twit Fergus. He did." Here the hard little man with the goatee nodded. "You see, Mac felt more real feelings in a minute than Fergus will in a thousand years." Here the harsh little man with the goatee raised his eyes. "Also, he knew more about literature than Fergus ever will." Here the harsh little man with the goatee shrugged one shoulder and yawned. "And Fergus was making a decenter living out of writing than Mac was out of selling pianos. Hence, mild antagonism. Hence, cross-questions and silly answers." He stopped. "It was due to one of these bouts that the poem—oh—was written. Fergus, what did you say?"

"I asked him, since he knew so much, why the devil he didn't write something."

The worm of a business man nodded. "Exactly. And he said a fellow didn't always write just because he knew. And he also said he might have been a poet once. Could be one even yet if he had a mind to. And he nodded at me and declared, 'You know I could!' I nodded yes because I honestly believed he could. You see, he really had an astounding knowledge of poetry; especially of minor poetry. He had such people as O'Shaugnessey, Dowson, Lazarus, Marston, Laurence Hope and all that bunch at his tongue's end. And he had that Celtic throbbing of color and romance travelling weirdly underneath his smugness. Whatever he was, he was a man who actually had tears, Irish tears, for those places where created beauty demanded tears, or, at any rate, sought them. As I said, McTrouville felt. He cloaked and he attitudinized, but he felt.

"Well, what happened was that Fergus put him on his mettle. 'I'll

write you something some day that will make you gasp and take off your hat to the department store clerk!' he said.

"'Some day. Yes, some day,' said Fergus. 'You're always going to do something some day. That's what's the matter with all you fellows. You procrastinate eternally. You float on the stream.'

"Mac sat back and glared at him. I could see the shot told. He watched us both a few moments and then took a deep breath. 'I'll write it to-night,' he finally remarked.

"Fergus kept pushing him. 'Write what?'

"'A poem.'

"'A long one or a short one?'

"'I don't know. But it will be a poem that will mean something.'

"'Don't all poems mean something?'

"'I don't think so. Mine will.'

"'This interests me. What do you intend to put into it? Flowers and hours? Dreams—gleams? Love—dove? Is it going to be a sonnet, Mac, or an ode? Or maybe a triolet? A triolet's easiest. Take my advice and start with a triolet; then you can get your hand in and work up to a ballade; and so on.' Fergus talked something like that.

"Mac still kept taking him seriously. 'Whatever it is,' he said, 'it will be a true poem. Something out of my own life. That,'—he shot a flash at Fergus—'is where we go for all the true things we write.'

"And then I broke in. Fergus and I had to go to a publishers' banquet that night and didn't figure on getting home until late. And I told McTrouville so.

"'No matter,' he answered. 'I'll be sitting up waiting for you.' Just then Fergus excused himself and went upstairs a moment. Mac took the opportunity gratefully. He leaned over and clasped my arm. 'I couldn't say it in front of him,' he nodded, 'but I mean to put my best into this. You'll be surprised. I know you will. I've been thinking over some lines for a long time and I mean to put my best into this. You understand. It is remarkable what my life has been. Of course I am dissatisfied. Maybe, if this poem is a success—if *you* think it is a success—I might try writing. It isn't too late, you know, and I have a lot of things to say. And besides it would sort of justify me to myself to write.' Fergus was returning. 'Don't say anything about this.' I nodded.

"'Well, Mac, we'll be back at two o'clock,' Fergus broke in. 'You wait up for us with the masterpiece—and if it's good, I'll buy you a drink.'

"As a matter of fact, though, it was half past two before we got back. The drowsy night clerk let us in. The grill room downstairs was deserted.

"‘Mr. McTrouville about?’ I asked. ‘He said he would wait up for us.’

"The clerk grinned. ‘He said something about writing some poetry,’ he replied, and grinned again.

"‘Where is he?’

"‘Up in his room.’

"Fergus interrupted. ‘I said I’d buy the drinks. Send up three whiskeys to Mr. McTrouville’s room.’

"We turned and went upstairs. Mac’s room was on the third floor front. As we came to the head of the stairs we saw his door one-third opened. The electric light was going brightly inside. Fergus whispered melodramatically and stepped on tiptoe. ‘Hush! We now approach the poet in his lair! Sssh!’

"I pushed the door farther open and we walked in. A centre table had been pulled out into the middle of the room and its cover removed. Upon the bare wood lay a solitary sheet of paper. The chair at which he had sat had been overturned. A lead pencil lay where it had been thrown on the floor. Upon the bed sprawled the prostrate form of McTrouville, clad in its immaculate dinner clothes, helpless, inert, snoring. The reek of whiskey filled every corner of the little room. Fergus picked up the paper and read it." The old man turned abruptly to the harsh little man with the goatee. "What did you read?"

The harsh little man answered in a dry tone, as if describing a map: "The first line was fairly firmly written. It ran straight across the page and contained the words:

Oh, the years—the years—the years.

The second line was written across the middle of the page in a more shaky hand. It read:

Oh, the years—the years—

The third line, almost running off the paper at the bottom, was so poorly scrawled as to be almost illegible. It simply ran:

Oh, the years!

They looked at each other; then both turned to me. The older man resumed: "We switched out the light and left the room. As we came downstairs we met the boy bringing up the three glasses of whiskey."

Harris Merton Lyon.

THE COMEDIES OF CONGREVE

WILLIAM CONGREVE came of one of the old land-owning families described, or rather catalogued, by Sheridan in the picture scene of *The School for Scandal*; families which, from generation to generation, produced judges, generals, parliament men and justices of the peace; families in which knighthoods were plentiful, and from which the House of Peers was commonly recruited. Though Staffordshire was the home of his race, he was born at Bardsey, near Leeds, where he was baptized on February 10, 1669-70. His father, also named William, was a soldier, and soon after the poet's birth was given a command at Youghal in Ireland. In Ireland, therefore, young Congreve was brought up. At the age of eleven or thereabouts he went to Kilkenny School, then the Eton of Ireland, where for some months he had Jonathan Swift for a school-fellow. Probably, however, the friendship of the two men dates from their association at Trinity College, Dublin, whither Congreve proceeded in 1685. Though we do not hear of his attaining any academical distinction, he became a good classical scholar after the seventeenth-century pattern, familiar with Latin literature and not ignorant of Greek. At Trinity College, too, he is said to have made his first essay in authorship, in the form of a novel named *Incognita; or, Love and Duty Reconciled*, which was not published until 1692. After the Revolution of 1688, both Congreve and Swift came to England, and Congreve seems never to have recrossed the Irish Channel.

He passed two years in the country; for the most part, no doubt, at the family seat of Stratton in Staffordshire. It was during these years, and probably in the summer of 1690, that he wrote *The Old Bachelor*, "to amuse himself" as he afterward said, "in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness." On March 17, 1691, he was entered at the Middle Temple, and began, or ought to have begun, the study of the law; but as we find him in the autumn of 1692 "an accepted poet" and a prominent collaborator in the translation of Juvenal and Persius published under Dryden's editorship, it is doubtful whether he ever seriously intended to adopt the legal profession. There must have been something very ingratiating in his personality, for the country youth was soon an intimate friend of the great John Dryden, and of several other literary leaders, who hailed him, on astonishingly scanty evidence, as the rising hope of English poetry. Revised and polished by Dryden and Southerne, *The Old Bachelor* was produced at Drury Lane in January, 1693, and was instantaneously successful. From Betterton downward, all the first actors and actresses of

the day were engaged in it; and Anne Bracegirdle, the beautiful, the lovable, the discreet, played Congreve's first heroine, as she was to play all the rest.

The young poet was overwhelmed with eulogies; but it is doubtful whether he was "instantly," as Macaulay and Thackeray have stated, given a post of profit in the Civil Service. That in the course of his life he held several such posts¹ is certain; but a couplet of Swift's,

"And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair"—

seems to indicate that for some time, and even after his health had broken down about the end of the century, he was in straitened circumstances. It must be remembered that the dramatist of those days was not paid by royalties constantly rolling in, but by the profits of certain stated performances.² The sale of the printed play was often worth at least as much to him as his share of the theatrical receipts. Nevertheless, there is no reason to doubt that Congreve was in the main fortunate in money matters, as in everything else save health. He enjoyed fat offices during the latter part of his life; he was an unmarried man, and his relations with women, so far as they are known, seem to have been characterized by a good deal of worldly prudence. One might almost call them suspiciously inexpensive.

The great success of *The Old Bachelor* spurred Congreve to vigorous effort, and before the year was out (November, 1693) he had placed on the stage a far more elaborate and highly-polished work, *The Double-dealer*. Once more the cast was a superb one, Betterton playing Maskwell, Mrs. Barry the volcanic Lady Touchwood, and Mrs. Bracegirdle (by this time the author's intimate friend) the sedate but not unamiable Cynthia. Theatrical success, however, is not always commensurate with effort, and *The Double-dealer* was a comparative failure. The reasons for this check we shall have to examine later; in the meantime it is sufficient to record that Congreve published the play with a rather ill-tempered Epistle Dedicatory to Charles Montague,³ and that his vanity was soothed by a magnificent copy of verses, signed John Dryden, in which the mon-

¹Commissioner for licensing Hackney Coaches; Commissioner for Wine Licenses; place in the Pipe Office; post in the Custom House; Secretary of Jamaica. (Thackeray's enumeration.)

²Congreve, however, was in a position to secure exceptional terms, and had at different times an actual share in the management of the theatres in Lincoln's Inn Fields and in the Haymarket.

³He afterwards suppressed the passages in which his annoyance was most apparent.

arch of contemporary letters generously proclaimed him heir apparent to the throne. Thus heartened, Congreve set about the composition of his third comedy, the famous *Love for Love*.

While he was writing it, however, the affairs of the Theatre Royal, then the only playhouse in London,¹ fell into sad disorder, which ended in a split between the patentee managers and their leading actors, headed by Betterton. The seceding players obtained a special license from William III, and constructed a new theatre within the walls of a tennis-court in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At Easter, 1695, the enterprise was inaugurated with the production of *Love for Love*, which, with Betterton as Valentine, Mrs. Bracegirdle as Angelica, and Doggett as Ben, scored an almost unexampled success, and placed Congreve easily first among the dramatists of the day. Two years elapsed before he followed up this success with another, in a different line of art. *The Mourning Bride* is now remembered mainly because Dr. Johnson overpraised a single speech in it; but for more than a hundred years it was one of the most popular of English tragedies.

Mr. Gosse has shown that *The Mourning Bride* was produced early in 1697. Just a year later (March, 1698) appeared that famous invective, Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. On the subject of "profaneness" Collier's ecclesiastical prejudices led him to weaken his case by many trivial and ridiculous cavillings; but on the side of immorality he may be said to have understated rather than exaggerated. Into the controversy which ensued Congreve entered late and reluctantly, with a long pamphlet entitled *Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations*. Its tone and temper were unfortunate; but the writers who pronounce it an unmitigated blunder are perhaps judging it by modern canons of taste rather than by those of the seventeenth century.

We shall have to consider later whether the moral atmosphere of Congreve's comedies can be justified, or must be condemned, or (as Lamb would persuade us) ought simply to be ignored. Meanwhile, we may note that Congreve's impenitence under the scourge of Collier was evidently unaffected. He was not seeking, by bluster, to dissemble a conviction of sin; for the moral atmosphere of his next and last comedy, *The Way of the World*, was neither better nor worse than that of its predecessors. In *The Old Bachelor* and *Love for Love* there are, indeed, one or two passages of greater verbal grossness than any which we find in *The Way of the World*, but that is simply attributable to the higher animal spirits of

¹The theatre in Dorset Gardens existed, indeed, but had almost fallen into disuse, except for opera.

the two plays. In point of verbal decency or indecency *The Way of the World* is very much on a level with *The Double-dealer*, which preceded Collier's attack by more than four years; while in the total absence of any standard of rectitude, or even of merely conventional honor, all four plays are entirely of a piece. There is thus no sign either of repentance or of bravado in the post-Collier comedy. Comedy, for Congreve, meant a picture of society observed from a standpoint of complete moral indifference; and if the public chose to quarrel with that standpoint, why, then they should have no more comedies.

I would not, however, be understood to imply that the scant success of *The Way of the World* (produced in March, 1700) was due to a moral reaction in the public mind, consequent on Collier's rebuke, or that Congreve ceased to write simply because he realized that the spirit of the age was against him. The effect of Collier's diatribe was not nearly so immediate and startling as it is sometimes represented to have been. It did not prevent the success of Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle*, produced in December, 1698, while the air was still full of echoes of the pamphlet war; and the immense popularity of Farquhar's *The Constant Couple*, produced only three or four months before *The Way of the World*, proves that the public was in no unreasonably squeamish mood. *The Constant Couple*, indeed, was still at the height of its success when *The Way of the World* was produced; and it may perhaps be conjectured that the fashion of the moment set toward Farquhar's lighter, airier humor, in contradistinction to Congreve's more elaborate embroidery of wit.

I believe, however, and shall try to show later, that the cool reception of *The Way of the World* was probably due in the main to purely technical reasons. Congreve's statement in his Epistle Dedicatory that "but little" of the play "was prepared for that general taste which seems now to be predominant in the palates of our audiences," might at first sight seem like an allusion to a change of heart begotten by Collier's influence; but the context shows that he has in mind, not a moral reaction, but a preference for what he considers coarse and overcharged character-drawing. As years went on, and the comedies of Steele, with the later works of Farquhar, took possession of the stage, Congreve may very well have felt that the public mind was veering away from that attitude of moral indifference which was to him the great condition-precedent of comedy; and this feeling may have combined with his natural indolence, and his lingering resentment over the reception of *The Way of the World*, to deter him from again tempting fortune in the theatre. But it would almost certainly be a mistake to attribute the silence of his later years to any one cause, and most of all to see in it a direct result of Collier's onslaught.

Whatever the reason, Congreve's career as a dramatist was now at an end. Except a masque called *The Judgment of Paris*, an opera, *Semele*, and an adaptation of Molière's *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* in which he collaborated with Vanbrugh and Walsh, he did nothing more for the stage. Until his death, nearly thirty years later, he lived the life of a well-to-do gentleman¹ of literary tastes and of a sadly impaired constitution. He was a constant martyr to gout in all its insidious forms, including painful and tedious affections of the eyes. Moreover, even before he reached middle age, he had grown very fat; so that the spectacle of his later years has more than a touch of that physical grotesqueness which so often afflicts us in the personal chronicles of the eighteenth century—probably because that age was less careful than our own to dissemble its uglier aspects. His literary reputation remained very high. He was the peer and valued friend of Swift, Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, Gay and Pope. His cheerful and equable disposition made him acceptable in every society; he was on good terms with both political parties and all literary cliques. To him Pope dedicated his translation of the *Iliad*, a distinction dukes might have envied; and, as Mr. Gosse happily puts it, "Not Mrs. Blimber merely, but every lover of letters, might wish to have been admitted, behind a curtain, to the dinner of five at Twickenham, on the 7th of July, 1726, when Pope entertained Congreve, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Swift."

In the latter years of his life—that is to say, when he was well advanced in middle age—he became a constant guest in the household of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, the eccentric daughter of the great Duke. To her he left the bulk of his fortune, and to Mrs. Bracegirdle only two hundred pounds—no doubt on the scriptural principle that to her that hath shall be given. His apparent desertion of the actress-friend to whose beauty and genius he owed so much has been often and severely commented on; but in such matters it is wise to withhold judgment until we know all the circumstances; whereas here all is empty conjecture. Congreve died on January 19, 1729, and a week later was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. The Duchess of Marlborough erected the monument over his grave, and is said to have kept his memory alive in her household by nursing and tending a figure of wax or ivory made in his image. Serious biographers accept the legend, but it is probably an

¹Mr. Gosse has, very justly in my opinion, attempted to vindicate Congreve against the reproach of vanity or affectation in saying to Voltaire that he was to be regarded "simply as a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity." He probably meant that his literary achievements, whatever their value, were now things of the distant past, and had ceased, as it were, to be part of his present self.

absurd misunderstanding or misrepresentation of some very trivial fact.

The fate of Congreve's plays in their novelty was, on the face of it, paradoxical, and calculated to beget in him a contempt for the public judgment. He very well knew that *The Double-dealer* was a far maturer effort than *The Old Bachelor*, and that *The Way of the World* was a much finer piece of work than *Love for Love*. Yet *The Old Bachelor* and *Love for Love* were triumphantly successful, while *The Double-dealer* and *The Way of the World* were comparative failures. Whether he actually formed such a resolve or not, it would certainly not have been surprising if, after the cool acceptance of the play illumined by the exquisite creation of Millamant, he had vowed, as Genest says, "to commit his quiet and his fame no more to the caprices of an audience."

Yet, had he been able to look into the matter with dispassionate penetration, he might have found the public judgment not so very capricious after all. Many theories have from time to time been advanced to explain why the curve of success ran so directly counter (it would seem) to the curve of merit; but the main and sufficient reason, I think, was a purely technical one. For the immediate success of a new play, the one thing absolutely needful is clearness of construction. An audience cannot endure to have its attention overtaxed in a futile effort to follow the windings of a labyrinthine intrigue; and that was precisely the task which, in *The Double-dealer*, and to a less degree in *The Way of the World*, Congreve had imposed upon his public. In both cases he rashly essayed to write a "well-made play," without possessing the rudiments of what was then an undiscovered, or at any rate an unimported, art.

We must not forget, of course, that the accepted dramatic formula or ideal of that age was widely different from that which is now dominant. Unity of action, or at any rate of theme, is to our mind indispensable in any play which pretends to rank as a work of art. The dramatist seizes upon a crisis in the lives of his characters, states its conditions, and follows its evolution to an end, comic or tragic, ironic or sentimental, as the case may be. We start from a state of calm which contains in it the elements of a dramatic conflict; we see these elements rush together and effervesce; and we watch the effervescence die back again into calm, whether it be that of triumph or disaster, of serenity or despair. No dramatist of the smallest skill will introduce a character that is wholly unnecessary to the advancement of the action, or a conversation that has no bearing on the theme. In a second-rate order of plays, indeed, a certain amount of "comic" (or sentimental) "relief" may be admitted; but even if, for instance, a pair of young lovers is suffered to lighten the

gloom of a tragic story, an effort is always made to weave them into the main fabric and give them an efficient part in it. This conception of a play as the logical working-out of a given subject has had for its necessary consequence the total abandonment of the old five-act convention. The main crisis of which the action consists falls naturally and almost inevitably into a series of sub-crises, to each of which an act is devoted. Five acts are still the limit which can scarcely be exceeded in the three hours to which a representation is confined; but a four-act distribution of the subject is far commoner, while three acts—a beginning, middle, and end—may almost be called the normal and logical modern form.

In Congreve's day, on the other hand, the dramatist's problem was, not to give his action an organic unity, but to fill a predetermined mold, so large that one action seldom or never sufficed for it. The underplot, therefore, was an established institution; and sometimes a play would consist of two or three loosely interwoven actions, so nearly equal in extent and importance that it was hard to say which was the main plot and which the underplots. The result of this mingling of heterogeneous matters was to render doubly difficult the manipulation of a complex intrigue. Audiences, indeed, were not so exacting on the score of probability as they now are. But though they would accept a good deal that we should now reject as extravagant, they wanted to understand what they were accepting; and that they could not do when a chain of events demanding close and continuous attention was being constantly interrupted by the humors and intrigues of subsidiary characters. Both from internal and external evidence, we can see that Congreve's keen intellect was dissatisfied with the loosely knit patchwork play of the period. In the preface to *The Double-dealer* he says: "I made the plot as strong as I could, because it was single; and I made it single, because I would avoid confusion, and was resolved to preserve the three unities of the drama." In the preface to *The Way of the World*, again, he complains of the spectators "who come with expectation to laugh at the last act of a play, and are better entertained with two or three unseasonable jests, than with the artful solution of the *fable*." These remarks show a technical ideal far in advance of his time; but whenever he essayed to realize that ideal, he met with misfortune; partly because his manipulative skill was inadequate to the tasks he set himself, partly because the five-act form, forbidding continuity and concentration, unduly handicapped what skill he possessed.

William Archer.

(To be completed in the next number)

THE POETRY OF JESUS

III.

MORE CONCERNING THE POETRY OF HIS WORDS

JESUS belongs to the poets because his chief appeal is to the reason of the heart—to the emotions and not to the intellect. He communicates power rather than knowledge. His chief purpose is to move the heart, not to instruct the mind. This purpose places him with the poets, the revealers, the immortal prophets of mankind.

But how does he stir the emotions, how waken the heart? He follows the method of the poet: he flings before us the objects and events that will seize on the imagination. Yet he never gives the bare fact; but gives the fact with its halo of emotional significance, spiritual beauty. He knows the method of the masters. He avoids vague general exhortation: he is specific, spirited, picturesque. Yet he never fatigues with description, but sketches the thing with a few strong strokes. Hear his vivid words: "Give not that which is holy to the dogs": "Knock and it shall be opened to you": "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth": "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Notice that Jesus, with the instinct of the artist, never stops to *talk* about the emotion he would awaken, but tells the incident or pictures the object that will kindle the emotion. He makes us *see* the thing: he is concrete, picturesque, and so he stirs the heart.

Everywhere the dramatic imagination lights up his parables. With what power these little dramas rise to their perfect climax! Recall the Good Samaritan, with its searching question, "Who was neighbor to him who fell among thieves?" Recall the Rich Fool, with its knell of doom, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" In the Good Samaritan, Jesus strikes the notes of life and time: in the Rich Fool, he sounds the chords of death and eternity.

And in all these vignettes, how swift and easy is the craftsman's stroke! Note the Attic parsimony of expression, where the phrases are as frugal of word as the later etchings of Whistler are frugal of line. Bold are the poetic figures of Jesus. With a sudden word or phrase he seizes the attention, rouses the imagination: "Let the dead bury the dead": "If these should hold their peace, the stones would cry out." The words break forth like the clear notes of a bugle. When Jesus would prophesy the overthrow of the world-spirit, he crowds the thing into one majestic simile—"I saw Satan fall as lightning from heaven." And when

he would brand the Pharisees, he does the thing with one unsurpassable metaphor that lies forever burning against their name—"whited sepulchres." Not Milton's priests that are "blind mouths," not Shakespeare's crowns that are "gilded perturbations," has the terrific energy and import of this phrase of the Galilean poet. Indeed, fragments of his sayings are flying over the world as a shorthand of thought. Only Shakespeare (and he is not so compact nor so primitive) has given us so rich a literary currency—so many phrases that mint human ideas for all time, phrases that are inevitable like carnations and crystals.

Jesus enforces a principle by seizing on definite and radical images, the mark of the poetry of intensity. He had the poet's art that makes common things speak vividly the spiritual facts of our existence. The tree of evil fruit is not merely ignored: it is hewn down, and hewn at the root: nor is it left to rot—it is cast into the fire. The man who sets his hand to the plough of the kingdom might think that to hold on was quite enough, but this is not enough: he is told that he must not even *look* back. Again, the rich do not have mere difficulty in entering heaven; they seem shut out: "It is easier for a camel to go through the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." And the men of the New Life are figured not merely as willing servants, but rather as eager servants standing through the long night watches with robes upgathered in their hand, with lamps trimmed and burning, all ready to spring to the door at the first knock of the returning Master.

The earnestness of Jesus leads him ever to take the positive ground. He sees the Kingdom of heaven "taken by violence." We are not merely to avoid evil: we are to press mightily toward the good. Touched with tragic terror are many of the images of Jesus dealing as he does with the moral choice, the choice that is the hinge of destiny. He can brook no wasted hour: in this urgent business of the soul, only the dead have time to bury the dead. Nor must there be trifling with evil: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee." He does not say simply, "Bear the cross": he says, "Take up the cross." The disciple does not merely bear some burden laid upon him: he seeks opportunities for burden-bearing.

Consider this command, "Take up thy cross and follow me." Long use has dimmed and dulled the power of this and the many other sayings of the Master. It is a command that has come to mean little to us beyond a polite conformity to custom; yet it is weighted with solemn meanings. It signified in that early day an invitation to obloquy and death. It was as if one now should say, "Follow me to the gallows: accept the scowls of priests, the sneers of politicians, the hootings of crowds, the

paragraphic spears of editors—follow me up the steep steps of the scaffold, pull the black cap down over your eyes, tighten the hangman's noose around your neck, and then drop down to death." Still in the face of all the tragic import of these words of Jesus, how touched with lyric beauty is his tender assurance that his "yoke" is easy and his "burden" light! The same intensity of utterance is seen in his antitheses, as when he says, "Till Heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." Here, in impressive balances, the minute yodh and tittle of Hebraic script are weighed against the eternity of heaven and earth.

So there is not only a delicate beauty in the words of Jesus, but also an artistic severity of expression. He is always intense, yet always restrained. He has no wasted word, no needless image, no riot of emotion, no efflorescence of Oriental fancy. Dante does not have more severity of style. Every utterance has the modesty of nature, the instinctive breeding, the artistic reserve. The Man of Galilee was in deadly earnest; and earnestness tends to sweep away the gargoyle and leave the naked beauty of the column. He had the grand style—the power to say a significant thing with rigid simplicity of expression.

But the first requisite for noble utterance is character. So in the words of Jesus we feel the tremendous personality that backs them up. Therefore men said that "he spoke as one having authority." Jesus, like every great artist, had sincerity, sympathy and reverence. A genius must not only see and feel: he must also adore.

There was, perhaps, no great originality in some of the images used by Jesus: some of them existed in the folklore and scriptures of his time. Still his words carry a power unknown to the words of other men. There is a livingness in them as tho' they sprang from secret wells at the world's centre. While others were looking at the shell of a thing, he seized it by the pulsing heart. Jesus, like Shakespeare, snatched up from life and book whatever would serve the purpose of his great ideas. But he never fails to give to his borrowings a literary finish and a grace of spirit that make them all his own.

It is sometimes claimed that Jesus drew much of his wisdom from Hillel of Babylon and Philo of Alexandria, two wise and beautiful spirits.

If this claim is true, then tell me why these two men left the world cold, while the Galilean poet touched the world with fire? Hillel, although choked by cords of tradition, was the loftiest figure in the school of the rabbis. Yet only two of his sayings seem worthy of the lips of Jesus: "Do not judge your neighbor until you have stood in his place"; and that other saying, "What is displeasing to you, do not do to your neighbor. This is

the whole Law: all the rest is commentary." Here Hillel is negative where Jesus is positive: Hillel gives us in silver what Jesus gives us in gold. As for Philo, he had the Greek subtlety but not the Greek restraint. When he offers one of the keys of conduct, he says, "If a man would become noble and good, let him show himself well-pleasing unto God, to the universe, to nature, to the laws, to wise men, and let him repudiate self-love." Note here the waste of words, the colorless style; and compare this dull redundancy with the vivid paradox with which Jesus drives the idea home to the world's heart: "He that finds his soul will lose it, and he that loses his soul for my sake shall find it." Here the thing is said, and said forever.

Again, in the Sermon on the Mount, the longest and stateliest discourse of Jesus, the grapes that gave the wine of his vintage were sometimes gathered from the old vineyards; but the wine was of his own making and was sweet with the fragrance of his own spirit. Out of the Rabbinic lore Jesus chooses certain significant truths often buried and lost in the verbiage of the elder teachers. But as he works them over into a new creation, he uses the poet's method: he selects, he recombines, he throws in light and shade and color, giving the old ideas a new flight and fire. Everywhere he crams into words the utmost marrow of meaning with the least possible waste of expression. Only a keen literary craftsman could give these weighty matters this final imperishable shape, could pack them in this portable form for the long voyage of time. Jesus lifts the worn and pedagogic into the peerage of poetry. He changes sand into pearl; he turns cloud into rainbow.

There is also a fine concision and unity of vision in every utterance of Jesus, whether beatitude or parable. Compare his "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," with the elaborate eloquence of Isaiah: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" But Jesus is never so concise as to conceal thought and kill feeling: he is never so verbose as to weaken thought and weary the attention. His Parables and Beatitudes have the beauty of the psalms and prophecies without their misty outline and lack of artistic unity.

The story of the Prodigal Son finds an analogue in Hosea. But how different the forms of utterance! In Jesus the story is an arrow that goes straight and clear to the target. In Hosea it is a stream that wanders through green places and loiters by blossoming banks before it reaches the sea. In Hosea we hear the voice of the Lord's passionate love for his

rebellious people—his beloved Ephraim. Through the last of the seven movements of the prophecy, sounds the anguish of the divine yearning—the grief of the father over the incorrigible son. It is a long drama mixed with monologue, the Lord swaying between the strong winds of tender memory and of holy indignation. But finally after many tribulations, we hear above the tumult the piercing and repentant cry of Ephraim: “What have I to do any more with idols?” And it all ends with a soft lyrical epilogue, a confession of the wisdom won from stern experience:

“Who is wise, and he shall understand these things?
Prudent, and he shall know them?
For the ways of the Lord are right,
And the just shall walk in them:
But transgressors shall fall therein.”

Now, in the parable of the Prodigal Son all this elaboration of Hosea is compressed into a brief story touched with a new and vivid beauty. Even if Jesus sweeps his images out of the ancient scripture, still they are all fused by the fire of his spirit into a beautiful and artistic whole—the story of a wandered prodigal come back from the empty husks that he took for happiness. Here is the poet’s theology, and the poet’s way of telling it. How simple its message, how sweet its humanity!

Again, in Ezekiel, we have the promise that the wandered sheep shall be delivered out of all places where they have been “scattered in the cloudy and dark day.” They shall be brought to their own land and fed “upon the mountains of Israel, by the rivers.” The promise goes eloquently on, catching up a hundred idyllic and poetic details. Jesus condenses all this into the straight-going parable of the One Lost Sheep. The ornate overplus is swept away, and the significant fact of it all is struck into relief with a few words that live forever in the memory of men.

Jesus does not give us the ornate eloquence of David, who sees the sun like “a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.” Nor does he speak of the high God as covering himself with light as with a garment and stretching out the heavens like a curtain. He does not use the elaboration of Isaiah, who describes the last days with glowing color: “Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people and healeth the stroke of their wound.” Jesus speaks of this glory with an austere simplicity: “Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father.” There is no more impressive figure in literature—“the righteous shall shine forth as the sun.”

So we can say that the ideas of Jesus were original, just as the morning is original—the new morning woven each day out of the old air and light and color of the universe. Nor were his ideas of any one school of thought, but of all schools. He speaks in the language of universal man, because he was the voice of the all-inclusive Spirit. He swept into a vibrant and radiant unity the fragments of Earth's broken and scattered revelation—the wisdom of the practical that was China, the longing for self-effacement that was India, the delight in the sensuous that was Greece, and the mystic aspiration toward the Eternal that was Judea. "Gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost"—this is Confucian. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself"—this is Hindoo. "The body is more than raiment"—this is Greek. "The life is more than meat"—this is Hebraic. And to all these elements he added the fire of his own spirit, the delicacy and energy of his own sovereign genius.

Man's soul was contrived to be the lofty dwelling of truth; so every man is forced to open to truth when she comes at the appointed hour. He will recognize and receive her, as he receives the messenger that comes with the signet-ring of the king. Jesus is ever bringing the authentic truth to each of us. He appeals to the reason of the heart: "What man is there of you who if his son ask a fish will he give him a serpent?" He appeals to worldly prudence: "Which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and consulteth the cost?" How unerringly he presses close to the pain and unrest of the world: "O Jerusalem, if you had known the things that belong to your peace!" What a cry . . . a cry that has in it the Virgilian sense of tears in mortal things, the pathos of the day that is dead, the pain of the might-have-been and the never-to-be.

There is sometimes in the words of Jesus a terrific majesty of utterance. Recall him in that fateful hour in the Temple, overthrowing the tables of the money-changers, replying to scribe and Pharisee and Sadducee who take counsel how they may ensnare him in his talk. He is not now the young prophet with the mild eyes, the soft, serious words: he is not the Lamb, but the Lion, of God. The thunders of a mighty poetry are in his words as he hurls his seven denunciations against the hypocrites.

We read of the world's orators whose periods and perorations moved the souls of men as waves are moved by the great winds of the sea. Demosthenes clamored against Philip; Antony railed against Brutus. And from the marble arcades of the Forum among the Seven Hills flashed the rebuking eloquence of Cicero: "How long, O Cataline, will you abuse our patience?" And in the great Hall of William Rufus, where the centuries have witnessed the crowning of thirty kings, the ancient arches of Irish

oak still resound with the sea-surge of Burke's rolling declamation against Warren Hastings:

"I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert."

Lofty are these philippics, yet how weak are they beside the denunciations of Jesus that strip and excoriate the Pharisees! Once on the Mount he had showered his eight blessings upon the pure in heart. Now in the gilded court of the Temple he calls down the eight woes upon the doctors and elders, the betrayers of the people. We see them cowering and raging behind the pillars of the porticos. With emphasis mounting on emphasis, swelling at last into the terrific climax, eight times he hurls his denunciations, words that burst hot from his heart, like stones from a volcano:

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men. . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, Whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor! . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith. Ye blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous. And say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. . . . Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of Hell?"

What beautiful rage against iniquity! anger without parallel, an anger from which earth and heaven shall flee away. In these terrible words we hear the judging God thundering from his throne the decree of eternity. Yet through this voice of more than mortal eloquence sounds a cry of pity for man, sounds the agony of wounded love. Demosthenes pleaded for Greece, Cicero pleaded for Rome, Burke pleaded for India; but Jesus pleads for Humanity.

At the last there rushes into his words a strain of piercing pathos. He remembers Jerusalem, and his long desire to make her a holy city, a city of friends. Piercingly tender his cry: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

But there are many passages giving sweeter and softer strains, as when he throws a romantic color over life, telling how each man is called to his great moment of decision. Shall he sell all his possessions to buy the field that holds the hidden treasure? Measured by the worth of this field, all a man's gains and glories are but the flying litter of the street. Again and again Jesus calls us to this poetic adventure in quest of the beautiful ideal.

And with what tenderness he declares that his coming kingdom shall be a great wedding-festival, when at midnight, at the end of days, there shall go forth a cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Here are suggestions of beautiful mystery and poetry—hints that each sundered soul is to find its one God-given mate at last. Then, too, may there not here be wonder beyond wonder? For where the Bridegroom is, will there not also be the Bride? Will not Christa appear with Christus? When the Divine Man comes forth in his bridal kingdom will not the Divine Woman be shining at his side?

Jesus never touches the thought of the end of the world save with words colored with high poetic seriousness. In his parable of the Sheep and the Goats we have a dramatic compression of our earthly life into a brief spectacle of judgment. We see the two multitudes, one passing to the right hand and the other to the left hand of the King. Nothing in all poetry surpasses the dignity and humanity of this little drama.

The story of the coming of the Son of Man in the last days is all one rapid outline of a vast poem of pity and terror. The Son of Man shall appear—not from a humble manger, for he shall come as "the lightning that lighteneth out of one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven." No hero of romantic story was ever described with such poetic splendor.

The destruction of the world order, following on his coming, is also

pictured in terrific images. It shall be like the all-destroying flood of Noah that swept cities and peoples to their doom. It shall be like the destruction of the lawless and luxurious people of Sodom when fire rained from the darkening heaven. All terrible is the ruin waiting to rush upon this self-seeking world of men. In that day of reckoning let no one seek to save his worldly goods. Solemn and awful will be the separations: "There shall be two men in a bed: one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at a mill: one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field: one shall be taken and the other left." And in that day shall the righteous shine forth "as the sun in the Kingdom of the Father."

But there is another aspect of the world drama, another labor for the Poet Conqueror. "The hour cometh," he cries, "in which all that are in their graves shall hear my voice and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." In this moment of vision the divine Deliverer felt himself to be the lord of life and death, knew himself to be the Voice of the Law that creates the worlds and spins them forth to circle on the void. Innumerable generations of men have gone down into the old hush of death. The thunders of the tempest can shatter all silences but one—the grave. The clamors of the centuries can disturb all quiet but one—the quiet of the dead. Yet a voice is coming that shall break this iron repose.

The Poet-seer beholds the long ages of history all curdled into the brief drama of an hour; and he sees himself as the hero of the pageant. I seem to see the vision of his mind. At the sound of his voice, the green turf is broken in a thousand valleys of the dead, and the tombstones are shaken from their ancient places. Little children come forth from little graves under the friendly trees. Unknown multitudes arise from sunken tombs, and historied heroes come forth from escutcheoned sepulchres. Kings and the sons of kings sweep by in jewelled armor, Catacombs and pyramids belch out their dim inhabitants. Pharaohs and Cæsars and Sultans rise with their swords red with the rust of blood. The plains of Ilium and Marathon, all the battle-fields of the world, grow suddenly alive with the pale hosts of returning warriors. Sodom and Gomorrah, Carthage and Nineveh give back their misty multitudes. Millions come trooping from the sands of Sahara, from the marshes of the Campagna, from the hollow caves of Ellora, from the Druid moors of Britain, from the cryptic mounds of Mexico.

None are forgotten—whether they sleep in sculptured tombs or in nameless graves long trodden down by the feet of the heedless genera-

tions. The spaces of the continents cast forth their dead, and the caverns of the seas yield up their myriads. And now the trumpets sound from the four ends of the world, and the dim millions are lifted as a driven dust, whirled upward on the wings of whirlwind to the heavens, to the judgment and just reward of the Last Day.

So pass before us in a few brief strokes the outlines of an immense drama that dwarfs every other drama of time to a mere tumult of ants in the corner of a forgotten field.

But it is in the Apocalypse that we hear the last words of the Lyric Christ, words spoken from the luminous cliff of eternity. Mystical and majestic are his messages: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. Unto him that is athirst I will give of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God and he shall be my son."

And his words whisper also of the beautiful bridals in the Marriage Mystery of the heavens. It is the final invitation to all hushed and chastened lovers who bear the white ideal in their hearts. Like a wind of celestial music, the words sound over the barren world. Soft, soft are the whispering chords: "The marriage of the Lamb is come and his Wife hath made herself ready. . . . Blessed are they who are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb. The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come.' . . . And he that overcometh and keepeth my words to the end, . . . I will give him the Morning Star."

Edwin Markham.

THE LOVE SINGER

I SING of Love, dreaming the world may know
 Something of that pure beauty that I feel;
 I sing of passion till the senses reel
 With the full rhythmic volume and overflow
 Of my own being; and then, soft and low,
 I sing of mystic visions that reveal
 God's mirrored eyes in Love's—His visible seal
 Set in the dust for all who come and go.
 But of Love's final secret, being wise
 I do not sing,—Love's terrible demand
 To lay his jewels for a sacrifice
 Upon the Spirit's altar. . . . Through the land
 Should I go singing that, with unveiled eyes,
 Hardly a soul would even understand!

Elsa Barker.

THE TURKISH QUESTION

SOME states are important factors in the world's history because of the fertility of their soil, others because of the spirit of their people and their contributions to civilization, others because of their geographical location. In this latter class is Turkey. Planted upon the flank of commerce between Europe and Asia, it has attracted a degree of attention out of all proportion to the service which it has rendered. At intervals, during a considerable portion of medieval and all modern history, the Turkish question has occupied the center of the stage in European diplomacy. The treaties of Karlowitz, in 1699; Passarowitz, in 1718; Jassy, in 1774; Kutchuk Kainardji, in 1794; Bucharest, in 1812; Adrianople, in 1829; Unkiar Skelessi, in 1833; Paris, in 1856; San Stefano, in 1878; and Berlin in 1880 were unsuccessful attempts to solve a question which in its very nature is a difficult one. The control of the Bosphorus can never be a matter of indifference to the commercial powers of the world. Therefore, the Turkish question will continue to be an important one as long as Constantinople continues Turkish.

What has caused the Turkish question to assume an acute form so frequently is the prevalence of Turkish misrule. The Turkish Government has at various times shown either a lack of ability or a lack of inclination to furnish reasonable protection to life and property. A disregard of the primary purpose for which governments are instituted, instead of being the exception, was the rule in Turkey. A condition of misgovernment bordering upon anarchy had become chronic. The army which was supported as a means of protection was used mainly as an instrument of oppression. The following is an illustration of the uses to which it was put and of its value as a guardian of rights and liberties. I quote from the work of M. Dragonof on Macedonia: "At the end of July, 1905, a company of soldiers, accompanied by numerous bashi-bazouks, encountered near the village of Ressofo, caza of Tikvesh, the band of Dobri Dascaloff, numbering eighteen men. After a fight lasting ten hours the band took advantage of the night to disperse.

The bashi-bazouks and the soldiers then threw themselves on the village of Ressofo, and set about destroying it by fire and sword. Scenes of unheard-of savagery took place, which the pen is powerless to describe. Bashi-bazouks and soldiers sprinkled the houses with paraffin, and all who came out were received with rifle shots and thrown back into their blazing houses. An old woman of seventy, named Dena Stavreva Dikorska, severely wounded by a shot, was thrown into the flames and burnt

alive. A young shepherd, taken and bound, suffered the same fate. The woman Eftima, who had succeeded in escaping to a certain distance, was killed by a shot, and her corpse brought back and thrown into one of the fires. Soon the flames spread to all the house, the carnage increased everywhere; all the houses were first looted and women and children thrown from the windows; then these palpitating bodies, still throbbing with life, were thrown into the blazing houses. The bashi-bazouks amused themselves by getting together groups of fugitives, drenching them with petroleum and making bonfires of them."

Such was the insecurity of property that industries did not develop. The productive capacity of the country was but a small percentage of what it should be. But the expenses of running the government had to be met. The taxes on what property there was were therefore very high, and the antiquated system of collecting them was such that the opportunities for graft were so alluring that a considerable part of those collected never reached the treasury. And of the part that did nearly all was expended for unproductive purposes, such as army, navy, spies, imperial household, etc., and but a very small proportion for such productive purposes as internal improvement, education, and public health. The expenses of government were therefore practically a dead weight to be carried by an already impoverished community. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that the government was continually on the verge of bankruptcy. So great was the insecurity of property because of unrestrained violence, an arbitrary system of taxation and corrupt courts, that considerable of the incentive to accumulate property was taken away. This would inevitably result in diminishing the resources from which taxes could be collected. Where taxes exceed ten per cent. of the income, the tendency is to withdraw rather than increase investments, particularly if in return for that tenth the taxpayer receives practically nothing. Though Turkey has one-third the area and population of the United States, she has less than one-twelfth the commerce. In addition to the handicap of an almost ruinous system of taxation, her commerce has also to struggle with the handicap of a lack of means of communication. The Turkish Government under the old régime made no serious effort to build or encourage the building of roads, and without roads, it is useless to expect commerce or industry to flourish. Whether or not commerce "follows the flag" it certainly follows the road-builder. But the road-builder is not only the advance agent of commerce and industry, he is the advance agent of civilization as well.

If national isolation were any longer possible, this short-sighted economic policy upon the part of the Turkish Government would have

concerned merely the Turkish citizens. Even the failure of the government to protect life and property would be a matter which concerned them alone. But national isolation is now merely a theory, to which there is nothing in the external world which conforms. The interests of every part of the world are becoming so bound up with every other part that a waste of human life and energies in one part affects not merely the sentiments, but the interests of other parts. Improved means of transportation and of conveying intelligence have brought it about that the fate of no part of the world is a matter of indifference to the rest. It was, therefore, to be expected that the powers of Europe most immediately concerned would make some attempt to adjust the Turkish situation to the necessities of changed conditions and bring it somewhat more nearly into harmony with its environment. The legal justification for this, apart from treaty, was the protection of their own citizens. It is to be regretted that this interference had frequently been more with a view to gaining advantage for the intervening State than to improving conditions. Russia has intervened from time to time during the last two centuries, and so far as can be seen the controlling idea was to leave things bad enough to furnish an excuse for further interventions. In other words, Russia seems to have felt that the control of the Bosphorus was her legitimate inheritance and that whatever means would assist in bringing her into this inheritance were legitimate means. Her aim was Russification rather than purification. Her ultimate purposes were so thinly veiled behind the avowed purpose of protecting the members of the Greek church that the concert of Europe would not approve of her acts. It was this distrust of her aims that led England to wage the Crimean War and later to join the rest of Europe in forcing Russia to submit the Turkish question to the Conference of Berlin. At this conference, Russia was diplomatically isolated and the treaty of San Stefano was thoroughly revised in the interests of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But this principle, though applicable as against Russia, did not seem to be of universal application, for it did not prevent England from taking Cyprus or Austria from taking Bosnia and Herzegovina as a reward for their services.

Hitherto, the real difficulty in the way of any thoroughgoing attempt at a solution of the Turkish question has been that no plan presented has squared with the ideas held by the European powers as to their interests in the premises. Absorption by Russia would threaten England's line of communication with India, and whatever threatens England's line of communication with India touches England at a spot where the nerves are particularly sensitive and near the surface. And neither England

nor Russia could agree to absorption by Austria, because this would threaten England to almost the same extent as the other, and would remove from Russia the expectancy which she has so fondly hoped would some day be hers. Of late years, Germany has also taken a lively interest in emphasizing the fact that the Turkish question could not be solved without consulting her and in so arranging matters that, if a clinic must come, she would be permitted to carry away some of the choice souvenirs.

Under these circumstances, the prospects of settling the question by intervention, whether by one power or a coalition of powers, were slim indeed. The former would threaten the balance of power in Europe and the latter are almost never effective. The plan agreed upon by Russia and Austria at the Muerzsteg Convention is a very good illustration of the ineffectiveness of joint interventions. The plan adopted at this convention included the reorganization of the Turkish gendarmerie by foreign generals "in the service of the Ottoman Imperial Government" and the presence of Russian and Austrian agents in Macedonia whose duty it should be to report to their embassies at Constantinople the condition of affairs in the three vilayets. Some pious talk was also indulged in about the reform of the judicial system and other reforms. Whether or not it was ever intended that anything of consequence should be accomplished is doubtful, but that nothing of value was accomplished is certain. The "reorganized" gendarmerie was too weak to cope with the situation. Yet when Earl Grey, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, made the eminently practical suggestion that the strength of the Turkish army in Macedonia be very materially decreased and that the money thus saved be expended in increasing the strength of the gendarmerie, the proposition was at once opposed by Austria and Russia—though the latter admitted that "in principle" it was correct. The excuse given for not adopting it was that the Sultan would object and that Germany would support his objection and that under these circumstances the Sultan could not be coerced.

With a reactionary bureaucracy in control of the Turkish Government bent upon maintaining themselves at whatever cost to the welfare of the state, and little hope that any real reform would result from foreign intervention, the chances of any genuine reform seemed so slight that a solution of the problem appeared to be remote if not hopeless. Nevertheless, the need of it seemed so apparent that one could hardly believe that the *status quo* could be continued forever.

In the midst of these unpromising conditions, when all seemed dark as midnight, a star of hope appeared. A movement was begun with a determined purpose to better conditions. This movement was not from

without but from within, i.e., a movement by the Turks themselves looking toward such a reform in the Turkish State as to make it worthy of the allegiance and love of its citizens and enable it to justify its existence as a body politic. This movement has been styled the Young Turk movement, which though it had been forming for several years did not crystallize into a definite, vigorous and effective organization until two years ago. Though ideas of this sort make way very slowly unless backed by an organization, it is not hard to see why, in this case, there should have been some hesitancy and delay about organizing. The atmosphere in Turkey was not such as to make it probable that an organization having for its purpose the application of corrosive sublimate and chloride of lime to the existing régime would thrive. The organization was, therefore, effected in Paris by Turks and Armenians who had been banished for political reasons. Some of these were men of force who had been prominent in official circles in Turkey.

The organization called itself the Committee of Union and Progress. To them it was clear as the noonday beam that no reform of real value could be introduced and operated while Abdul Hamid retained his power. Hence their programme included as a preliminary his dethronement and the establishment of a parliament. They kept in touch with the situation in Turkey as best they could, but, out of a decent regard for the happiness and well-being of their coadjutors at home, it was expedient that they exercise a great deal of care in their correspondence. They did, however, succeed in starting a ferment in the army, which they saw clearly must be their objective point; for while the army remained loyal to the Sultan all hope of deposing him was vain. In this task they were assisted by Turkish ladies, who because of the social customs of the country could work without being suspected, and by the fact that many of the officers and soldiers had not received their pay.

In July, 1909, Enver Bey openly declared his adherence to the Committee of Union and Progress, and in the same month Niazi Bey raised the standard of revolution and declared for a parliament and equality of races. Abdul perceived that his hold upon the army was slipping and asked his Vizier to deal with the situation. Not anxious to assume the responsibility, this official called the Sultan's attention to the fact that the situation was one to be dealt with by the Minister of War. But instead of following this advice, the Sultan proceeded to deal with the matter himself. And in dealing with it had recourse to his favorite instrument—espionage. He sent out forty spies to spy upon the army and then other spies to spy upon these spies. This was a fatal mistake. The army resented the imputation, and nearly the whole of the third army corps,

which had its headquarters at Salonica, espoused the cause of the Committee and demanded a constitution. The Sultan's first impulse was to beat them into submission by the aid of his Asiatic corps, as the European corps could not be defended upon for the purpose. But when the question was submitted to the *Fetva Eminé*, the judicial authority corresponding to the *jurisprudentes* of the Roman Empire, it was decided that the sacred law forbid Moslems to make war upon Moslems.

After this decision, there was but one thing to do. The Sultan bowed to the storm. He sent for Kutchuk Said and Kaimil Pasha to form a new cabinet. Both these men were favorable to constitutional government, had previously been mistrusted by the Sultan's government and forced to seek the protection of the British flag and were known to be favorable to British institutions. On the 22d of July an irade was issued declaring that a parliament would be summoned, and on the 26th the Sultan was sworn by the Sheik-ul-Islam to respect the constitution and accord to his subjects equality before the law.

The constitution to which he swore obedience was the Midhat constitution promulgated in 1876, but soon after allowed to fall into "innocuous desuetude." It is a decidedly liberal one, containing most of the provision found in the ordinary bill of rights. It provides for freedom of speech and of the press; for personal liberty and protection of property rights; for equality of taxation; and, in short, contains a recognition of the civil rights usually recognized in liberal constitutions. It provides for a parliament consisting of two houses—a senate and chamber of deputies.

Though nominally the Sultan sanctioned all these reforms, his approval was not sincere and he at once went to work to nullify their effect and re-establish the old régime. As a prerequisite to the success of his scheme, the winning back of the army was essential. This he proceeded stealthily to do with the aid of the priests. The means used was an appeal to religious fanaticism. Though a shrewd man in many respects he failed to properly gauge the temper of the people and particularly the hold which the Young Turk movement had upon the army. This can, however, be readily understood when we recall that his whole system of government had been such as to make it impossible for him to get any really reliable information as to what was going on in the minds of his subjects. The close censorship of the press had prevented it from becoming a mirror of public sentiment, and hence his information was filtered through the palace clique or brought directly by spies whose promotion depended largely upon the character of information they brought. It was, therefore, such as they supposed would be pleasing to him and impress him with the value of their services, with but a minor regard for the

facts. For these reasons he was as ignorant of the real thoughts of his people and as helpless in regard to finding them out as is the Czar of Russia. It is the price which monarchs pay for the privilege of governing through a bureaucracy.

Relying upon his misinformation as to the loyalty of the army, the Sultan caused a mutiny to break out on April 13, 1909. This taxed the patience of the Young Turk party past the point of human endurance. Forbearance had now ceased to be a virtue and heroic remedies must be applied. Chefket Pasha began his march upon Constantinople with the third army corps. His march was executed with masterly military skill, and within ten days he was in control of the city. This time it was determined that palliatives were useless, that the deposition of Abdul Hamid II was the prerequisite to the establishment of a successful reform government. The surprising thing is the degree of deliberation and self-control manifested by the Young Turk party. If ever a situation justified political vengeance this was one; and if ever a monarch had forfeited his right to the protection of the law and to leniency, Abdul Hamid II had. But, instead of proceeding unceremoniously to sever the intimate connection between Abdul's head and his body, as might readily have been expected, Chefket Pasha, who was in complete control of the situation, caused to be submitted to the Sheik-ul-Islam, the following question: "What becomes of an Imam who has destroyed certain holy writings and who has seized property in contravention of the Sheri; who has committed cruelties and ordered the assassination or imprisonment of exiles without justification by the Sheri; who has squandered the public money; who, having sworn to govern according to the Sheriat, has violated his oath; who by gifts of money has provoked internecine bloodshed and civil war, and who is no longer recognized in the provinces?"

Answer of the Sheik-ul-Islam: "He must abdicate or be deposed."

Upon receiving this answer they forced Abdul Hamid II to abdicate and placed his brother on the throne. Abdul is confined as a political prisoner, not in Constantinople, where he might again appeal to the reactionary and fanatical instincts of some of his subjects, but in Macedonia, where he is isolated from all whom he might influence against the constitutional régime. In sparing his life, a degree of clemency was shown not manifested by France or England under somewhat similar but less aggravating circumstances. By some, this clemency has been attributed to religious reverence for the Sultan as the head of the Mohammedan church, but from what I can learn of the character of those in control I am inclined to think that political expediency rather than religious superstition was the determining factor.

There is little upon which to base a conclusion as to the governing ability of the new Sultan Mohammed V, as during most of his life he has been a political prisoner. But we get a rather favorable impression of him from the following interview given by him upon entering office:

My voice had been silent for thirty-three years but the voice of true conscience has never been stilled. You ask me what I think of the situation in modern Turkey as I find it to-day after the political resuscitation of long years. I will tell you that though shut up here I have contrived, feebly perhaps, to keep in touch with the march of progress of the outside world. The few partisans who have been loyal to me through the dark days of adversity are aware that from my earliest years, while faithful to the precepts and teachings of the Koran, I have been an advocate of constitutional charters and parliamentary institutions. From this opinion I have never deviated. I hold it to-day as strongly as I did when a young man seeking to imbibe the knowledge of Western civilization and its methods.

However, it matters not so very much what his governing ability may be, as he will not have a chance to do much governing. The governing will be done by parliament, unless conditions should render a dictatorship necessary. Unless the Young Turk party is overthrown, of which there is no immediate prospect, we need not look for any very great amount of power being exercised by the Sultan or the palace clique. There is upon this point a certain sensitiveness on the part of the powers that be, which is not altogether difficult to understand.

The task of the young Turks is by no means an enviable one. They have undoubtedly made civilization debtor unto them by bringing to an end the reign of Abdul "the Damned." But they have at the same time assumed the responsibility for establishing in Turkey a government which will be able to justify its existence by the service it renders to its own citizens and fulfil its obligation to other states, which is, under all the circumstances, no small undertaking. In order to appreciate the difficult nature of their task, it is necessary to recall that they must provide for the governing of over twenty million people representing a greater diversity of race, language and religion than can be found in any other empire of equal size. For the performance of this difficult task, they have inherited a bankrupt treasury, a realm impoverished by taxation, industries in a backward state of development, a people ignorant because no means of enlightenment have been furnished or permitted them by their government, an electorate a very small percentage of whom have any knowledge of the workings of parliamentary government, a scarcity of officials familiar with anything except fawning, corruption and graft, foreign relations of a most intricate and delicate nature, an army with a shattered *esprit de corps*, a navy fit for neither use nor ornament.

Whether under these conditions, which could hardly be more unpromising, a parliamentary system of government is workable remains to be seen. The Young Turks have upon their hands a task the difficulty of which is commensurate with that of "making bricks without straw." In order to get a hint of the probable make-up of a Turkish parliament and the difficulty of securing unity of action through such a body, we need but observe the facts as to the elements into which the electorate which will choose the parliament is divided. According to the most accurate estimates available, the Turkish electorate consists of 5,000,000 Arabs, 2,850,000 Turks, 1,050,000 Greeks and Bulgarians, 700,000 Bosnians and Serbs, 650,000 Arnaouts, 650,000 Kurds, 500,000 Greek Orthodox Christians, 450,000 Armenians, 350,000 Jews, 100,000 Protestants, 100,000 Circassians, 100,000 Jenkana.

During the short time they have been in control, the Young Turk party has shown remarkable political ability as well as moderation. The revolution has produced what is necessary to all successful revolutions—a great man. In Chefket Pasha, the Young Turks have not only a man of military genius but a man of statesmanlike instincts as well. The men who have combined both these qualities in so high a degree have been rare in any country or in any age. His qualities eminently fit him for the work in hand.

There is as yet no convincing evidence of concerted action to impede the progress of the new government, though it is feared in some quarters that the Young Turks are too friendly to England and take too kindly to English and American institutions. While it is too early to expect statistical evidence as to the effect of the change on economic conditions, there is, however, to their credit the lopping off of considerable useless expenditure, a reduction in the army of spies, marked improvement in the direction of freedom of speech and of the press, a sincere attempt to remedy defects in the system of taxation and a cessation in the massacres which have hitherto shocked the moral sense of mankind. Obedience to law is now encouraged by the government, order is maintained and crime punished. During the brief period of its rule, the new government has been forced to deal with a number of troublesome questions in their foreign relations in which they have uniformly shown tact and a statesmanlike grasp of the situation. The continued success of the Young Turk régime is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," as it offers a solution of a question which has for centuries baffled Europe and been a source of humiliation to the civilized world. *Vive la Young Turk.*

Edwin Maxey.

PHILANTHROPY, A TRAINED PROFESSION

IN April, 1906, the San Francisco earthquake brought to the United States its greatest emergency relief problem. Three hundred thousand people were rendered homeless. Two days after the earthquake, Edward T. Devine, General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, was already en route from New York to San Francisco, the special representative of the American Red Cross, to take charge of the relief work in the stricken city.

On December 27, 1908, Messina and Reggio were overthrown by the greatest earthquake of modern times. Two hundred thousand people were killed. The relief problem, within a few seconds from the time of the first shock, had already become one to stagger the world. Ernest T. Bicknell, formerly head of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, was executive head of the reorganized American Red Cross. He went to Italy as our leader in the Italian relief work.

When that earthquake came to Italy, a little woman, Miss Katharine B. Davis, of Bedford, N. Y., whose work it is to reform female criminals in the Bedford Reformatory, was at Syracuse. The stampeding effects of the earthquake were overwhelming. But within a few hours Miss Davis had cabled to America for money for the sufferers; within a few days she had a rough-and-ready organization of relief going in Eastern Italy. Before the earthquake she had been unknown. Within a week or two she had rounded up a section of that chaos in eastern Sicily so effectually as to be generally known. And, to make a long story short, to-day all those who worked on the earthquake relief know about the wonderful little American woman who "got things done," who provided work for the workless, who developed a registration system, even if she didn't know Italian, and who founded and set going an orphan asylum, and so forth, and so forth.

The foregoing are conspicuous events of recent years that have sent important emergency calls to "social workers" to make good. The three persons who responded are exceptionally well-trained workers, but back of them, and shoulder to shoulder with them, has grown up during the last decade a small army of specialists in charitable and civic work, "the militia of organized philanthropy," as Governor Hughes has called them.

Let us suppose that to-day, or in the future, some American city is stricken by a calamity of fire, earthquake or flood, with great destitution and loss of life. San Francisco taught the nation and the Red

Cross a lesson. To-day, Mr. Bicknell, the executive of the Red Cross, would have power to call upon charity organization societies in the United States to furnish to him at once a certain proportion of the trained workers of the societies' staffs. At San Francisco the value of United States soldiers was especially demonstrated. Mr. Devine called upon a few charity workers from the East, who co-operated splendidly with those of the western shore. But in future calamities the value of the organized "militia of philanthropy" will be evidenced. In the cases of those who may be drafted almost at an hour's call from charity organization societies, it will mean largely only a transference of their work, and not a fundamental change in the nature of their activities.

This provision for future calamities is but one of the many outgrowths of organized charity. Perhaps the most striking thing about present-day philanthropy is that it is so rapidly becoming organized, all along the line. Both "organization" and "philanthropy" have to-day a two-fold connotation. "Organized" charity in the individual means the correlation of the individual's knowledge and opinions into a conclusion which leads him to act wisely and efficiently. "Organized" charity in the community is that form of aid to the destitute which similarly takes cognizance of all causes and all resources, and acts so far as possible for the permanent betterment of the community.

The word "philanthropy" also has a double meaning. (1) The act of *giving* to those in need. (2) The act of *doing* for those in need. But the word "philanthropist" has become associated with the giver, rather than with the doer; especially with the liberal giver. For the "doers," for those who aim in various ways to reduce the destitution and suffering of the poor, no one wholly satisfactory name has been coined. They call themselves social workers, or in the realm of the relief of destitution, sometimes charity workers; sometimes even sociologists.

Philanthropists and social workers are becoming specialists. The "hit-or-miss" age is passing away. It is nowadays obvious that givers of huge gifts are bestowing millions less impulsively. Most philanthropists have their charity secretaries. Mr. Rockefeller gives to the General Education Fund and to Chicago University, among scores of other recipients, because the investments will pay in the levelling-up, under different circumstances, of hundreds of thousands of lives. Mr. Carnegie gives his libraries for similar reasons. Mrs. Sage establishes the Russell Sage Foundation, for the general betterment of social conditions, puts it in charge of a committee of cool-headed men and women, and gives the trustees a roving commission for the practical uplift of humanity.

To be sure, occasionally munificent gifts shoot suddenly into vision with meteoric brilliancy, establishing, for instance, institutions duplicating well-organized efforts already in the field. A home for prisoners' children, for example, might be founded, which would be harmful in arbitrarily bringing together a group that has no reason for being thus conspicuously separated from their relatives. In all probability orphan asylums or homes for children already make adequate provision for the emergency. A fund for the widows of persons dying within a certain city district might be established, barring out the widows of other districts, even though the fund might not be more than partially called upon. If these hypothetical cases seem far-fetched, be assured that in the past large funds have been left under conditions that were at least equally "queer" and hindering.

But the leading givers of huge sums to-day say to the man-with-a-scheme, "Write me in detail just what your plan is. What will your plan do? When can it be done? How much will it cost? Is somebody else going to do it if I don't? Has it ever been done? *Will it have the same value ten or twenty years from now?* Who will manage the enterprise if I give the money?" In short, the philanthropist of to-day tends, not to ask, "Will this raise a lasting monument to my goodness, and to my love of my fellow-man?" but, "Will this pay as an investment in human lives, raising the efficiency and the joy of life of the community or of society in general?"

As for the "social worker," he is no accident, but a product of social evolution. Just as the modern philanthropist with the social conscience is taking the place of the old-time charity-plunger, so the social worker is replacing the old-time "charity worker." The social worker may be in charity work, but the viewpoint has changed. A generation ago charity meant practically the relief of the destitute individual or family. The aim was to restore to health and to self-support. The agents of charity societies, associations for the relief of the poor, etc., were drafted, largely untrained, from other occupations or from domestic duties at home. Their attention was centred upon the pain and the suffering of the "case." Immediate causes of the destitution before them seemed the true reasons for poverty. Liquor, gambling, laziness, illness, and human depravity were causes of poverty. It seemed even possible to figure out the percentage of each cause in producing poverty.

To-day there are still applicants for charity, and the causes on the face of the applications seem still those of a generation ago. Destitution, illness, accident, or "just down-and-out." But the viewpoint of the one who brings help has changed. The social worker's viewpoint makes the

individual-in-want a unit in a community in which there are some things wrong, because the unit is in poverty.

The social worker therefore must understand social conditions and social tendencies. He may be working on the case of Antonio Vincenza, in a tenement on the East Side, but what he really is working on is the problem of the congestion of population running 1078 human beings to the acre in that particular block. The social worker may be arranging for the admission of John Donlin to the state hospital for consumptives at Raybrook, but what he is really revolving in his mind is the gigantic question of what to do with 30,000 annual cases of tuberculosis in New York City, while the beds in hospitals and sanitariums in the entire State number only about 2,800.

His chief solicitude is for hundreds of thousands whom he does not know. The twenty-fifth annual report of the New York Charity Organization Society stated that "at the end of nearly a quarter century the central council of the society made a careful review of its work, for the purpose of determining its future policy. The conclusion was reached that its greatest opportunity for service in the future lies in organizing the forces of the community, public and private, for the permanent improvement of social conditions; that while no less attention should be given to the care of individual families in their homes, its most effective work is to remove, as far as is possible, the conditions which make these families needy."

This is the new view of charity, making it as wide as every effort for the reasonable betterment of social conditions. Charitable societies have been seeing that while they placed Jones on his feet, other Joneses continued to slip down. It became apparent that while a necessary thing to do is to help up the Joneses that fall, a still wiser thing to do is to check all possible forces that are knocking the Joneses down.

Hence the emphasis upon the prevention of poverty, a phrase that admits of a thousand illustrations. The social worker sees that the crippled or "played-out" tramp must be helped, and that not the tramp's nature, but child labor, or railway trespass, or an industrial accident, or early homelessness are causes underlying his present vagrancy; that prisoners should be reformed rather than punished, and that discharged convicts should become good artisans, not outcasts; wages should be influenced by a normal and rational standard of living and not by an arbitrary estimate of what the employer can afford to pay, or what the employee can eke out an existence on. It is better to protect machinery than to provide pensions in poorhouses for paupers. It is better to make the child efficient in childhood than to supplement by private and public

charity the precarious and semi-miserable existence of the next forty years of the inefficient, unskilled adult.

The instances might be multiplied *ad libitum*. In short, with efficiency born of knowledge and experience, the social worker becomes a social doctor. Poverty becomes obviously a social disease. Free will is debatable, but the fact of the influences of heredity and social environment upon human beings seems incontestable. Poverty comes to seem in large measure the result of injustice done to the individual by society, of which the sufferer is one unit. To cure poverty, eliminate one by one the social conditions destructive to man's best life. Charity to-day is an effort made to remedy that injustice.

In the older charity, the goodness of the doer was emphasized. The new charity tests the efficiency of the deed. The question is not, "Who did it?" but "What was the result?" This is naturally a harder test, because goodness can be the absence of badness, but efficiency cannot be simply the absence of failure.

The social viewpoint is the motive, efficiency the instrument, in the administration of modern philanthropy. Efficiency is based on training. Training, in the older charity, was gained as the apprentice learned his trade, in the work. Training to-day is still in most instances learned in the harness, but the viewpoints and the methods of the work are different. In many instances, however, the training of to-day in constructive philanthropy is had in one of the four schools of philanthropy, in New York, Boston, Chicago, or St. Louis.

The "school of philanthropy," which eleven years ago sounded much like a paradox, has amply justified itself in New York. It was established in 1898 by the Charity Organization Society, with an attendance of twenty-seven persons, representing eleven States. The programme of the first year was a forecast of many following years. Private charities; the care of families in their homes; care of dependent and delinquent children; public charities; care of the dependent sick; public departments; the delinquent: such were some of the subjects. The experiment of the first year was made permanent. Succeeding years added topics, such as the juvenile court; backward and defective children; tenement house reform; the prevention of tuberculosis; charitable finance; child labor; parks and playgrounds; standards of living.

In time, to the summer course was added a winter course of nine months, with affiliation with Columbia University, and an opportunity to obtain academic credits. In November, 1904, Mr. John S. Kennedy, who had given the United Charities Building as a centre for New York City's charitable activities, gave a permanent fund for the perpetuation

of the summer and winter schools of philanthropy. In 1907, Dr. S. M. Lindsay, former Commissioner of Education in Porto Rico, was appointed director, and several associate directors now assist him. The classes number nearly one hundred in the winter and approximately seventy in the summer.

The winter classes are recruited largely from college graduates, settlement workers, volunteer workers who have had some experience, but who need the longer theoretical and practical training of one year or even two. The summer courses, which are shorter, are restricted to experienced workers, and offer a six weeks' review of modern social conditions relating to the poor. The lecturers, winter and summer, are specialists in their fields. For the most advanced school work, a bureau of social research has been established. Studies have already been made, of permanent value, of the salary loan business in New York City; the treatment of inebriates in New York City; the cost of burial among the poor in New York City; opportunities for employment for the handicapped; a study in methods and practical results of case treatment in the New York Charity Organization Society; and the training of social workers.

What of the school's graduates? Statistics recently compiled show that they have strong tendencies to go into charity organization work, partly because the school is under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society, and because emphasis is naturally laid upon that kind of work. Nevertheless, there is an increasing tendency among the graduates to take up other forms of social betterment work, and the charity organization society often becomes the gateway through which many of the school's graduates pass into special positions of responsibility in charitable and civic lines; in private organizations and public institutions, or on boards or commissions.

The organized militia of philanthropy needs its commissioned officers, its commanding officers, its generals. As modern charity has grown, those now in the forefront of the charitable and civic work of the country have either risen from the ranks, or have come over into charitable and civic work as a profession from allied fields. But more and more the schools of philanthropy are sending out their graduates. The schools are becoming the West Points of the philanthropic service.

In Chicago there is an excellent school of civics and philanthropy. Under the direction of Graham Taylor, special emphasis is laid upon civics and psychology. There is also a department of social research. In the winter of 1907, twenty-five students concentrated their investigations upon the causes of juvenile delinquency, methods of probation, and institutional care.

In Boston there is a school for social workers, affiliated with Harvard University and Simmons College. Special attention in this school is given to class-room discussion of social conditions. In St. Louis, a small but hardy school of philanthropy has developed in the face of a conservatism not unexpected in cities where the ideas and methods of organized charity are less familiar than in the East.

Have the schools of philanthropy been successful? Can they apply their efficiency tests to themselves? The friends of the schools say "Yes," enthusiastically; impartial observers say, "In large part"; even doubtful critics concede the theoretical value of training schools. The managers of the schools feel that while the training of social workers is a necessity, the experimental period of the schools has not yet passed. Forecasting the future, there are visions of large professional schools, "schools of social economy."

Is the profession of social worker recognized? At a dinner at the University Club, tendered by Mr. Robert W. DeForest, president of the Charity Organization Society, to half a hundred leading business and financial men of New York City two years ago, he said: "Gentlemen, I have invited you to this dinner this evening on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Charity Organization Society of this city, to meet a number of the executives and heads of leading charity organization societies throughout the country. The gentlemen with whom you are dining are captains of social work. They might have gone into business or into finance and they would have been successful. But they have chosen another field. The financial emoluments are not so great, but they have the great satisfaction of doing a work that they know must be done, a work that is noble and that concerns us all very directly. Let us recognize the captains of social work, and stand shoulder to shoulder with them for the betterment of social conditions in this country."

Cast your eyes where you will, and you will note the results of this developed social conscience that leads to the manifestations of our twentieth century community altruism. The muck-raking period brought forth the graft-hunters. The insurance investigations clarified, in large measure, the conscience of large corporations. Investigation of municipal finances has led to the establishment in New York City and more recently in Philadelphia and in other cities of bureaus for municipal research. The Russell Sage Foundation finances the most complete sociological investigation of a city that has ever been made, in the "Pittsburg Survey." Boston plans a gigantic co-operative levelling-up of the city's civic, business and charitable activities, from now until 1915, when

the United States is to be invited to come to Boston, not to see perfection, but to see what can be done when a whole city gets together.

Social movements must have executive officers, social engineers. Already the call for the trained worker is greater than can be met. The schools of philanthropy are naturally turning into social activities the younger workers of to-day, but they will be called to the many tasks that are made by the twentieth century.

The rapid development of the professional social worker only emphasized the striking fact of the newness of social work in general. We have come to feel that the housing problem has long been with us, yet the tenement house department of New York City was established only eight years ago. The campaign against tuberculosis has become country-wide with the rapidity of a forest fire, yet the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis has but recently held its fifth annual meeting. The child labor movement, on a national scale, is but five years old. The Consumer's League is a comparatively new idea. City reform clubs are older, but city congestion committees, city planning associations, park and playground associations, juvenile court societies, probation commissions, a national society for the reduction of vagrancy, a society for sanitary and moral prophylaxis—these are some among many movements that have but recently started, yet seem already to have the assurance of success.

It would seem that the twentieth century is to be the century of social brotherhood, as the nineteenth century was that of commercial progress. In this generation the activities of men and of communities will be scrutinized with reference to the social justice. Not so much the relation of man to man, as the relation of man to *men*, will be a leading question. Man will find God in the street, the tenement, the hospital, the prison, the government, as well as in the church.

Similarly, not individual wealth, but community wealth, will become the measure of the community's prosperity. And wealth will mean not simply economic wealth, but wealth of leisure, and pleasant work, and recreation, and sustenance and shelter, for him that gives his best strength in the struggle to earn his bread and that of his family. Economic questions will not decrease in importance, but social problems will gain in importance. Beside the "economic man" we shall consider the "social unit." Modern charity will become justice for the poor.

So we shall need the social worker, not as a "know it all" but as a "do-it-well." We shall graduate from doing good to doing good *well*. The definition of "good" will be closely allied with the "common good."

We shall need our "social executives," for social justice will be the problem of the century.

Schools of philanthropy will not be the sole trainers for social work. The institutional churches present social problems to their workers; colleges and universities are developing courses in sociology, social economy, present day problems. Columbia University has a department of social economy; the University of Pennsylvania has furnished perhaps a dozen men for executive positions of responsibility in New York City. Harvard University and Simmons College conduct the School for Social Workers, in Boston. Divinity schools are introducing courses acquainting "theologues" with the life of the poor and with the social problems and relations of the well-to-do. The Methodist Church has a committee to spread throughout the denomination the message of the importance of knowing social conditions. The Congregational Church is developing a similar campaign, an excellent series of social studies, based on religious work and history, having been prepared by Dr. Josiah Strong. Men's club in churches "take up" the questions of the day. One church in New York City is noted for its socialist clerical leader.

Yet the schools of philanthropy will undoubtedly be the leading training schools, just as the colleges after all are supposed to be the best guides to life. Intermittent or voluntary work in social institutions tends to develop unsystematic workers, whereas the social worker of the future must be *par excellence* the "business man" or "business woman" in the adopted calling. Hence the special importance of the professional training.

O. F. Lewis.

A MAN OF DEVON

IV.

August 4.

. . . For three days after I wrote last, nothing at all happened. I spent the mornings on the cliff trying to write, and watching the sun-sparks raining on the sea. It's grand up there with the gorse all round, the gulls basking on the rocks, the partridges calling in the corn, and now and then a young hawk overhead. The afternoons I spent out in the orchard. The usual routine goes on at the farm all the time—cow-milking, bread-baking, John Ford riding in and out, Pasiance in her garden stripping lavender, talking to the farm hands; and the smell of clover, and cows and hay; the sounds of hens and pigs and pigeons, the soft drawl of voices, the dull thud of the farm carts; and day by day the apples getting redder. Then, last Monday, Pasiance was away from sunrise till sunset—nobody saw her go—nobody knew where she had gone. It was a wonderful, strange day, a sky of silver-gray and blue, with a drift of wind-clouds, all the trees sighing a little, the sea heaving in a long, slow swell, the animals restless, the birds silent, except the gulls with their old man's laughter and kitten's mewing.

A something wild was in the air; it seemed to sweep across the downs and combe, into the very house, like a passionate tune that comes drifting to your ears when you're sleepy. But who would have thought the absence of that girl for a few hours could have wrought such havoc! We were like uneasy spirits; Mrs. Hopgood's apple cheeks seemed positively to wither before one's eyes. I came across a dairymaid and farm hand discussing it stolidly with very downcast faces. Even Hopgood, a hard-bitten fellow with immense shoulders, forgot his imperturbability so far as to harness his horse, and depart on what he assured me was "just a wild-guse chaace." It was long before John Ford gave signs of noticing that anything was wrong, but late in the afternoon I found him sitting with his hands on his knees, staring straight before him. He rose heavily when he saw me, and stalked out. In the evening, just as I was starting for the coastguard station to ask for help to search the cliff, Pasiance appeared, walking as if she could hardly drag one leg after the other. Her cheeks were crimson; she was biting her lips to keep tears of sheer fatigue out of her eyes. She passed me in the doorway without a word. The anxiety he had gone through seemed to forbid the old man from speaking. He just came forward, took her face in his hands, gave it a great kiss, and walked away. Pasiance dropped on the floor in the

dark passage, and buried her face on her arms. "Leave me alone!" was all she would say. After a bit she dragged herself upstairs. Presently Mrs. Hopgood came to me.

"Not a word out of her—an' not a bite will she ate, an' I had a pie all ready—scrumptious. The good Lord knows the truth—she asked for brandy; have you any brandy, sir? Ha-ap-good 'e don't drink it, an' Mister Ford 'e don't allaow for anything but caowslip wine."

I had whisky.

The good soul seized the flask, and went off hugging it. She returned it to me half empty.

"Lapped it like a kitten laps milk. I misdaoubt it's straong, poor lamb, it lusened 'er tongue pra-aperly. 'I've done it,' she says to me, 'Mums—I've done it,' an' she laughed like a mad thing; and then, sir, she cried, an' kissed me, an' pushed me thru the door. Gude Lard! What is't she 'as done?" . . .

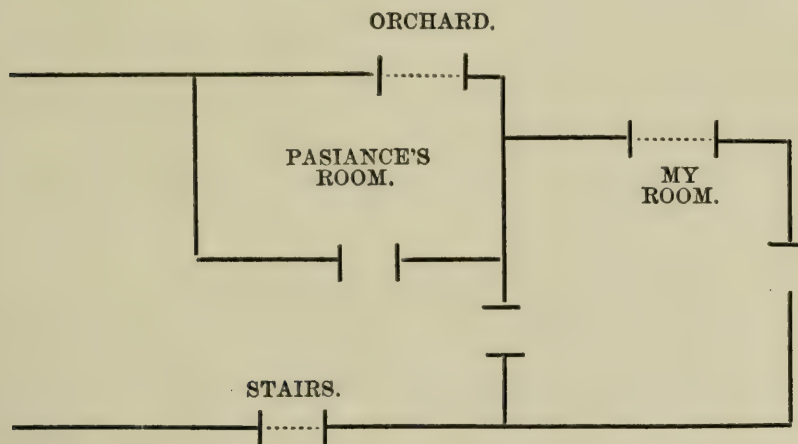
It rained all the next day and the day after. About five o'clock yesterday the rain ceased; I started off to Kingswear on Hopgood's nag to see Dan Treffry. Every tree, bramble, and fern in the lanes was dripping water; and every bird singing from the bottom of his heart. I thought of Pasiance all the time. Her absence that day was still a mystery; one never ceased asking one's self what she had done. There are people who never grow up—they have no right to do things. Actions have consequences—and children have no business with consequences.

Dan was out. I had supper at the hotel, and rode slowly home. In the twilight stretches of the road, where I could touch either bank of the lane with my whip, I thought of nothing but Pasiance and her grandfather; there was something in the half light suited to my wonder and uncertainty. It had fallen dark before I rode into the straw yard. Two young bullocks snuffled at me, a sleepy hen got up and ran off with a tremendous shrieking. I stabled the horse, and walked round to the back. It was pitch black under the apple trees, and the windows were all darkened. I stood there a little, everything smells so delicious after rain; suddenly I had the uncomfortable feeling that I was being watched. Have you ever felt like that on a dark night? I called out at last: "Is any one there?" Not a sound! I walked to the gate—nothing! The trees still dripped with tiny, soft, hissing sounds, but that was all. I slipped round to the front, went in, barricaded the door, and groped up to bed. But I couldn't sleep, I lay awake a long while; dozed at last, and woke up with a jump. There was a stealthy murmur going on quite close somewhere, like smothered voices. It stopped. A minute passed; suddenly came the soft thud as of something falling; I sprang out of bed and

rushed to the window. Nothing—but in the distance something that sounded like footsteps. An owl hooted; then clear as crystal, but quite low, I heard Pasiance singing in her room.

“The apples are ripe and ready to fall,
Oh! heigh ho! and ready to fall.”

I ran to her door and knocked.
(Our rooms are like this:)



“What is it?” she cried.

“Is anything the matter?”

“Matter?”

“Is anything the matter?”

“Ha-ha-ha-ha! Good-night!” then quite low, I heard her catch her breath, hard, sharply. No other answer, no other sound.

I went to bed and lay awake for hours. . . .

This evening Dan came; during supper he handed Pasiance a roll of music; he had got it in Torquay. The shopman, he said, had told him that it was a “corker.”

It was Bach’s “Chaconne.” You should have seen her eyes shine, her fingers actually tremble as she turned over the pages. Seems odd to think of *her* worshipping at the shrine of Bach—as odd as to think of a wild colt running of its free will into the shafts; but that’s just it—with her you can never tell.

“Heavenly!” she kept saying.

John Ford put down his knife and fork.

“Heathenish stuff!” he muttered, and suddenly thundered out, “Pasiance!”

She looked up with a start, threw the music from her, and resumed her place.

During evening prayers, which follow every night immediately on food, her face was a study of mutiny. She went to bed early. It was rather late when we broke up—for once old Ford had been talking of his squatter's life. As we came out, Dan held up his hand. A dog was barking. "It's Lass," he said. "She'll wake Pasiance."

The spaniel yelped furiously. Dan swore, and ran out to stop her. He was soon back.

"Somebody's been in the orchard, and gone off down to the cove." He ran down the path. I, too, ran, horribly uneasy. In front, through the darkness, came the spaniel's bark; the lights of the coastguard station faintly showed. I was first on the beach; the dog came to me at once, her tail almost in her mouth from apology. There was the sound of oars working in rowlocks; nothing visible but the feathery edges of the waves. Dan said behind, "No use! He's gone." His voice sounded hoarse, like that of a man choking with passion.

"George," he stammered, "it's that blackguard. I wish I'd put a bullet in him." Suddenly a light burned up in the darkness on the sea, seemed to swing gently, and vanished. Without another word we went back up the hill. John Ford stood at the gate motionless, indifferent—nothing had dawned on him. I whispered to Dan, "Let it alone!"

"No," he said, "no! I'm going to see." He struck a match, and slowly hunted the footsteps in the wet grass of the orchard. "Look—here!"

He stopped under Pasiance's window and swayed the match over the ground. Clear as daylight were the marks where some one had jumped or fallen. Dan held the match over his head.

"And look there!" he said. The bough of an apple-tree below the window was broken. He blew the match out.

I could see the whites of his eyes, like an angry animal's.

"Drop it, Dan!" I said.

He turned on his heel suddenly, and stammered out, "You're right."

But he had turned into John Ford's arms.

The old man stood there like some great force, darker than the darkness, staring up at the window, as though stupefied. We had not a word to say. He seemed unconscious of our presence. He turned round, and left us standing there.

"Follow him!" said Dan. "Follow him—by God! it's not safe."

We followed. Bending, and treading heavily, he went upstairs. He struck a blow on Pasiance's door. "Let me in!" he said. I drew Dan into my bedroom. The key was slowly turned, her door was flung open, and there she stood in her dressing-gown, a candle in her hand,

her face crimson, and oh! so young, with its short crisp hair and round cheeks. The old man—like a giant in front of her—raised his hands, and laid them on her shoulders.

“What’s this? You—you’ve had a man in your room?”

Her eyes did not drop.

“Yes,” she said. Dan gave a groan.

“Who?”

“Zachary Pearse,” she answered in a voice like a bell.

He gave her one awful shake, dropped his hands, then raised them as though to strike her. She looked him in the eyes; his hands dropped, and he too groaned. As far as I could see, her face never moved.

“I’m married to him,” she said, “d’you hear? Married to him. Go out of my room!” She dropped the candle on the floor at his feet, and slammed the door in his face. The old man stood for a minute as though stunned, then groped his way downstairs.

“Dan,” I said, “is it true?”

“Ay!” he answered, “it’s true; didn’t you hear her?”

I was glad I couldn’t see his face.

“That ends it,” he said, at last; “there’s the old man to think of.”

“What will he do?”

“Go to the fellow this very night.” He seemed to have no doubt. Trust one man of action to know another.

I muttered something about being an outsider—wondered if there was anything I could do to help.

“Well,” he said slowly, “I don’t know that I’m anything but an outsider now; but I’ll go along with him, if he’ll have me.”

He went downstairs. A few minutes later they rode out from the straw yard. I watched them past the line of hayricks, into the blacker shadows of the pines, then the tramp of hoofs began to fail in the darkness, and at last died away.

(To be continued)

BOOKS AND MEN

SOME BOOKS ON MENTAL HEALING

THE publication and ready sale, during the past few months, of an extraordinarily large number of books dealing with psychotherapy, or mental healing, has brought considerable embarrassment to those good souls who, in the pulpit, the physician's office, and the editorial sanctum, have been confidently predicting that the "mind cure craze" would soon die out. To add to their confusion, signs are multiplying that the medical profession, which has hitherto been conspicuous for its opposition to the mental healers, is beginning to show a serious interest in their claims. Lectures on psychotherapy are being given in medical schools, the subject is being gravely discussed in leading medical journals, and here and there doctors are adopting psychotherapeutic methods as systematic adjuncts in their practice of medicine.

Why this should be so is, of course, not at all apparent to the ultra-conservatives who, without troubling to look into the matter for themselves, have been characteristically prompt in attacking mental healing as a delusion and a fad, with no basis in actuality whatever. In reality, it is precisely because mental healing has "worked," because by its aid unquestionable and marvellous cures of disease have been effected, that the mental healing cults—Christian Science, the New Thought, etc.—have gained such an enormous following. There are to-day, in the United States alone, more than eighty thousand ardent Christian Scientists, and almost as many devotees of the New Thought and minor cults. No following as large as this could have been won and held had not the leaders of the various movements been able to "point with pride" to concrete examples of the therapeutic virtues of their teachings.

Not, however, that the cures effected have necessarily been wrought in precisely the way the mental healers claim. On the contrary, scientific investigation, as well as plain, ordinary, every-day common-sense, has made it certain that, particularly in the case of Christian Science and the New Thought, a mountain of error and delusion has been superimposed on the grains of truth which have given vitality to the healing movements. Had it not been for the vagaries and extravagances of the Christian Scientists and the New Thinkers, the importance of psychotherapy might

have been generally recognized long ago. Still, it must in all justice be conceded that the present growing appreciation among medical men of the influence of the mind as a factor in the causation and cure of disease, is largely due to the insistence with which the subject has of recent years been forced upon their attention by the cult extremists.

The important thing just now, for physician and layman alike, is to obtain a clear insight into the mechanism, possibilities, and limitations of mental healing, and for this purpose several recently published books may be read with profit, particularly Professor Münsterberg's *Psychotherapy*,¹ and *Psychotherapeutics*,² a symposium giving the views of several American neurologists who have within the past few years been making a special study of the principles and methods of psychotherapy. Professor Münsterberg's book, it must be said, is not the easiest reading in the world; there are chapters of a psychological character burdened with an involved diction and a technical terminology that must appal non-psychological readers. But it has the merit of bringing out in clear relief the vital fact of "suggestion" as the motive power through which all mind cures are achieved. It is not, to be sure, suggestion that works the cure, but it is suggestion that sets in motion the hidden power, the "latent energy" possessed by every human being and enabling one, when it is properly directed, to overcome many grievous diseases, notably diseases of the nervous system, such as hysteria, neurasthenia, psychasthenia.

Moreover, Professor Münsterberg makes clear the supreme importance of recognizing that, powerful as suggestion is, there are diseases with which it cannot cope. It cannot mend broken bones, or repair the ravages of tuberculosis; it cannot expel the germs of typhoid fever, diphtheria, or kindred diseases from the human organism; it cannot cure cancer, or deep-seated affections of the nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia. It is because the Christian Scientists and to a large extent the New Thoughters—though not the leaders of the latest religious healing movement, the Emmanuel Movement—have calmly ignored this, that they have exposed themselves to the severest criticism, and have, while bringing health to many, done no inconsiderable amount of harm.

Another point on which Professor Münsterberg, with good reason, lays especial stress, is the fact that nobody is competent to undertake

¹*Psychotherapy*. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

²*Psychotherapeutics*. A symposium by Morton Prince, F. H. Gerrish, J. J. Putnam, E. W. Taylor, Boris Sidis, G. A. Waterman, J. E. Donley, Ernest Jones, T. A. Williams. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

mental healing unless he possesses a trained knowledge of the workings of the human mind. During the past twenty-five or thirty years, while the faith curists have been holding public attention, a little band of scientists, working mainly in France, have been patiently investigating the exact relationship between mind and body in health as in disease. They have discovered, among much else, that the diseases which it is possible to cure by suggestion are thus curable because at bottom they have been caused by suggestion; that hysteria, for example, with its weird complex of mental and physical symptoms, is the product of emotional shocks which, though perhaps forgotten by the sufferer, have nevertheless been sufficient to dislocate his nervous system so severely as to bring about hysterical disturbances; and that, to be sure of effecting a cure, it is necessary, by one means or another, to learn just what the original emotional shocks were, and root them out of his "sub-consciousness," where they have found lodgment and persisted as disease-producing suggestions.

There are thus specific counter-suggestions, adverse self-suggestions, to be identified and overcome by suitable and equally specific suggestions on the part of the psychotherapist. No less important, there is always a danger that, unless exactly the right suggestions are given, the patient will be harmed rather than helped, and may even develop new and more unfavorable symptoms than those for which he sought treatment. For these reasons, as Professor Münsterberg points out, the psychotherapist should always be a man well acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the human body, the subtle as well as the obvious phenomena of the human mind, and the laws of suggestion. Or, to put it otherwise, psychotherapy is a business to be undertaken not by the religious enthusiast, no matter how sincere and well meaning he may be, but by the psychologically trained physician. That it has thus far been left almost wholly to the religious enthusiast is, of course, not at all to the credit of the physician; but, as was said, there is plenty of evidence to-day that the doctors are at last beginning to bestir themselves.

One interesting proof of this is found in the publication of the symposium, *Psychotherapeutics*. The authors of this volume are without exception American medical men, and their several contributions originally appeared as papers read before the American Therapeutic Association at its annual meeting last year. The merest glance through their pages should be sufficient to convince any one that the "mind cure" has come to stay, and that it has at last been put on a soundly scientific basis, free from the absurdities and extravagances which, particularly in the case of Christian Science, have excited so much contempt and indignation. Two

of the writers in this medical symposium—Drs. Prince and Sidis—have for years been engaged in the practice of psychotherapy along scientific lines, and have done much to demonstrate how and to what diseases it is applicable.

A particularly interesting paper is that by Dr. F. H. Gerrish, of Bowdoin College. It ought to go far to correct widespread misconceptions with regard to hypnotism. Almost every scientific psychotherapist makes use of hypnotism, either for diagnostic or therapeutic purposes, and, as Dr. Gerrish shows, in the hands of the competent practitioner it is entirely free from the dangers popularly attributed to it. Many of these "dangers," in fact, are wholly imaginary; such as the belief that a person once hypnotized is always at the mercy of the hypnotist; and that hypnotism "weakens the will." As a matter of fact, hypnotism, or to be more exact, hypnotic suggestion, is a wonderful instrument for strengthening the will, effecting moral betterment, and improving one's health. In the hands of the inexpert it undoubtedly is attended by certain risks, though not of the kind the public believes; and it should never be practised by amateurs, or for the mere purpose of entertainment. It is the platform hypnotist more than anybody else who is responsible for the absurd notions and the existing prejudice against the employment of a healing agency whose virtues have been proved in thousands of cases. Dr. Gerrish's account of his own experiences with it deserves a wide and careful reading.

I would not have it inferred, though, that hypnotic suggestion is the sole agency used by scientific psychotherapists. It is only one of numerous agencies, described in Professor Münsterberg's book and in the symposium. Some scientific psychotherapists of high standing even go so far as to dispense with its use altogether, relying wholly on the power of suggestion applied in the normal, waking state. A prominent psychotherapist of this type is Dr. Paul Dubois, a distinguished European neurologist, whose cures are achieved through what is known as "psychic re-education." And this brings me to a most important point. Although no one should presume, unless thoroughly qualified by psychological and medical study, to give mental treatment to persons afflicted with disease, scientific research has proved that there are many ways by which every one, possessing a working knowledge of the psychology of suggestion, may utilize psychotherapy to keep himself in good condition mentally and physically, to enlarge his intellectual capacities, and to strengthen the moral side of his nature. A large proportion of the recent literature of psychotherapy deals almost exclusively with this phase of the subject, and, even though not always scientifically sound, will well repay perusal.

Especially is this true of such recently published books as Dr. Dubois's *Self-Control and How to Secure it*,¹ the Rev. Samuel McComb's *The Power of Self-Suggestion*,² Dr. A. T. Schofield's *Nervousness*,³ and Annie Payson Call's *Nerves and Common-Sense*,⁴ a book which should be in the hands of every woman. Somewhat less desirable, because marked by much looseness and extravagance of thought and language, but still containing a good deal of really helpful information, is Mr. Charles F. Winbigler's *Suggestion*.⁵

Of this group of books, decidedly the most important is Dr. Dubois's *Self-Control and How to Secure it*. Dr. Dubois, as has been said, is an eminent neurologist, Professor of Neuropathology in the University of Berne, and the author of earlier works of a similarly helpful character, such as his *The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders* and *The Influence of the Mind on the Body*. In his present work he lays stress on the value of a well-disciplined will and moral stamina as aids in the preservation of health. Investigation has shown that it is the weak-willed, the morally flabby, who suffer most from such diseases as hysteria and neurasthenia, and other diseases having their rise in emotional shocks. If the will were under control, Dr. Dubois points out, if the individual had trained himself to accept the fortunes of life philosophically, emotional disturbances would not be able to play havoc with him.

"Neurasthenia," Dr. Dubois says plainly, "of which we hear so much nowadays, is not a disease that attacks us like rheumatism or tuberculosis; it is the psychic form of human weakness that we owe to our natural and hereditary defects, to our badly directed education, to the various influences which act upon us during our entire physical and mental development. It is not a weakness of nerves such as the word 'neurasthenia' implies; it is, above all, mental debility, and 'psychasthenia' is the word to express it."

The education of the reason and the will, therefore, as a means of overcoming the defects of heredity and environment, and enabling one to withstand the disintegrating shocks to which all human beings, as creatures of sentiment, passion, and emotion, are exposed, is the theme

¹*Self-Control and How to Secure It*. By Paul Dubois. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

²*The Power of Self-Suggestion*. By Samuel McComb. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

³*Nervousness*. By A. T. Schofield. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

⁴*Nerves and Common-Sense*. By Annie Payson Call. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

⁵*Suggestion*. By Charles F. Winbigler. Washington: Spencer A. Lewis Company.

with which Dr. Dubois occupies himself, evolving a helpful philosophy of life and a constructive system of "psychic re-education." He does not, however, enter as fully as he might have done into the details of certain highly important mental therapeutic measures available for "home treatment," more particularly the method of "self-suggestion;" and consequently it will be well to supplement the reading of his volume by intelligent study of the other books named above, especially the *Nerves and Common Sense*, and Dr. McComb's *The Power of Self-Suggestion*.

This last is a book so small and thin that it may easily be slipped into the inside pocket of one's coat. But within its less than half a hundred pages it contains a body of information far more helpful than is to be found in many similar works of greater bulk, and it may appropriately be described as a primer in domestic psychotherapy. Cure by self-suggestion, as Dr. McComb concisely explains, "rests upon the fundamental dogma of modern physiological psychology that mind and body constitute a unity, that for every thought and feeling, however slight, there is a corresponding nervous event. It follows that, within limits, as is the mind so is the body. Our thoughts concerning our bodies are not inert, dead things; they are living forces that tend to find expression in corresponding physical states. This is not a speculation; it is a fact established by abundant observation and experiment. . . . We all know from experience the power of self-suggestion to originate morbid conditions. The heart beats automatically; but some night, lying awake, we become conscious of its strokes. Should some slight pain in the region of the heart supervene at that time, we may, if we are suggestible, leap irrationally to the idea that we are suffering from heart disease, and this erroneous notion will serve to increase the slight functional irregularity through repetition of the idea." Conversely, intelligent self-suggestions, directed to develop sentiments of confidence, assurance, hope, self-control, have a distinct preventive value in warding off disease, and even have a positive curative value in the case of some extremely common maladies, particularly insomnia and worry, which one medical authority has described as "the disease of the age."

More often, however, treatment by suggestion must be given by another than the sufferer himself; and whenever this is the case resort should be had not to a non-scientific mind curist but to a physician of the type represented by Dr. Dubois and the contributors to the symposium above mentioned. This for several reasons. The disease to be attacked may on examination prove to be not susceptible of cure by mental means alone; it may require medication or surgical treatment.

The medical psychotherapist can readily determine the true state of affairs, and advise the patient accordingly; whereas the non-scientific healer, refusing or failing to recognize any limitations to the curative power of the mind, will go blindly ahead giving mental treatment until perchance the disease has progressed so far that a cure by any means is impossible.

The trouble is that most people do not as yet appreciate what a tremendously complicated and delicate agency of healing this psychotherapy is. If they did, there would be a rapid falling off in the following of the cults, and an equally insistent demand that physicians qualify for the use of psychological as well as chemical and physiological medicine. There are dangers in all the religious healing movements, even in the Emmanuel Movement, and these dangers ought to be clearly apprehended. Nor, in the case of Christian Science, are the dangers confined to the realm of therapeutics. The Emmanuel Movement, as everybody knows, preaches a sturdy, vigorous, hopeful religious philosophy; the New Thought is essentially a gospel of cheerfulness and optimism; but Christian Science, the most powerful of the three, brings with it a blight in the heart as well as the mind.

As Mr. Frank Podmore says, in his recent *Mesmerism and Christian Science*,¹ a luminously informative book which, besides tracing the historical evolution of Christian Science through the intellectual swamps of occultism, contains a careful and candid analysis of its doctrines: "There is no place here for any of the passions which are associated with Christianity, nor, indeed, for any exalted emotion. There can be no remorse where there is no sin; compassion, where the suffering is unreal can be only mischievous; friendship is a snare, and the love of man and woman a hindrance to true spirituality. There is no mystery about this final revelation, and there is no room, therefore, for wonder and awe. Here are no 'long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults'; the Scientist's outlook on the spiritual world is as plain and bare as the walls of his temple, shining white under the abundant radiance of the electric lamps."

And, no less to the point, Mr. Podmore adds: "Whatever good Mrs. Eddy may have done in her day—and there can be no question that she has brought healing and comfort to many—there is a heavy claim to set on the other side of the account. She has inspired her followers with her own dread of Animal Magnetism; she has done what she could to revive in our generation the panic fear which oppressed all Europe for centuries. . . . The temper of those who believe in Malicious Animal Mag-

¹*Mesmerism and Christian Science*. By Frank Podmore. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company.

netism is the temper of those who tortured and put to the flame thousands of friendless old women, and even feeble girls and children, in the name of religion and humanity."

Small wonder that Christian Science has encountered the bitterest opposition. Nevertheless, as such books as Professor Münsterberg's *Psychotherapy*, the symposium *Psychotherapeutics*, and Dr. McComb's *The Power of Self-Suggestion*, make very evident, mankind cannot afford to ignore the solid substratum of therapeutic truth concealed amid the follies of the religious doctrines of Christian Science.

H. Addington Bruce.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE REVOLUTIONARY LEGEND¹

THE legend of the Great French Revolution—that colossal tower of popular misinformation regarding the persons, events and causal relations of the greatest social cataclysm of modern times—has been seven decades in the building. Hundreds of busy hands have helped in the erection of this vast mythological structure, and the list of the workmen contains such names as Carlyle, Dickens, Thiers, Taine, Sybel, Treitschke, Scherr, not to speak of the *dii minorum gentium*.

This temple of picturesque falsehoods, erected by so many illustrious builders—and by a good many more that remained obscure—has been thoroughly wrecked by the investigations made during the past thirty years by the school of historical research represented by M. Aulard and the *Société de la Révolution française*. Prince Peter Kropotkin, in his excellent summary of the net results of this higher historical criticism, entitled *The Great French Revolution*, has shouldered the gigantic task of removing the débris and of clearing the ground for a future myth-free history of revolutionary France. His book might justly be styled—in a well-known Kantian phrase: "Prolegomena to every future history of modern France."

The author's main thesis is one of those historical truths that have to be rediscovered several times over before they are acknowledged as an indisputable premise of all subsequent argument. It has been first discovered by the French and German economists of the Forties, has been utterly neglected during three decades after its first discovery, was rediscovered by M. Hippolyte Taine in the early Seventies and exploited

¹*The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793*. By P. A. Kropotkin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

for partisan purposes, relapsed for a while into its state of oblivion, until it was permanently resurrected and placed above dispute by the researches of M. Aulard and his disciples. This basic fact, which serves as a starting point for Prince Kropotkin's critical review of the French Revolution, may be tersely summarized as follows:

The Great French Revolution was above all a *peasant* insurrection, a movement of the people to regain possession of the land and to free it from the feudal obligations which burdened it. The convocation of the States General was not the beginning of the revolution. It was merely the belated acknowledgment of its actual existence on the part of the government. France had entered upon an insurrectionary period long before 1789. The accession of Louis XVI to the throne in 1774 was the signal for a whole series of hunger riots. These lasted up to 1783; and then came a period of comparative quiet. But after 1786 and still more after 1788, the peasant insurrections broke out again with renewed vigor. The earlier riots were local in their nature, caused by famine, and not absolutely destructive to all organized government. But the latter ones were almost universal in their spread over the east, northeast and southeast of France. They had their root in the despair of the peasantry over the intolerable exactions of feudalism. These peasant risings completely disorganized authority in the provinces. The governmental machinery of taxation was a mere wreck during the three years antedating the Convocation. Tax-collecting was an impossibility in the insurrected provinces. From 1788 the peasant risings became so general that it was impossible to provide for the expenses of the state. It was then that Louis XVI convoked the representatives of the nation.

A grotesque character-sketch of the King, representing him as an uxorious bourgeois, a locksmith and stag-hunter, good-natured and patriarchal but without any well-defined governmental principles, forms part of the great revolutionary legend. The facial lineaments of Louis XVI, as mirrored forth in the pages of Prince Kropotkin's remarkable book, give a picture surprisingly different from the conventional and legendary one. Not a trace is left of the "*paterfamilias* who is also *pater patriæ*"—of that French edition of George the Third in the portraiture of which innumerable hands have delighted. The true Louis XVI, as depicted by Kropotkin, is a stolid, sullen autocrat, wrapped up in an impenetrable cloud of cæsarean conceit, and as full of bad faith and jesuitical reservations as Macaulay's Charles I. The legendary Louis XVI is as pliable as wax, a mere puppet in the hands of the queen and the princes. The true one—*quantum mutatus ab illo!*—bullies his reform-ministries into a state of abject fear and is as fond of Jovian epigram as Frederick the Great

himself. It may be truthfully averred of Louis XVI, that great men became small in his blithing presence and small men smaller still. He had two great men among his ministers—Turgot and Necker—and both of them, in their official intercourse with him, behaved timidly and meanly. At a time when the taxes devoured one-half and often two-thirds of what the peasantry could earn during the course of the year and when beggary and rioting were becoming the normal conditions of country life, Necker proposed to the King provincial assemblies, as a painless substitute for the hated idea of a national representative body. "Would it not be a happy contingency," wrote Necker, "that your Majesty, having become an intermediary between your estates and your people, your authority should only appear to mark the limits between severity and justice?" To which the King replied: "*It is of the essence of my authority not to be an intermediary, but to be at the head.*" Turgot had been previously characterized by his royal master as "a man of good ideas, whose schemes, however, are dangerous." Such was the royal quittance for their attempts at cringing and propitiation. Even after his return in 1788, Necker does not dare to talk to his sovereign plainly about the state of the nation. It is clear, from Prince Kropotkin's convincing exposé, that the King's *great* ministers were afraid of the crown and the obscure ones of the insurrected nation, and that both were consequently reduced to equivocal makeshifts and petty intrigue. The King's attitude in all vicissitudes remained the same; in the month of May, 1789, after the terrible experience of the preceding winter, when hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen perished through hunger and cold and millions were beggared through famine and involuntary idleness, he held the following language to the *Third Estate* in convocation assembled:

"All just demands have been granted; the King has not been stopped by indiscreet murmurs; he has indulgently deigned to ignore them; he has pardoned even the expression of those false and extravagant matters under cover of which it was intended to substitute harmful chimeras for the unalterable principles of the monarchy. Gentlemen, you will reject with indignation these dangerous innovations." The naïve fatuity, the impenetrable self-conceit of autocracy reach in these words the heights of the tragically sublime. Seven weeks after this royal harangue the deputies of the *Third Estate*, upon motion of Sieyès, declared themselves a National Assembly.

It is at this juncture that the second chapter of the great revolutionary myth sets in. Concurrently with the legend of a pliable and, on the whole, benevolent King, runs another legend of two formidable and inexorable representative bodies contesting every inch of ground with the

royal prerogative until the crown and its wearer are both destroyed. Prince Kropotkin, with admirable dialectic skill, demonstrates in his survey, that the first of these two bodies, the National Assembly, was really a body made reactionary through its fear of insurgent Paris, and that the second, known to history under the name of the National Convention, was only registering, with a trembling and unsteady hand, the decrees of the nation in insurrection, wherever it could no longer retard or counteract them. It was the war that finally brought about and sustained the Terror. It was the Terror that secured its lease of life by a radical emancipation of the peasantry.

The insurrection of the peasants for the abolition of the feudal rights and the recovery of the communal lands wrested from them by their overlords, lay and ecclesiastical, is the very essence, the foundation of the great revolution. This enormous mass of insurrectionary peasants was practically unrepresented in the National Assembly. It was the middle classes who took it upon themselves to speak for the people in general; and with regard to the peasantry, in the whole of this assembly, made up of lawyers, notaries, attorneys, there were perhaps five or six who knew anything about the real position, much less the legal position of the immense mass of the peasants. All of them being townsmen, were well able to defend the townsman; but as to the peasant, they did not even know what he required, or what would be injurious to him.

Yet nothing is more certain than the fact, that but for the great rising of the rural districts, which began in January, 1789, and lasted five years, the Great French Revolution would never have been able to accomplish the immense work of demolition for which all of Continental Europe stands indebted to it. Upon this rising of the peasantry the struggle of the middle classes for their political rights was developed. We know now that the French middle classes, especially the upper middle classes engaged in manufactures and commerce, wished to imitate the English middle classes in their revolution. They, too, would have willingly entered into a compact with both royalty and nobility in order to attain to power. But they did not succeed in this, because the basis of the French Revolution was much broader than that of the revolution in England. It was above all a movement of the people to regain possession of the land. It was this land hunger and its partial stilling through the revolution which caused rural France to pour out its blood in torrents upon the battlefields of Belgium and Germany. It was the almost instant abolition of feudal burdens too heavy to be borne, that secured to the Terror the unwavering loyalty of three-fourths of France.

An abundance of proofs is brought forward by our author to estab-

lish the fact, that it took the Terror, and five years of struggle preceding it, to abolish rural feudalism and to liberate the peasant. The legend of the night of August 4th receives severe overhauling at the hands of Kropotkin.

"Historic legend," he tells us, "is lovingly used to embellish this night, and the majority of historians, copying the story as it has been given by a few contemporaries, represent it as a night full of enthusiasm and saintly abnegation.

"With the taking of the Bastille, the historians tell us, the revolution had gained its first victory. . . . The clergy and nobility, filled with a patriotic impulse, seeing that they had as yet done nothing for the peasant, began to relinquish their feudal rights during this memorable night. The nobles, the clergy, the poorest parish priest and the richest of the feudal lords, all renounced upon the altar of their country their secular prerogatives. A wave of enthusiasm passed through the Assembly; all were eager to make their sacrifice. . . . That is the legend. It is true that a profound enthusiasm thrilled the Assembly when two nobles, the Viscount de Noailles and the Duke d'Aiguillon, put the demand for the abolition of feudal rights, as well as of the various privileges of the nobility, and when two bishops—those of Nancy and of Chartres—spoke demanding the abolition of the tithes. It is true that the enthusiasm went on ever increasing, and that during the all-night sitting nobles and clergy followed one another to the tribune and disputed who should first give up their seigniorial courts of justice. . . . The Assembly was carried away by its enthusiasm, and in this enthusiasm nobody remarked the clause for *redeeming* the feudal rights and tithes, which the two nobles and the two bishops had introduced into their speeches—a clause . . . which, as we shall see, postponed the abolition of feudal rights for four years—until August, 1793. But which of us, in reading the beautiful story of that night, written by its contemporaries, has not been carried away by enthusiasm in his turn? And who has not passed over those words: "*rachat au denier 30*" [redemption at a thirty years' purchase], without understanding their terrible import?"

Considerations of space preclude us here from following the author any farther in his legend-destroying survey of the event of events of modern times. He does his work with a scholarly thoroughness and a zest which is by no means diminished by his avowed intention to make the story of the Great French Revolution, cleared from mythological obscurities, serve as an object lesson to posterity. And if it in his elaborations upon the topic: *discite, moniti*, he sometimes mounts his old hobby-horse of decentralization and communalization *a tout prix*, the reader is hardly likely to quarrel with him on that score, after having had the benefit of

so much novel and highly important information conveyed to him in a language of singular lucidity and aptitude of phrase. The work, though a noteworthy contribution to modern historical research, is perfectly free from obscure technicalities and appeals to a circle of readers as large as the boundary lines of modern culture.

J. Fuchs.

THE CELIBATE

How many autumns o'er the grass have fled
With fading frost to wither leaf and flower,—
Since from a shadow-land my mother led
The little child whom she had gone to find,
And like a weary voyager that hour
Whispered my name to those upon the shore,
Then drifted onward with an alien wind
Until the watchers saw her bark no more?

Was it the wind that swept her out to sea—
My mother who fulfilled a duteous fate—
That, spring or summer, chilled the heart of me?
On softer eves I too have walked among
Those flower-lit paths where love and music wait;
But ever in my soul were shame and fear
And pride against the pleading of a song,—
Against the vows I would not speak or hear.

Youth-time is past and lovers plead no more,
Gold hair is gray and eyes have lost their light;
The empty heart that passion never tore
Grows humbler in its ache of loneliness;
The high chaste visions that have filled my sight
Are fled forever like forgotten things;
I have not known great gladness or distress
And dove-like peace has stayed on silver wings.

But in the twilight silences I long
To warm my cold hands at the hearth of love,
To hear again the pleading of a song;
I dream of children whom I would not bear,
And my long life-in-death I weary of;
As if within a grave my soul took root—
I am a tree that blossomed and was fair,
I am the flowers that fell and left no fruit.

Zoe Akins.

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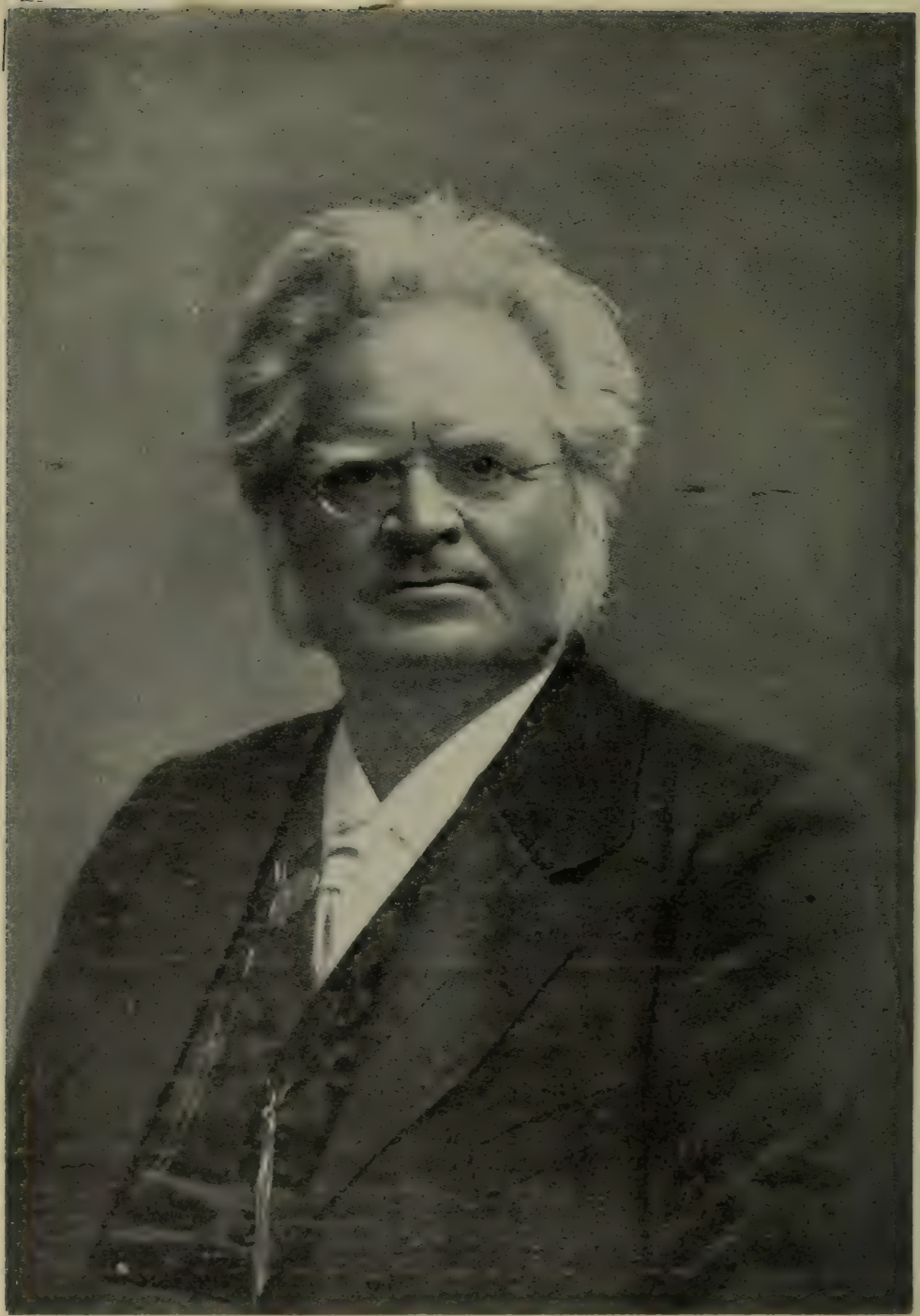
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BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.



The Forum

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APRIL, 1910

BURMA FROM THE IRRAWADDY CARGO BOAT

"THE Silken East" is for the most part now clothed in Manchester cottons, and English capital and hard-working, money-making Hindus and Chinese have transformed much of indolent, happy, laughing, lower Burma into a land flowing with paddy fields and lumber rafts. But upon the green soft banks of the overflowing Irrawaddy River still there remain above Mandalay for four hundred miles to Bhamo, the gay, careless people, the bright silks, the gentleness of manner, the simple ways, the time to live—that yet here withstand Western bustle and cheapnesses.

The curious who are not too impatient can see this surviving Burma from the cargo boat which proceeds upon its twisting way through the narrow shifting channel of this swift, broad river. But they must be prepared at times to proceed not at all. For the boat may stick upon a new-formed sand bank, and then there is nothing for it but a wait with an Eastern calm for a friendly hawser from the next boat along—which may be a matter of an hour, or a day. Sometimes the wait is even for the rising water of the next rains, and this may be a matter of weeks or months. Before those come, the river may have changed its course and left the boat high and dry. Then the versatile sailorman turns gardener and grows vegetables for his table until the early April flood floats him and his garden away.

But besides diversity of occupation while he is slowly steaming up their river among hills and meadows, sliding off of sand banks, stopping at native villages, looking upon pagodas more in number than the varieties of religious beliefs in America, the Irrawaddy promises to the traveler days of idleness and comfort, of good food and clean beds; above all, that the people of the country will come to him instead of putting him to the trouble of going to them. For the cargo boat with its weekly bazaar is a magnet attracting all kinds and degrees, and there the native shopkeeper and his customers in all their rainbow colors can be watched and talked to the livelong day.

Everything the Burmese heart can desire is provided—vegetables, soap, matches, oil, silks, cottons, hammers, tin trunks, dolls, stationery, whatever is needed by these villagers and cultivators of the soil, or whatever their fancies may be tickled with by enterprising merchants. To sell well it need not be useful but it must be gaudy, or, at the least, foreign. So one sees in all these tropical hamlets fat, chubby little naked babies upon whose innocent perspiring heads doting mothers have placed thick green and red and yellow striped, worsted Tam o' Shanters—"made in Germany," no mistaking.

The whole countryside turns out and gaily chatters and waits upon the bank for our arrival. Some have come in bullock carts by long, deep-rutted roads through the jungle; others by the river in their dug-outs, on the overhanging bows and sterns of which they stand to pole their slender craft along. Nobody is impatient, no one crowds, all are good-natured, and until the gang plank is well secured they calmly squat looking on, men and women alike smoking smudge-like smelling, thick cigars, a foot long.

Then they come trooping on with a feminine eagerness for bargain sales, but all in the greatest good temper. No hard, fixed prices here, no "marked down" signs that tempt yet alter not. Smiles and banter back and forth and much persuasive argument—until at last the thing's done, the sale's accomplished. Dollars and cents, or rather, rupees and annas have been but the medium for the exchange of courtesies between equals.

Equals, who have no haughtiness and no tempers, no ribbons and feathers, no wonderful pompadours, no stays, no high-heeled boots, no trailing germ-collecting skirts. They have not much beauty, to be sure, the most of these little Burmese women; their faces have too much of the flatness and breadth of their Chinese neighbors, they are too much all one color, a lightish brown that takes on no coral pinks or blushing reds. A red or yellow flower stuck into glossy black hair brushed neatly back and simply twisted, a soft silk about the neck, a paper parasol across the shoulder, a short, free white jacket and several yards of bright silk cloth wound tightly around the waist and falling to the feet—make her, however, a wholly charming little lady.

It is in her skirt that the Burmese woman, like her brother, gives her fancy full indulgence. She does this not when in her work-a-day clothes; then she is in cottons of dull reds and faded blues, as he is for the most part in blue-black tattoo, but when work is not in hand, when it is time for prayers or play, for meeting friends or making love, then Burmese sunsets themselves are not more gorgeous or variegated than Burmese skirts of shimmering silks.

Besides the people there are their pagodas along the Irrawaddy River. All kinds and shapes, hardly two alike in detail in the whole length of the land. Every hill has from one to a score, glaring white and distinct over the surrounding country, or crumbling into decay and hidden among thick tropical trees and underbrush. All built to "acquire merit" by those who had the money or the credit. So shall be shortened the long existences leading at last to the end of struggle and to Nirvana. So shall all men see and praise the faithful's attachment to the Lord Gautama. And so, mayhap, other mortals shall be led to imitate.

Yet, except they are famous shrines of pilgrimages, these pagodas do not long outlast their pious founders, for little merit comes to him who but repairs what another has constructed. Thus one may wander through these river villages, while the floating bazaar is taking in its silver and coppers, and find in every one abandoned pagodas, the glory of their white plaster dimmed and peeling off, monuments of the forgotten dead, the home now of rich green vines, of shrubs clinging awry to their gaping sides or growing from their tops straight upward to replace the "*tis*," their once gilded iron caps.

Each village, too, has its sprawling teak-wood monastery, around which are still more pagodas, some old and forsaken, some new and bright in white and gold. Here it is the men of the "yellow robe" spend their quiet lives and teach the village boys and girls the way to earthly knowledge and spiritual repose. Rich and poor alike attend these Buddhist schools, and with such success that Burma is by a wide margin the most literate of the provinces of British India—as many as 378 males and 45 females out of every thousand being able to read and write!

Every Burmese boy with much ceremony goes to one of these monasteries when he is seven years old or thereabouts. There he puts on the yellow robe and leads the monastic life for a few days or months, as he and his parents may choose, thus "attaining humanity" and full status as an individual.

His sister to the end of her days never secures like distinction; seems never, therefore, to become completely human; but this worries no one, least of all the sister. She, indeed, has too many other things to do in this happy world of children, of planting and rice pounding, of weaving, cooking and care-free husbands, of prayers to Buddha and propitiations to multitudinous *nats*—the omnipresent spirits of mountain and field, of river and forest—to concern herself overmuch with "rights." She it is who is in deed, if not in name, the head of the house, who has the mind for business and the eye and tongue for a bargain. She appears to like the arrangement, and there is no question her lord and master does, who

(but to do him justice) takes upon himself the heavier work, such as ploughing and lumbering, and is duly grateful to a bountiful Nature and a dutiful wife for giving him such a joyous, sunny world to look upon.

Peace and contentment is now his lot in life, and he hears no more the call to arms nor bears the raids of robber *dacoity* bands. Nor is he longer the brave strong man he used to be, so the premier assimilators of little brown men say—but perhaps it is only the usual lacking imagination of his conquerors that fails to see the sturdy fighter of fifty years ago in the dapper little beardless gentleman with head bound up in large-bowed pink scarf, his legs in pea-green silk skirts instead of sober tweed or kaki. Protected he now finds himself, subject to the King of England, by the grace of God and force of arms Emperor of British India. The Burmans seem a little slow in appreciation of the fortune that has relieved them of the care of managing their own affairs. But the charitable must never look for gratitude, neither the rich man when to a hungry tired beggar he gives a woodyard ticket, nor big nations when they reorganize little ones with a “constructive policy” which bestows on the giver lucrative positions and better trade facilities. They complain a little, these beneficiaries of England’s bounty, that the foreigners are taking most of the money from their fields and forests, that machine-made imports have ruined their old handicrafts. Their ancient village communities, where each was to his neighbor as a brother, are losing their old-time solidarity, they say, and their chosen headmen are becoming mere agents of a strong, highly centralized government.

But what matter if the big Englishman in stiff clothes and cork helmet makes them pay three or four times as much taxes as their kings demanded, are there not now many more fields under cultivation than in the old days and does not the beautiful sun still shine and is not life still gay and happy?

Day by day for a full week as his boat with its assortment of freight and passengers makes its way against the swift running current, this care-free, multi-colored Burma comes to the Irrawaddy traveller. And night after night he may wander through the little villages of straw-plaited, large-roofed houses, of barking dogs, and staring friendly little men and women, to the quiet shrine of the Buddha set apart on nearby hills or half hid among the trees on the outskirts of each straggling settlement. There, unnoticed, he may watch trusting simple worshippers offering up their candles and sweet-scented flowers to the calm-faced, kindly Buddha who surely understands the half-expressed petitions of these his lowly followers. High over all he dimly sees the wrought iron *ti*, its innumerable little flat bells shaking with the lightest breeze, filling the flickering

incense-laden darkness with faint, far-off melody. Moved by the breath of God they seem to meet with sweet assuring harmony the rising prayers of His faithful children.

Through the days river-banks may be near at hand where the best big game shooting in the world is said to abound, and the deep jungle and high elephant grass is peered into for wild elephants and bison, of which no more is seen than of hiding man-eating tigers. Then the banks fade into an indistinguishable mass of green as the river widens out into shallow lakes through which the channel winds about. Except in stretches such as these, the river always rushes on as if out of patience, trying to make up with its own energy for the sluggish people whom it cherishes and sometimes chides.

For with the first spring melting of the snows up in its unknown sources among the distant hills of Tibet, the waters begin to rise and then they tear away in good earnest, until with the steady rains of the succeeding months they spread out over miles of low country, washing away banks and many a bamboo-plaited house while they are reaching their full climb of from thirty to forty feet. Everywhere and always the river is eating away and building up, to the utter confusion of land titles and rights of riparian owners, if government and native had not adjusted the difficulty by a simple sensible expedient. What the waters take, goes without more question, and men cultivate what is left or what is added and pay rent to the British over-lord on what they use.

On the sixth day from Mandalay, passing through the Third Defile where the river narrows down to a thousand yards, hills of heavy timber take the place of the long flat distances of jungle growth, and a cliff of twelve hundred feet rises sheer and rugged from the water's edge. Here was "scenery," indeed, almost to the enthusing of American fellow-travellers—but it was "not as good as the Hudson." And then at sunset, pushing through waters of fire toward the purple hills of China over the frontier, Bhamo is reached, the anchor goes down some hundred yards from shore, and for the last time our six Indian "boys" take their jump into the river and race with strong strokes to the shore. With a song they pull the cable in, and tug it up the steep bank, to make it fast to the nearest stout tree. Then we warp ourselves into place and dig a gangway in the soft bank, while the calculating American "guesses we'd shoot that cable ashore and save the pay of those six hands." But the low paid East has no need for labor-saving devices, and these six strong men, their supple oiled muscles glistening in the water and sunlight, will yet keep their job for some time to come.

Ashore the native troupe, picked up half way down the river, have

their opening night—to a “crowded house” of men, women and children squatting on bamboo mats spread on the earth, and to “distinguished foreigners” in a miscellaneous assortment of chairs of varying degrees of instability. Two Chinamen are there among the elect, for the money-making Chinaman considers himself and is considered superior to the prodigal “native”; and there also are the English captain and steward of the cargo-boat, the (inevitably Scotch) engineer, a German trader and a half-dozen tourists—English and American.

The play’s the thing in Burma, as nowhere else. Next after pagodas the chief method and manner of gaining kudos for the wealthy used to be the giving of a *pwe*, the indigenous theatrical performance of Burma. But the good old days are going and it is but seldom now that the secure, sophisticated man with a bank account will invite the countryside and passer-by to enjoy the *pwe* of his providing.

Yet, still, free or paid for, hour after hour, day after day, the *pwe* draws its happy crowds as it meanders on through interminable lengths of history and myth and song. The genuine article is said to last from eight to ten days, so that our Bhamo performance *beginning at ten in the evening and ending at five the next morning* could have been not much more than a curtain raiser. But it was enough, and more—to some of us. It was an ancient tale of hidden treasure of some long-dead king, in which ministers of state in high tinsel hats and long flowing court robes disclosing ample expanses of very modern undershirts, in stately language and pompous voices carried on dialogues by the half hour and then relapsed into yawns behind their huge cigars. Other and equally discursive kings and princes then came before the footlights, or more accurately, head-lights—or hanging nickel-plated kerosene lamps which no dignities of office or fears of anachronisms prevented the gorgeous Prime Minister from tending.

At last the talk was done with—for a time, and action began. Plenty of it, on the part of the première danseuse and the two clowns. Wishing to appear more alluring, after the fashion of the Japanese and Indians and other dark-skinned races, her face was completely covered with a death-like paste. Walking, owing to the length and tightness of her skirt, was almost impossible, and dancing, as understood in the West, was wholly so. But locality fixes what parts shall move to the dance—in Burma it is the arms waving constantly and the body swaying to the rhythm of the music. It was all done with indefatigable vigor, and, for a space of time, in harmony with the general scheme of the play. So much may be said, too, of the volume of the dancer’s singing, though in tone it was in harmony with nothing at all. Her notes were very flat

and very loud, but in time with the orchestra only at infrequent intervals and then more by coincidence than design. A competition it seemed between the instruments and the voice as to which should be heard above the other, with "honors even" at the finish, as the sporting fraternity would say.

That orchestra earned its wages that night. Certainly no equal number could have produced more noise with the material in hand. The chief instrument, and the one peculiar to the country, is a band in itself—eighteen drums of different sizes set in a circular wooden frame, in the middle of which sits the player. The drums are tuned to their scale by the application of a hard paste of rice and ashes to their top surfaces. As this surface is beaten by the hands, the paste is constantly in need of manipulation while the music is in progress, and the player must be a man of quick ear and great dexterity to keep his drums all going and in tune. Sweet low notes he sounds, and again deep, mighty peals are mingled with the ringing tones of another curious instrument of twenty-two metal gongs, similarly set in a circular frame and tuned to a scale. Four bamboo clappers, bigger than the little boys who used them with children's enthusiasm for noise, two pairs of cymbals, and a clarion completed a combination which soothed the Burmese breast, what ever a full night of it may have done to his ear-drums.

But the clowns were without doubt the hit of the play. After songs and dances and horse-play such as clowns the world over perform, they settled down at opposite sides of the stage to an exchange of anecdotes and jokes which only a sturdy audience of rustic, simple, hot-blooded people could stand. Men and women, boys and girls all alike enjoyed them with a vim. One of those many differences of standards, simply, between different civilizations, where the West, if it chooses, may be shocked at the East—in return for the shocks its men and women do so often choose to give to the East.

The buried treasure is left to its fate at one in the morning so that we may be up in time for market. Here at the Bhamo market are to be found one of those medleys of nationalities only possible in such frontier places and in the cities of America. Burmese in their silks, the men's bare legs intricately tattooed from knees to hips, Hindu women with their nose studs and silver anklets, Chinese merchants with flowing robes and long pig-tails, Shans with their tremendous black turbans; Kochins come down from their neighboring hills. Quiet people enough, now, are these little Kochins, though they still each carry a large double-edged sword hung under the arm from a bamboo ring, and quick as a flash they are ready to strike with it if need be.

Bhamo is on the way to one of the open doors of China, so that the trade back and forth is considerable and growing, and long mule caravans can be seen starting and ending their journeys here. Here, too, is the most northerly station on the Irrawaddy River for British troops.

So Bhamo with its babel of tongues, its trade, its gossip, its Chinese Joss House, its pagodas large and small, new and old. Then the river is again taken to for the trip back to Mandalay. With the current now, and in the larger mail boat, we swiftly pass lumber and rice rafts slowly drifting down to Rangoon nine hundred miles below. Always with the high monotone of the starboard hand singing out the minute soundings and the answering bass from the port side, we go straight into the glory of an Eastern setting sun through smooth, silent waters aflame with red and gold.

So much more rapid is the downward trip that in two days and a half Mingun is reached, where a landing is made to see the ruined pagoda built by a foolish, spendthrift king whose money gave out before he could satisfy his ambition. It is but a third of its intended height and yet it is a huge mass of earthquake-shattered brick. Close by is the great eighty-ton bell, eighteen feet in diameter, thirty-one feet high, the largest hung bell, and next to the broken one at Moscow the largest bell in the world, as tells the faithful guide-book. Old nuns with bare shaven heads and blank faces and, except for their robes of lighter yellow, indistinguishable from the monks, here asked for alms; a request as unusual from the ministers of Buddha in Burma as it is common among their avaricious brothers in Ceylon.

A gentle dull lot they seem to be here in Burma, these nuns and monks, living for the most part frugally on such food as worshippers may give, tending the shrines, teaching the children, repeating prayers without end, much given to vain repetitions and priestly mysteries—probably they, too, admonishing their flocks to be satisfied with the position wherein it has pleased God to place them.

Nine miles farther down the Irrawaddy is the end of the river trip, at "Golden Mandalay," with its Palace and "Center of the Universe," its pagodas by the thousand and its monasteries, its bazaars and streets of magnificent distances. All to be seen, it is hoped. But it is to be no longer in comfort and at ease, as is disclosed by an inspection of the waiting Mandalay *gharries*, the "public hackney carriages" of governmental phraseology, instruments of slow torture to the long-suffering traveller on pleasure bent.

Paul Kennaday.



SOME BURMA SCENES

THE COMEDIES OF CONGREVE

II

WHAT are we to say, now, on the endless question of Congreve's morality? Mr. G. S. Street, in an ingenious essay, has advanced a dual plea for his hero. Delicacy of speech, he says, is a convention varying with time and locality, and we must not blame Congreve for speaking the language of his age; while as for the alleged cynicism of his work, it is inherent in the nature of satiric comedy, the business of which is to paint vice and folly, not to sentimentalize over innocence and virtue. The first part of this defence may be accepted, with an important reservation: to wit, that Congreve's grossness, while less than that of some of his contemporaries, yet went beyond what was conventionally admitted among decent people, and outraged even the lax proprieties of the period. For instance, no conventions that ever obtained in human society can excuse the rank brutality of the conversation between Valentine and Scandal in Act I of *Love for Love*. As for the plea drawn from the nature of satiric comedy (Congreve's own plea, by the way), it cannot, I think, be maintained. Satire involves two things which are equally lacking in Congreve's comedies: a standard, expressed or implied, of what is good, and a certain amount of indignation against what is bad. It will be admitted, I think, that no suggestion of any standard of conduct is to be found in these plays. In each of them, it is true, we see a young woman—Araminta, Cynthia, Angelica, Millamant¹—whose "virtue" is as yet unassailed, and for whom the honor of marrying the hero is therefore reserved. But in each case she moves with smiling indifference through the rout of intrigue and debauchery around her, never dreaming of even the gentlest protest against the vices of her lover or of any one else. Nothing could be less like the Lady in *Comus* than such a heroine as Angelica or Millamant; for these ladies demand nothing better than to marry into the herd. Their presence removes, indeed, the last semblance of justification for the plea that impartial satire was the author's aim. They are there, with their virtue (such as it is) intact, in order that the audience may be spared the pain of seeing the hero marry an already profligate woman; and the fact that a pure woman is carefully reserved for him proves beyond a doubt that the hero, Vainlove, Mellefont, Valentine, or Mirabell, is intended to command the sympathy of the audience.

¹In short, the Bracegirdle part.

Thus it is false to allege that sympathy is altogether excluded from this world. We are as plainly as possible invited to admire this group of men, of whom Mellefont alone is not a manifest libertine, while even he does his best to further Careless's designs on Lady Plyant. Jeremy Collier's remarks on Valentine are scarcely exaggerated and may apply to the whole group. "Valentine in *Love for Love*," he says, "is (if I may so call him) the hero of the play; this spark the poet would pass for a person of virtue, but he speaks too late. 'Tis true he was hearty in his affection for Angelica. Now without question to be in love with a fine lady of thirty thousand pounds is a great virtue! But then, abating this single commendation, Valentine is altogether composed of vice. He is a prodigal debauchee, unnatural and profane, obscene, saucy, and undutiful; and yet this libertine is crowned for the man of merit, has his wishes thrown into his lap, and makes the happy exit."

It is noteworthy that these heroes, while a thousand miles from the smallest pretension to virtue, have not even any conventional standard of honor. I do not remember that the expression "a man of honor," or any equivalent, occurs once in Congreve's plays. No line is drawn at which debauchery and fraud ought to cease. The character of Tattle shows that there is a certain prejudice against the man who brags of his amours; but even this enormity is regarded as a matter for ridicule, not for indignation. The social code of these fine gentlemen contains no provision for "cutting" a man or sending him to Coventry. There is, indeed, no social code, but a state of utter lawlessness. Swords are worn, and are once or twice drawn in the rage of baffled villainy, but never in vindication either of a man's honor or of a woman's. The duel, that over-worked device of earlier and later drama, is practically unknown to Restoration comedy. There is perhaps no completer proof of its moral anarchy than the fact that even those prejudices were in abeyance which involve an appeal to the sword.

Congreve regards life, as I have said more than once, from a standpoint of complete ethical indifference; and it is in moods of indifference that we relish his comedies. In most of us such moods occur; nor need we be too much ashamed of them. This is, in fact, the sum and substance of Lamb's famous plea. There is a certain refreshment in an imaginary escape, once in a while, from the trammels of duty and decency, and an excursion into a realm in which, as there is no virtue save wit, there is no wickedness save stupidity. That is a good defence of Congreve, regarded retrospectively as a literary phenomenon; it was, or would have been, a very bad defence in days when each of his comedies was an interpretation of life and a social action. It was not, as we have

seen, his own defence. He took his stand on the privileges, or rather the essential nature, of satire; to which it might have been replied, and Collier did in effect reply, that the essential nature of satire precludes indifference. Satire seeks, even if it be despairingly, to make the world better; whereas no such dream, assuredly, ever flitted through Congreve's brain. He simply obeyed the convention of his age, which declared that the business of comedy was to depict, in more or less extravagant situations, the manners and customs of rogues and fools. How purely habitual, how independent of observation, was this view of life, may be judged from the fact that *The Old Bachelor* (like Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle* a few years later) was written by a raw youth who had never been in London or seen anything of the society he was supposed to depict. Both playwrights afterward observed, acutely and delicately; but in Congreve's case, at any rate, observation in no way altered the general view of society which he had formed in his mind's eye, before his physical eye had come within two hundred miles of the phenomenon to be recorded.

Whence came the convention of cynicism that dominated Restoration comedy? The general account of the matter is that given by Thackeray: "She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse. She came over from the Continent with Charles at the Restoration—a wild, dishevelled Laïs, with eyes bright with wit and wine." I think it is high time that this off-hand theory were set down as what it is—a libel on France. France no doubt gave a certain tone to the social corruption of the period; but the license of the stage did not come from France, for the very good reason that it did not exist, in anything like such brutal and brazen forms, on the other side of the Channel. It was the old and semi-barbarous coarseness of the Jacobean comedy that broke out afresh with the reopening of the theatres. It becomes, perhaps, in one or two writers—in Otway, and even in Dryden—somewhat nastier than it was apt to be in the Jacobeans. But it distresses us more in the Restoration dramatists, I believe, not because it is really grosser but because the manners of the period were no longer frankly barbarous, but had put on a veneer of civilization. In the Restoration comedy, the English theatre was really lagging behind the age, and paying for the extraordinary rapidity of its development a century earlier, in the spacious but still semi-mediaeval times of great Elizabeth. The traditions of that and the succeeding reign were too firmly established to keep pace with the amelioration of manners which (whatever the surface corruption of the Court) was all the time going on. It has too often been England's fate to rush ahead of other nations for a brief spurt, and then to drop notably behind. And in this case the retardation was peculiarly unfortunate;

for it widened and perpetuated the breach between puritanism and the stage which has been such a disastrous factor in English theatrical history. It is because serious and thoughtful people have persistently held aloof from the theatre that the English drama has for two centuries suffered from an intellectual paralysis from which it is only now recovering.

Congreve, in short, with all his wit and elegance of style, is to be regarded (with Vanbrugh) rather as the last of the ancients than as the first of the moderns. With Steele and Farquhar, as I have tried to show in my introduction to the latter writer,¹ a new spirit came into comedy—the spirit of meliorism, so utterly foreign to Congreve. Farquhar, unfortunately, died early, and Steele devoted most of his energies to carrying out that differentiation between the essay and the drama for which the time was now ripe.

In Congreve the differentiation was still very imperfect. How many of his pages are *Spectator* essays in dialogue, the action, and even the development of individual character, standing absolutely still, while the personages indulge in general discussions of the follies and foibles of the day! When Steele and Addison had once for all established the periodical essay as an instrument of social introspection, it seemed somehow to sap the vitality of comedy. This was doubtless one of the reasons why the reviving moral health of comedy, in Steele and Farquhar, could not prevent its intellectual decline. Soon a still more formidable competitor came into the field, in the shape of the novel of manners; and its dominion lasted for a century and a half. Save for one or two bright flashes in the late eighteenth century, the English drama may almost be said to have been extinct between the retirement of Congreve and our own day. In Congreve the Elizabethan impulse expired. To-day the late Victorian impulse is gathering momentum—to what issues, who can say?

William Archer.

¹In *The Mermaid Series* of English dramatists.

PEDRO MORAGA

THE vicious report of a target rifle sent a volley of echoes rattling from cliff to cliff of Sombrero Creek Cañon; the whip-like crack growing duller and heavier as it rebounded from the rugged walls until it finally descended like the rumbling of thunder upon the thatched roof of Pedro Moraga's home.

The primitive hut, which to Pedro stood for all that the blessed word *home* implies—repose, trust and the love of wife and brood—was perhaps doubly dear to his elemental nature because he had fashioned it with his own hairy hands, working at it day by day after doing his eight-hour shift in the mine. The broken rocks and boulders of which the walls were built had been tugged into place by sheer strength of his heavily muscled arms and back, for all alone he had wrestled, ant-like, with each of those weighty foundation blocks.

Of the mud which stopped their chinks, it might literally be said that it was moistened with his sweat.

The thatch of saw-edged bear-grass was supported by slender, thorny poles of the ocotilla cactus, laid across rafters of rough-hewn sycamore. Although the builder's hands were calloused from four-pound hammer and drill, they had received bruises from the boulders, and sundry painful stabs and slashes from the armed plants which protected his hearth from the storm.

It was a rough shelter, crude as any crow's nest, yet even the unimaginative Pedro Moraga found beauty in his hut as well as utility, for, when completed, it seemed to have grown spontaneously into the primeval landscape of which it formed a part.

Before its threshold, he built an awning of ocotilla poles and leafy boughs of the sycamore, which gave it a bower-like grace. A table of planks was constructed under this arbor.

The cabin stood with its back to the towering cliff on a flat where the shaded cañon opened its arms to the sunlight, just a few rods below the junction of Rattlesnake with Sombrero Creek. That young streamlet rippled under his front door, briskly dancing down a course of clean pebbles, which resembled a winding garden path, fringed with canary yellow columbines and purple larkspur.

By the trail up stream was a spring where cool drinking water might be had on the hottest Arizona noon.

All these household conveniences Pedro had considered when he chose the site, and in his mind's eye he saw pretty Magdalena Moraga

paddling clothes in the stream and beating them clean on a flat stone. Also he had a vision of Juan, his father's sturdy boy, and pretty baby Manuel tumbling about in the shallows, blessedly released from the heat and dust of Tucson.

His home was but scantily furnished with shelf, cupboard and seats, whose raw material had been drawn from the Company's rubbish pile; cases which had contained evaporated milk, miner's candles and dynamite, but they served their purpose and Pedro was proud of his handiwork and desired his wife's presence in the completed home.

He thought she would like it. The interior was dark, it is true, but then the household work was done in the dappled sunlight under the sycamores, and "no bedchamber should be lighted but with the love-light of your eyes," so improvised to the guitar—no, not the taciturn Pedro, but Ramon.

When the wife of Pedro Moraga finally joined her lord in their new home at the Silver Dollar Mine, she left a disconsolate maker of love songs in Tucson. But not for long. After ten days had elapsed, Ramon Lopez, he who was beautiful and tall, elegantly clad and scented as a caballero, free-handed withal, and therefore beloved of women, conceived the idea of following this woman, to whom he had always returned with fresh delight when the others palled upon him.

Where miners were employed, he could always find work, for in all Arizona there was no better hand at the four-pound hammer when he cared to swing it.

Above the shady hut in the cañon hung a warm, tranquil afternoon, inviting to siesta; the stream, which had carolled lustily in the cool forenoon, now murmured a lullaby in its diminished flow; the morning breeze was hushed, the trees nodded languidly and sluggish bees seemed drugged with love potions of the blossoms from which they so reluctantly parted.

Such infinite peace pervaded this hour, that the couple in Pedro Moraga's home might have deemed it the benediction of Nature upon those of her children who followed no other law than her primal call of lover to lover and foe to foe.

The crack of a tiny rifle shattered this brooding silence as a wine-glass is shattered on the hearth stone.

The woman started to her feet with a quick, nervous exclamation, but the man, whose desire rendered him eloquently persuasive, reassured her with a few words, and drew her back to the rude couch on which he was sitting.

"Have no fear, Magdalena, beloved one," he murmured, and the soft Spanish syllables were in themselves quieting; "stout little Juan will come to no harm, he has shot at the sun, no doubt, but he will not bring it down upon him, and there are no more cartridges."

"I should have unloaded the gun before I let him take it," answered the woman, whose young and pretty face was clouded with anxiety for the moment. "Listen, I thought I heard a child crying. Oh, Ramon, do you think little Manuel could be hurt?"

Ramon feigned to listen, still holding his arm securely around the woman's waist and smiling indulgently at her fears. "It is nothing," he said, "the bleat of a kid, perhaps, strayed from Ortega's goat ranch. Is not Juan faithful as a shepherd dog? He will take care of the *chiquita*."

Willing to be reassured but a trifle provoked at his indifference to her children, the mother settled back to her place beside him and they continued the low-voiced conversation which the shot had interrupted.

It was bad news that her lover had brought to Magdalena Moraga. Pedro was transferred to Ramon's shift in the mine, and the change was to be made that very night. A driller had been given his time for careless handling of the "powder," and Moraga was the man chosen to fill his place because he was the only Mexican willing to work an extra shift, even at liberal pay.

Henceforth there could be no more security in the meetings between the lovers, unless Magdalena's quick wit could devise some new plan for getting her husband out of the way. It should not be difficult for two such clever people as Ramon Lopez and Magdalena to solve the problem. Pedro Moraga was a thick-headed, good-natured man, strong and faithful as an ox, likewise slow as an ox to comprehend. They would find a way; oh, yes. But meanwhile this was their last hour of security until the new plan could be carried out. "And because it is our last meeting," urged Ramon, "should it not be made sweet for the memory?"

It was an hour after the last echoes of the rifle shot had died away that Ramon slipped warily out of the little hut among the sycamore and, once out of sight of the cabin, swung with feline grace along an unfrequented trail up cañon. He hummed a love song between his white teeth, smiling languorously the while, like a man well content.

He had no idea that a pair of big scared eyes watched for him to go, nor did he catch a glimpse of the little, ragged urchin crouched in the chaparral with a target rifle clutched in his grimy, brown hand. As the jaunty figure disappeared up trail toward the bunk house, little Juan emerged from his retreat and ran in the opposite direction swiftly as a startled lizard, but, nearing his home, another panic seized him and he

concealed himself once more in the bushes. His mother had threatened him with a whipping if he returned before she called. She opened the door a moment later and glanced quickly over the flat.

Even though Magdalena had been twice a mother, there was something girlish and wayward in the movements of her slight figure, whose lines of grace were only half obscured by the draggle-tailed, calico skirt she wore. Her abundant black hair was untidy, her complexion was of the clear yellowish tone peculiar to her race. The features were small and their slight irregularity merely added a touch of pertness to the pretty face. Its charm lay in the lips, finer in color than form, and in the expressive black eyes, slanting just a trifle, which could be sensuous as well as arch. As she looked about her they were troubled with a vague fear. There was a certain savage simplicity in her nature which she owed to the Indian blood in her veins, blood of Spanish adventurer, mixed in the heat of conquest with that of the defeated aborigines. It was a nature that could give itself to but one passion at a time, forgetful of the loves and hates that lay dormant.

At this moment it was the maternal passion that possessed her, and she could have struck at Ramon with a knife if he had at such an instant come between her and her children. She called them by name, quietly at first and then in shriller tones as her anxiety increased.

"Juan," she shouted, "where are you? And where is little Manuel?" While she was calling them she seemed to see her brown babies as they had left the house, Juan, the seven-year-old, proudly shouldering the target rifle and leading by the hand baby Manuel, whose chubby legs were not hidden by the coarse shirt, his only garment. What of it! He was the pretty one; every little morsel of him was beautiful. He promised to be a breaker of hearts, that Manuelito! Juan was different; not pretty but strong; an obedient and self-reliant little man and the guide and guard of his brother, for whose protection as much as for possible game he had demanded the gun. Anything to be rid of him! For Ramon's recklessly handsome face had appeared at the bend of the trail while Juan was coaxing, and she had hastily thrust the dangerous toy into the child's hand.

Again she called shrilly, "Manuel, Juan, where are you?" A choking sob at her feet caused her to look down and she saw a pathetic bundle of rags prostrate in the dirt.

She guessed at once what had happened. "Where is he?" she screamed, "Show me where you have left him," and dragging the weeping child to his feet she roughly shoved him ahead of her and bade him lead the way.

They had not very far to go. A little above the fork of Rattlesnake and Sombrero Creek was a flat on which grew a few cottonwoods above a

dense undergrowth of mesquite. It was a favorite cover for quail, doves and other small game, and here, under a scrub mesquite, she found her baby. It took her a moment to discover the wound, it was so very tiny to have let out so much blood.

The body was so pale and waxen that she hardly knew it for her own brown baby.

At the touch of the limp and cooling limbs she shrieked but once, and clutching it to her heart panted madly up the trail toward camp.

The Company physician, an Eastern man, in Arizona for his health, spoke a very imperfect Spanish and had much difficulty in making her understand that she had delayed too long in bringing the child to him. The tiny bullet had entered the thigh, severing an artery. The child's life could have been saved if the doctor had been summoned at the time of the accident. Her baby had simply bled to death.

That is what the doctor tried to tell her in his halting Spanish and, failing to make the distracted woman understand that it was too late now, he had put his head out of the door and called one of the Mexicans just off shift, for it was three o'clock, and the interpreter who came at his call was Pedro Moraga.

At the moment that Pedro entered the door and started back in horror at sight of the dead child in his wife's arms, a series of muffled explosions from the depths of the mine shook the earth. It was the three o'clock blast, eight charges of dynamite exploding almost simultaneously, answered from another drift and another by similar explosions.

Pedro Moraga fell to his knees beside the chair in which his wife was seated and with his arms about her, questioned and comforted and caressed as his great loving heart prompted.

In a passion of remorse she wept on his breast and refused to be comforted, but before nightfall, in the seclusion of their little hut, she confessed everything, even more than Ramon himself knew.

At half past six o'clock that evening, the after-supper crowd was in the Company's store of the Silver Dollar Mine as was customary. The big, smoky oil lamp had just been hung up by the storekeeper, and cast a flickering yellow light upon the fixtures of rough pine and the crude merchandise displayed for uncritical eyes.

A group of Mexican miners were discussing the tragedy of the day when Ramon Lopez entered, and immediately the stream of gossip was checked and significant glances were thrown in his direction. There had been considerable bunkhouse tittle-tattle regarding the relation between Pedro's wife and this much-admired fellow who, in all the camps that centred in Tucson, had a reputation for such adventures.

Yes, Ramon had heard of the death of the child, this in answer to the storekeeper's query, but he seemed to take little interest in the matter, for, after all, what was Pedro Moraga's brat to him!

Of course he did not say this in words, but his detached manner when the subject was broached suggested as much. And yet his indifference was a mask. He was in reality agitated for various reasons.

The killing of the child had shocked him, for death was a horrible thing, when one stopped to contemplate it. To be young and warm and bursting with life, enjoying all its pleasures and excitements in one moment and in the next to be a clod which no sun could warm, no joyous impulse stir; just a carcass which they throw into a hole to rot. It was a horrible thing to contemplate.

Also he had loved Magdalena's younger child somewhat as he loved its mother; with the same sensuous, instinctive, unreflecting love that she had given him.

But it would not be wise to show his agitation, and so he endeavored to give the conversation a lighter tone, and when the storekeeper began unpacking some new goods, he made lively, disparaging comments on the contents of each box as it was opened.

"Here's something you fellows can't criticise," retorted the storekeeper as he displayed a brown paper carton containing a dozen miner's candlesticks. Of course the men all owned candlesticks: cheap, crude affairs of twisted wire to hang on the wall of the drift or else roughly shaped of wrought iron with a ring at one end to hold a candle and a point at the other to insert in crevices of the rock, but these candlesticks were magnificent, showy, eminently desirable. In general shape they were like a stiletto, with a handle of polished brass, the butt of which could be unscrewed, revealing a moisture-proof box for matches. The handle ended in a steel blade eight inches long which tapered to a point of murderous keenness and, of course, where blade and haft joined was a ring to hold a candle.

A good workman rejoices in beautiful tools, and the resemblance of this implement to a threatening and deadly weapon rendered it all the more attractive to the Mexican miners.

Ramon bought the first one. He did not ask the price, but flung a gold piece on the counter and pocketed the change without counting it, for that was Ramon's chevaleresque, open-handed way of doing things. Others paid their heavy silver dollars or had the purchase charged. Within a few minutes only one was left out of the dozen candlesticks. The storekeeper, who, like the physician, was an Eastern man, wondered at the reckless way these hard-working men spent the dollars they had so

painfully earned. Their purchases made, the miners left the store in a body, Ramon swaggering at their head with his glittering tool thrust under his bright sash. Their voices had hardly ceased in the distance before Pedro Moraga entered.

His English was labored but not very difficult to understand. He desired that a coffin should be made for the child that had been shot. The storekeeper informed him that the carpenter had already selected boards for the purpose and would have the coffin ready in the morning.

Moraga's manner impressed the storekeeper as very cold and phlegmatic. His voice was dull and rather husky, neither rising nor falling. His sentences were very conscientiously formed and exceedingly polite. In spite of the shock of his bereavement, he never failed to preface each request with "please" and end it with "thank you."

"And I thought these Mexicans were such an excitable lot!" mused the storekeeper. "Now, what the deuce did the Superintendent give as this fellow's name? Limones, Rubal, Garcia? They're all so outlandish that one can't keep track of them."

Pedro picked up the candlestick, the last of the dozen, and asked its price as he thoughtfully examined it. "If you please, I shall take this candlesteck," he said. "How much?"

"One dollar," said the storekeeper; "the coffin will cost you six. What name shall I charge it to? Ramon Lopez, isn't that it?"

There was a sudden flicker of fire under Pedro's heavy eyelids. "Yes," he said, "if you please, charge thees coffin to Ramon Lopez."

"And the candlestick to the same?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, the candlesteck is also for Ramon Lopez," responded Moraga.

"Queer fellows, these greasers!" mused the storekeeper as he made the entry. "Thought for a minute I had insulted him, the way his eyes flashed. They certainly keep a white man guessing."

Of the "graveyard shift," which goes on at eleven in the night and works eight hours, nearly all had gone below and it so happened that the last two miners who descended the shaft were Ramon and Pedro Moraga.

Ramon had already stepped lightly on to the rim of the big iron bucket and taken a firm grip of the cable on which it hung at the shaft's mouth when he noticed that another man was to go down with him. His heart leaped as he recognized the short, thick-set figure and heavy, unshaven features of Moraga. It had not occurred to him that the bereaved father would work that night. Ramon hastily signalled to the engineer, but was coolly ignored, as the other passenger had already set one hobnailed boot on the bucket, and with a muttered salu-

tation took his place on the rim. Their hands almost touched where they held on to the cable, Moraga's big fist under Ramon's long fingers.

Thus they swung breast to breast over the shaft, the tall, graceful youth with fear clutching at his heart and a smile under his dainty moustache, and the grizzled, impassive man whose heavy-lidded eyes expressed no trace of the despair and determination which possessed him.

Below them yawned an abyss hundreds of feet deep, which was closed at the two hundred foot level by a heavy platform swung into place to receive the bucket. A candle was burning on the platform, and as the cable unwound Ramon glanced down for an instant and was seized with a nausea at the sudden thought of falling through that horrible night to where the little candle burned, miles below him as it seemed.

The idea left him so limp that his grip relaxed on the cable and his dread might have become a reality, but the huge hand of Pedro Moraga was laid on his shoulder to steady him, and at the touch his terror passed. The thought came like a reprieve at the gallows, "She has not told him. The fool suspects nothing."

But, "Thank you, my friend," was all he said, and the moist darkness enveloped them as they dropped swiftly down the shaft, like two spiders dangling at the end of a gossamer thread.

Through the rest of the long night they worked together in the cross-cut, a narrow chamber of rock just high enough to permit them to stand upright. In the warm, moist atmosphere of the mine their breath and sweat mingled as if they had been brothers.

Stripped to the waist, they opposed the rocky face of the crosscut and smote with rapid strokes of their four-pound hammers upon the steel drills. To an artist the sight would have been a beautiful one. The only light proceeded from their candles in the newly purchased candlesticks, whose blades were driven into the wall, and these sinuous flames glistened back from the dripping rock and reflected from the sweating torsos of the men, which resembled figures of polished marble, yellowed through centuries of exposure. Beneath their smooth, wet skin played the muscles of their arms and backs as they bent to their toil.

They never spoke, but their hammers were seldom silent. At each impact of iron on steel they emitted a breath in a short, emphatic grunt, and gave the drill a half turn by a quick motion of the left hand, thus with vigorous blow upon blow eating a hole in the tough porphyry.

It was a struggle of man against nature reduced to its simplest terms. Here a living, breathing creature of bone, sinew and muscle, hot red blood, eyes to see, a brain to think, and a will to overcome; all that makes

physical manhood, pitted against the dull inertia of matter; and for tools, primitive hammers of iron and lengths of steel which could bite away the rock only a hair's breadth at a time.

There was something elemental in it. Brute strength against rock almost on equal terms, for at this stage of the work dynamite was not in evidence.

Also there was something elemental in the contrast between the two types of man even though they belonged to the same dark race. The muscles of the older man were short and thick and he stood firmly on his legs as a tree on its trunk, depending upon the main force of his blows to drive the steel into the stubborn porphyry. He and the rock seemed almost brothers.

The younger man, of lighter frame and longer, more flexible muscles, struck with less apparent effort, but his whole body lent itself to the blow, and the verve and precision with which it was delivered seemed to count for as much as the mere brawn behind it.

For almost eight hours the men swung their hammers in silence except for the regular, vigorous grunts that accompanied every ringing blow. Each was alone with his thoughts.

From time to time they paused to scoop out the powdered rock from the holes with a long iron "spoon," then they would select a little longer drill, pour some water into the hole and deliver blow upon blow once more, all without a word.

They were working with an instinctive feeling of rivalry. Each man had his allotted number of holes to drill to a certain depth, run at a certain angle at definite points on the face of the crosscut, for there is a scientific manner of blasting rock, as all miners know.

This "round of holes" constituted the shift of a driller and each of these men was anxious to lay down his hammer first as proof that he was the better workman. But they were equals, physically, although they were built on such dissimilar lines, and their work was finished at the same time.

Meanwhile the muckers had been clearing away the mass of broken rock from the previous discharge, coming and going with their ore buckets which set on small flat cars. When the buckets were filled they were wheeled on a narrow tramway to the shaft, where they were caught up by the cable, dumped at the mouth of the shaft, and returned.

While the miners toiled by guttering candles, the bucket-dumper, whose post was on the head frame, had seen the midnight darkness fade into the cool gray that comes before the dawn, had seen the pearly sky flush opalescent as the sun approached, and finally welcome him with

pomp of scarlet and gold, like tapestries hung along the balconies of a city where passes the trumpet-sounding pageantry of an emperor.

But to the other workers on the "graveyard shift" the night was as black at dawn as it had been when they went below, the earthy smelling, palpable darkness of the pit.

The eight-hour shift was almost ended. Ramon and Pedro charged their holes. Sticks of dynamite, resembling yellow candles wrapped in brown paper, were forced into their allotted places with a wooden rod, after the cap and fuse had been properly adjusted. Then a quantity of moist earth and crushed rock was carefully tamped down upon the charges. The fuse had been cut so that the explosions should be almost simultaneous. That great heap of broken rock which the muckers had toiled to remove all through their shift indicated the tremendous force of the explosion. The blast shot out the whole face of the crosscut, as a charge of grape might be shot through the bore of an enormous cannon.

The fuses were long enough to give the drillers about a minute of time to escape from the crosscut after lighting them.

When the holes were charged, the shift boss gave the signal to shoot and the muckers scampered up the ladders. Ramon and Pedro took their candlesticks from the wall and deftly lighted the fuses, selecting the two longest first, and then the shorter ones. Ramon's last fuse projected from one of the holes near the floor of the crosscut, and must have become damp, for it was a trifle refractory. Suddenly it ignited, sputtering, and with a grunt of relief, the youth raised himself from his crouching posture and turned hastily to run, when he found himself face to face with Pedro Moraga, whose candlestick, so similar to a stiletto, menaced his heart.

Their eyes met. Any words would have been superfluous after that meeting. So she *had* confessed, the she-devil, and Pedro's blade was at his throat!

But with the threat of the rock-rending dynamite at his back, the human enemy before him seemed the lesser danger, and suddenly shifting his own candlestick for offence, Ramon leaped catlike at his foe and aimed a vicious thrust, which was adroitly parried. As he sprang back to avoid the return thrust, the fuses sputtered in his ears and singed his hair.

Keeping his eyes and weapon directed at his adversary, he snatched one of the fuses with his left hand and endeavored to tear it from its hole, a mad impulse, for it was firmly rooted and the effort only gave Moraga an opening. Ramon's defence was not an instant too soon, the eight-inch blade grazed his ribs. But he hardly felt the pain. Terror

and rage possessed him utterly, while his enemy, this cold, stocky, middle-aged man whom he had so grievously wronged, seemed to feel neither terror nor rage, but just implacable hate. He filled the narrow way like a granite block, and every time that the younger man in desperation hurled himself upon that compact frame he was thrown back like a frothing wave from a cliff, back upon the sputtering, spitting fuses whose smoke was filling the crosscut.

Ramon gave vent to a single despairing scream, knowing as he did so that it was futile. The muckers and the other miners had all retreated, and by this time were climbing the ladders to safety and the blessed sunlight above. He was alone in this infernal region with the impassive demon who guarded it.

He ventured one more desperate lunge and this time received a blow from Moraga's fist that threw him back with such force as to extinguish his candle. An idea came to him like a flash of lightning, revealing unsounded depths of hate. If that resolute fist holding the weapon had struck him in the breast, why not the stiletto? Why was he still alive? Could it be possible that Moraga did not desire to stab him? Did he wish Ramon to live until the sparks of those shortening fuses should burn to the caps, till the massive wall of rock should burst upon him with roar and flame like the doors of hell thrown open in his face?

Ramon had imagination and, in fancy, he could see what vengeance would be wreaked upon that beautiful body of which he had been so vain, which he had adorned with silk shirts and bright scarfs and made fragrant with scents, which had been loved and caressed by women. He saw all this glory as he had once seen the victims of a mine accident, a tangled mass, flesh, bones, hair, all crushed together in the dirt as you would crush a tarantula with your boot heel.

The vision was very real to him. He lived intensely, although he lay against the face of the crosscut as one in a stupor, unmindful of the fuses which scorched him as they burned themselves shorter and shorter, toward their end.

As Ramon's candle was extinguished, Moraga came a little closer to see whether the blow had stunned the youth or killed him. It did not occur to that man of single purpose to turn and run for his own life. He must know that his enemy was dead. Whether Pedro Moraga lived or not, was a matter that did not interest him any more.

He stooped and tried to peer through the smoke into the face of the prostrate man, cautiously thrusting forward his right hand which grasped the candlestick and the lighted candle. That outstretched light was the last ray of hope to enter the life of Ramon Lopez. His quick left hand seized it at the same moment that the right drove his own darkened

candlestick into Moraga's extended throat, and his fist was drenched with a sudden gush of blood.

His last ray of hope! He saw himself whisking around the corner of the short crosscut into the safety of the main drift just before the charge exploded. He saw himself running up the ladder, plunging up into the sunlight as a diver plunges up from a long dive. He saw himself darting down the cañon, stripped as he was, to the house of that she-devil who had betrayed him. Into her soft breast he would plunge the selfsame weapon!

I think that the dying eyes of Pedro Moraga glimpsed all this in the same brief instant that it flashed into the mind of his enemy, for at the brink of death many things are revealed.

Was it hate for the false wife, or was it a last flickering flame of love, that kept among the living the woman who had given him his one child, his Juan? "You *should* kill her," he gasped, "it was your own child that she murdered."

For the second which might have saved him Ramon hesitated, aghast that Magdalena's capricious secret had never occurred to him. It was in that second that the gates of hell were flung open in his face.

Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

WILL O' THE WIND

THEY have named me Will o' the Wind;

Why, do you ask me, why?

Because I may not be blind

When God's free airs blow by,

And ever and evermore my mind

Runs under the open sky.

Be it or east or west,

Or the north or south that blows,

A keen desire in my breast

Enkindles as doth the rose

When radiant June has climbed to its crest

In the garth or the garden close.

Yea, and I may not bide,

For the haunting call is strong;

Wide is the earth—so wide—

And sweet is the beckoning song;

While "come!" they chide who ride and ride

Where the steeds of the four winds throng.

So it's out on the wall that girds!
 Out on the ingle's girth!
 Mine be a heart like the bird's
 Spurning the brooding earth—
 Mine be the chant of the wind's wild words,
 And its immemorial mirth!

And when I may see no more
 The great winds laugh and leap
 Over the sky's blue floor—
 The arch of the upper deep—
 Till the range of time and tide be o'er
 God grant me His guerdon—sleep!

Clinton Scollard.

DESERTED SHIPS

DESERTED, desolate, they lie,
 The gaunt masts tower against the sky,
 And bare and bleak upon the sands
 The idle prows are lifted high.
 The rising tide resurgent laps
 The sun-warped keels and floods the gaps
 Between the blackened hulks: above,
 A rag of weathered canvas flaps.
 Under the clouds whose shadowy bars
 Float over amber moon and stars,
 The anchors rust, the rigging rots,
 The sails are furled on broken spars.
 The empty holds are gaping wide,
 The wood-worm burrows in the side,
 And to the mossy bulwarks cling
 The seaweeds drifted by the tide.
 Under the blue and boundless dome,
 Across the boundless fields of foam,
 No more they ride afar, nor come
 Majestically sailing home.
 Nobler the doom of ships that stem
 Strange tides at ocean's utmost hem,
 Till, broken by the storm, they sink
 And the great waters cover them.

Mary Arnold.

MODERN NORWEGIAN LITERATURE

I

[Editor's Note: Not only the extraordinary inherent interest possessed by this contribution, but also Björnson's great age (which renders the appearance of further work from his pen unlikely) brought about the decision to reprint this article from *THE FORUM* of 1896.]

THE abominable militarism under which Europe is groaning puts a false measure on her nations. Their own consciousness and the others' respect are made dependent upon how many men and horses they can muster in front of the barracks, and how many war vessels they have in the docks and on the seas. Thus the small nations become demoralized, and the large ones barbarized.

But let us imagine for a moment that the literary names of modern Europe are so many ships—big and small ones, steamers and sailing-craft—and that they are crossing the Atlantic, like regular fleets, to visit America. Would not the Americans, upon hearing of it, feel the mind crowded by visions far different and loftier than those any actual war fleet could create? Would not the anticipation also stand ready with a quite new measure of valuation? If Russian literature were reported approaching the coast, would not the Americans while hastening down to the shore think of the miseries of Russia rather than of her greatness, of her martyrs rather than of her conquests, of the ideals of her youth rather than of the might of the Czar?

The sun sets in blood, the waves toss wildly, the heavy ships dip till the spray shoots over the masts, and the smoke-stacks become white with salt; some look as if they had been treated roughly. Many of the vessels are large, some peculiar on account of some new principle of construction, but nearly all, both large ones and smaller, move rather heavily, though carrying huge sheets of canvas, or laboring under intense pressure of steam; the air is woollen with black smoke. Some anxiety, however, mingles with the admiration of the spectators when they look at the blood-red sunset, for it forebodes harder weather to-morrow, and they all know that the fleet must pass on; it has not come for a feast only.

Some days later the spectators stand along the shore in still denser masses, the storm is drifting away, and the sun is breaking forth. The French fleet is coming in—high, slender masts—yachts without number, and among them huge steamers whose smoke-coils are drawn along

by the wind and illumined by the sun till they float across the picture like the headlines of a colored sign-board. How graceful the hulks appear, and the more so the nearer they come! How fine the lines, how striking the colors, the whole outfit, the ensemble! Some of the larger vessels stand out from the multitude like herdsmen on horseback in the midst of the flock. Firing of guns, music from bands, dipping of flags in all colors, deafening noise, bewildering variety, and no end to it. But when the surprise of the first moment passed away the variety seemed to play in the minor details rather than in the larger features; the fundamental conception seemed even monotonous. And a still deeper impression was produced by the shocking contrast between the glamour, the beauty, the grandeur of the arrival, and the dismal standard displayed on the topmast of the first ship—a skull. It was discovered also on the second, the third, the fourth, nay! on closer examination it was discovered that all the ships carried skull and cross-bones in red, white, black, or gold, and good glasses revealed that emblem repeated throughout the whole fleet. The spectators strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of merry France; she certainly was along. Yes, there she came, in bright colors and dancing-music on board. The drums beat the quickest time, the brass instruments blared, clarionets and flutes yodled, there was something oriental in the sound. So that was merry France! All eyes turned to her and beheld a dancing skeleton, scythe in hand, in an attitude more grotesque than that of any can-can dancer. Singular—thought the spectators, and looked farther out. There at last they saw fine and strong craft, small and big, with the Gallic cock in the standard, sporting the brightest colors, and saluting the new day with exuberant glee. Other standards were also seen, displaying the flower of spring and various dashing symbols. But as her mighty fleet sailed by the main impression it left was, that it carried with it more thoughts about the coffin than about the cradle, that all its precious powers at present stood predominantly in the service of death and destruction.

A general discussion arose among the spectators and it waxed so hot that nobody for a long while thought of the other visitors who might be expected. But when they were told that a number of larger and minor fleets had sailed nearly at the same time, curiosity and the natural betting-mania were awakened as to which would be the next. Most bet on the English, others on the German, some on the Dutch.

Early one morning it was reported that a fleet was sighted, though as yet no one could make out its nationality. Immediately all went down to the shore, the heaviest bettors foremost. Snow had fallen during the night; now it was clearing, but it was cold. Just in front,

where the sun cut the last snow-mist, a light smoke was seen, then masts became visible, then some big hulks with a row of minor ones behind them, and farther off again some big ships announcing more to come. But over the whole floated an aerial image—a phantom ship with dazzling sails and bright flags, and larger than any of the ships of the fleet. Was it the guardian spirit of the fleet? And whose was the fleet coming in that style?

All the bettors lost. The fleet was neither German nor English. It came from one of the smallest nations of the world, but one from whose people sprung Europe's oldest aristocracies and whose marvelously beautiful country has become a permanent world's-exhibition for travellers. It was the Norwegian fleet, and it came with a rush. Something firm and compact about every vessel, as if each had an errand of its own. Not a single pleasure craft in the whole fleet. No movement outside the course. With one single exception no elegance in hull and rigging, but a solid reliability. Each ship looked a realm by itself. They came together, because they could not but do so, but each of them in its own manner. The day became perfectly clear as they drew nearer, but the air was rather cold. Nearly all those vessels were light in color. The hulls, the sails, the smoke-stacks might show different tints, but the total impression was lightsome. They looked like men coming with flags on snowshoes from the land of the midsummer night's sun, where the sea speaks in its lowest notes and the frost keeps the mind clean and clear. A striking disparity was presented by some vessels—dark with light stripes, or light with dark stripes. The dark stripe ran along the hull and smoke-stack, and appeared again in the sails and everything loose aboard. All these vessels were large and strong.

As far back as the national Saga reaches, the dark stripe follows. It cuts—let me say—every tenth leaf of the history of the people, sometimes every third, and at certain periods all. It is sure that here originally were two peoples, grappling with each other as two very strong contrasts of temperaments must do. It is supposed that Norway was settled at two different periods with a long interval; that the first people sat down, under rather hard conditions, on the spots free of ice along the coast, and that the second people did not enter until the vast forests had made it snug in the valleys. However that may be, here is a bright society-building people, with faith in the powers of life, and here is a strong individualistic protest which sees only, or likes best to see, how man is dwarfed by custom and law till he rises in defiance. All people contain contrasts. Howsoever society is built, it will always do harm to some and

they will protest. But in Norway the protest is and always has been stronger than anywhere else, because it was bred from the national elements rather than from the social development.

When the great state-builder, Harald Haarfager, united Norway, many fought against him to the last. They did not submit; they went away to Scotland, Ireland, Normandy, Iceland, Greenland; they discovered America. The grand type among them was Eigil Skallagrimson, scald and viking, a crafty warrior, revengeful, jeering at everything he wanted to ruin, but groaning from loneliness in the very depth of his heart. He made himself an exile, but enough of those belonging to the same type remained behind in Norway. They became mixed up with the others and their dark skin reappeared everywhere; once they brought the people to the very verge of ruin, because circumstances afforded them too wide a range. The full swing of those two contrasts gives soundness; only thus vigilant liberty is won. But they cannot be smoothed down completely until a form of society has been settled in which the whole has ceased to be a hindrance to the growth of the individual, that is to say, never. Only the lightsome element must be in large and happy majority in order that the national ideal shall not be hurt. And just here our literature gives its weighty evidence. The tone of the temperament—or what shall I call that total impression in which all the fixed points of the whole view melt together?—of our literature is lightsome, and so with all those whom in course of time the people have designated as their representative men. Eigil Skallagrimson was not the choice of the people, nor has any of his stock been to this very day. His type stands among the chosen of the people as one to ten, nay, as one to twenty. Harald Haarfager, the founder of the realm—indeed all the kings of Norway—were tall, lightsome men. So was the chieftain, Einar Tambeskjelve, the true representative of Trøndelagen, and how beloved and admired were those men!

Later on Peter Wessel, the hero of the sea, always ready for a storm, became the idol of the people; whole works of the comic poet, Ludvig Holberg, the peer of Molière, and a humorous master-builder breaking old ground for new ideas, were known by heart, as, for instance, "Peder Paars." In northern Norway people learned by heart the songs of the minister, Peder Dass, properly Dundas, of Scotch stock. He was one of the brightest writers in the world's literature, though he lived in the winter darkness of the Nordlands and had the sombre Atlantic for his neighbor. The brightness of his nature became like a top-sail added to the boat of the people, and the person himself they transformed into a mythical character fighting the devil, but always having the upper hand.

The most popular man in recent times, and perhaps the grandest representative of the people, was again a poet—Henrik Wergeland, a little younger than Shelley and Byron. He is one of the greatest lyrics of the world, but in a language so little known as ours his fame is an eagle tethered to the rock. But to all who learn that language in order to reach its modern literature—the first thing visible is his white sails and over them the fluttering flag. He is the bright tutelary spirit of the new Norwegian poetry as he is that of the people. He dreamt all the dreams of our young liberty. What of hope is in it took its first shape from him; he prophesied about it; he blessed it. He also first drew up the landscape which we others have gone farther into.

If a people living under hard natural conditions, which have to be conquered anew every year, be not possessed of the courage of the conqueror, and cannot send forth messages of sound and strong faith in life, that people will not shine forth. Now if modern Norwegian literature has lately sent forth messages which do not look sound, it must be remembered that with the minor ones, it is contagion contracted from without, and with him, the great one, whom you all know, it is hardly disease but a medicine—the protest of an indignant mind which has fallen in love with homœopathic cures. On the whole our literature is sound and glad. Even the latest ones now coming in, and of such significance that there is reason to expect many behind them—since a literary period never closes with writers of real importance—even the latest ones are sound as a bell.

And what with a wrong name is called “folk-lore”—wrong, because folk-stories, folk-songs, folk-airs, are certainly as individual in invention and form as any other kind of art—how happy, by its manly equipoise, is not the Norwegian folk-lore in spite of its startling peculiarities! Some of those stories seem to take us into the dense forest among mocking echoes from the life outside. Others show us the trolls tobogganing down the highest peaks of Norway. In some we feel human souls hovering homeless above the reefs; in others, memories of an always sunlit land flit before the reader, but in none do we meet with sentimentalism, despondency, disconsolateness. Here is no horror of life which cannot be subdued; even the devil of those stories is a silly dupe, and in them grief vanishes like dew in sunshine. In the folk-airs the same wholesome coolness reappears, and when some speak of their gloom, I know not what is meant. Seriousness crystallized into art is not gloom—except to those who avoid the duties of life and give to their art that imprint.

The Norwegian people have never been under the yoke, and that is perhaps the reason why every genuine message from them during the

course of time has been so hale. Only poverty and pietism have ever left traces of disease among them, and in both cases, but especially in the latter, their literature has proven a good physician. It is a fact that in Norwegian literature and art the bright-builders hold the front rank, and so it must be in every sound people. The dark defiance, the gnawing doubt, the venomous scorn must not be allowed to play the master. The strong individualistic uprising against law and custom ceases to be a beneficent regulator when it is not in the minority. But, as yet, flame-bearded Thor is dominant among the gods in Norway.

Two strong complaints are often heard against Norwegian literature. We are told, not only by people of Roman stock, with whom the difference of race may cause some difficulty, but also by people of our own kin, that it is not clear, that it is "misty." But do people suppose there are mists in a mountain-land? Mist comes from the sea and the lakes; lowlands have mist, but the mountains bar it off and keep the weather clear. In lowlands the imagination is richer in colors and shadows, and has more daring, though more uncertain—almost adventurous—conceptions; in mountain-lands it is clearer and narrower. The power of the mountaineer's imagination is not its compass but its intensity. His art characterizes more strongly. By characterization, I do not think of the endless crowd of details which often are only another kind of mist, but, generally speaking, a power to put the figure in the landscape and the landscape in the figure—which is of decisive importance for the representation both of races and men. In this respect, I believe that no other literature at present surpasses the Norwegian. Take for instance the reefs and disharmonic rock-mosses of the Norwegian Westland, the vicious squalls of the fjords, the sharp light-shafts through the clouds, the glamour of the sun over the sea or the glaciers and snow peaks, the sultry stillness, the fabulous hurricane—each of them and all together stand now in Norwegian literature as human characters and human destinies. But, to realize that, a partially new artistic form was demanded, and a new form demands—to a certain degree—a new reader. An oversated and overtired daily reviewer does not get through with such things without leaving one half behind him as mist, and that deficit the literature has to pay for.

The complaint would have been just if confined to the simple circumstance that not all Norwegian poets have reached the artistic perfection of the great centres of civilization—a perfection which, on those who are used to it, often has the same effect as a dewy pane. But when it is addressed, for instance, to Henrik Ibsen, whose composition always follows straight lines, and whose execution never falters, the reason must

be that here is something new which demands a second perusal. It is true that he often produces an artificial darkness, not unlike that which spiritualistic media want for their spirits, and we may be excused for not liking that manner of introducing spirits. But to put down an artistically intended obscurity as a lack of clearness in the poet, is a misunderstanding which depends solely on a lack of clearness in the reader.

Another complaint is made against the originality of modern Norwegian literature. When reading certain French critics, one would think that there exists only one creative people, namely, the French; that the Renaissance did not originate in Italy nor the Reformation in Germany, but both in France; that it was France and not England which brought the constitutional system into the world; that the Dutchmen's fight for their liberty ended victoriously only because the Protestants had succeeded in France; that Mirabeau was older than Cromwell, and that the rights of man were proclaimed first at Versailles, and afterward in Philadelphia; that Shakespeare owes to Corneille all that he is, as does Goethe to Victor Hugo, and that Henrik Ibsen was born of the French drama, which now imitates him.

That which brought Europe and America to look at Norwegian literature was, first, its cleanliness and primitive poesy; afterward, its wealth of ideas and their powerful form. There is no stronger proof that a people is going to produce something primitive—to create—than a remodelling of the language, because in its existing form it has not room enough. That was just what took place in Norway between 1860 and 1870, and from those days I reckon the modern Norwegian literature. The language hitherto used, common to Denmark and Norway, was bent and burst through like an old river-bed by a new flood. The sentences adopted another, shorter, and firmer gait than that which suited our neighbors in the lowlands, and a crowd of old Norwegian words which had lived in exile in every-day speech rose and definitely took their places in elegant parlance. The language became at once both stronger and sweeter. But there were people who did not feel satisfied with this natural evolution. They wanted to break off altogether from the Danish language. They wanted to introduce the tongue of the Norwegian peasants, such as it was when spoken by all before and for some time after the union with Denmark, but which was now split up into various dialects. From those dialects they undertook to restore the original tongue and began to write in it—without regard to the language which had become current throughout the whole country and without regard to the free intercommunication with the Danes, which is a most invaluable boon, since they are one of the most civilized peoples on earth. The dark stripe again!

With the new tongue followed two new poets, whose primitive sweetness reminds one of the strong aroma of berries and flowers from mountain-tracts. So far, there can be no doubt. But the language did not reach farther than to the idyl, the graphic picture of nature, the melodious mood of nature. True it had another string—for scoff and scorn—but only such scoff and scorn as rise in the kitchen against the parlor. Those strings sang and growled, wept and raved in Aasmund Olavson Vinje, a poet, of striking originality, born a peasant, with great imagination, but of weak character. His mind was impressionable from all sides, and the impressions were very strong. In his poems they produced a melody which is among the sweetest and fullest in all Norwegian poetry. But the dark stripe runs through most of what he wrote, though hatred and scorn and envy by no means made up the larger part of him. That which was strongest in him was a sweet child who loved to be loved and was fascinated by everything beautiful and grand, especially when it also glittered. To his poems Edvard Grieg has composed some of his most beautiful airs. The hymn to “The Mother,” the exclamation at seeing the towering rock-ranges again, the farewell to spring, have lured forth tones as beautiful as the words; and, thus transfigured by music, we will remember him.

Ivar Aasen is the name of that treasure-digger who hunted up and repolished all the coins of the old tongue, otherwise left unheeded among the peasantry. On that work he spent his life quietly and faithfully, now and then humming a little song, a patriotic hymn, a mood of nature, a rule of wisdom;—all so deeply felt and so naturally rendered that they might have led a whole literature astray by tempting it to imbed every impression in a piece of smithing work of ten years’ labor, whereby the whole art of the people would have come to consist of a few wonderful pieces in the world’s museum. For what would be the result if each generation had no more pictures of its own diversified life, and, consequently, no more help from its literature and art, than what might be derived from those very few works which pass into history? From these two poets, Vinje and Aasen, who appeared together with it, the new Norwegian tongue received several immortal songs; but later on?—so far as I understand matters, not one. Beautiful things were still added, finely felt and finely formed, but of less consequence.

Our more recent literature is rich in artistic imitations. Occupation with a new tongue is always an involuntary exercise of the artistic sense, and with one single writer that exercise has led to mastership. But that is all, while at the same time the other branch of the language has produced one poet after the other whose works have treated every subject

between heaven and earth. Even their latest representations of peasant life are more significant—sprung from a deeper conception—than those of the same period written in the peasant tongue; the descriptions of nature are grander and the feeling for nature is richer. We will pass on to examine them.

The oldest of them is Henrik Ibsen. Already in the first work—which is characteristic of him and of consequence to us—he showed his colors. It was the drama *Katilina*, in which he wholly sided with the revolutionary spirit. Then followed in grand procession Brynhild's defiance in *Hermændene*, Duke Skule's in the drama with the same name; then *Brand*, who forsook society and even his own self and ended in the clouds; then *Peer Gynt*, who made the same voyage in an opposite direction; then the *Kejser og Galilæer* ("Emperor and Galilean"), and between these dramas, as a kind of arabesque, a couple of others sneering at marriage and political parties. Finally appeared the grand series of social dramas to which the preceding productions had served as introduction and preparation. But here is a peculiarity. The first and last bend toward each other in a milder mood, while in those lying between, the poet's heart, as it formerly was with *Katilina* Brynhild, Duke Skule, Brand, the *Kejser*, so it is here with Nora, Dr. Stockman, Mrs. Alving—the murderess and suicide in *Rosmersholm*; Hedda Gabler, also murderess and suicide, and the sensually unsettled Hilda; or with Ekkdal, because he suffers from those who are socially powerful, and generally with those who are lost or cast off;—altogether overwhelming representations in which a powerful mind stirred up to its very depths hurls the protest of independence against the jog-trot morals of the time. Incidentally this violent criticism, with its revolutionary individualism, fell together with socialism, collectivism, and nihilism on one side, and on the other side with the hard-handed *imperium* of militarism and the audacious reactionary attempts under its cover; together, also, with the casual upheaval of the Naturalists.

This literature made a sensation in steadily widening circles the world over. It sharpened the feeling of responsibility among generous people; the labor movement, the emancipation of women, the peace question, took aid from it, and literature and art found new tasks. Little by little, however, true ethical culture gathered together in decisive opposition to its exaggerations, which lured on to still greater extravagances. For it cannot be denied that its crude individualism, to which Ibsen later tried to find the proper counterpoise, produced, in connection with other elements, the unheard-of savagery of anarchism, a sensual intoxication among young people, the scepticism of the decadence with respect to

liberty and labor, the flight from reality and science into a religious mysticism, Nietzsche's "over soul," and the hysterical rattling with "greatness" and "grandeur" which has done more evil than that of the mere suffering to our ears.

It would be easy enough to point out those wrongs in the spiritual life of Norway which first excited Ibsen's wrath—and not only this, but the stagnation in mediocrity and mere tradition, the hypocrisy, the arid passion for petty criticism, the heaviness of a small society without motion. All these things are shown up sufficiently in his own writings, and I shall prefer to say a few words about his art. For when all the billows and eddies of the uproarious sea have passed over us, the art in most of his works will bear them up and place them among the marvels.

The very evidence of that art is the *réplique*—such as it is—prepared far off in the temperament and the events, and fitted to the surroundings and the temperature of the present moment. As the result of the whole composition it rises in a radiant line and bursts in the color-splendor of the idea. I should like to know who in the world's literature is his equal in this respect? Who has ever succeeded so completely in concentrating all the effects of the drama in the speech? No dead points, not a single superfluous word; everything centring in the *réplique*. In merely mechanical technique others may have reached as far as he, but he works in the severe service of the spirit.

His mastership as an artist becomes still greater when it is noticed that many of his subjects are not by themselves dramatic, but rather epic, novels. In a decisive moment the characters simply speak of themselves to each other, and the threads of their lives are laid bare by what they say. Thus nearly the whole dramatic effect is reduced to our interest in getting to know him who speaks and him who listens; but that is only possible as the story goes on, now and then interrupted by an event which carries it farther in another manner. Really we are present at a kind of cross-examination, but the issue is not *how* he got her or *why* he did not get her. The issue is about life and death, and that gives every word such an importance that we are afraid of missing the finest shading in the expression.

In such a manner of composition there is, however, something queer, and Ibsen will hardly have many imitators. Furthermore, his generous understanding of those who are miserable, of those also who are criminals, and his hatred of society when it appears as an accessory to misery and crime, lead him to an injustice, nay cruelty, which often makes those cross-examinations and self-explanations painful. Though we need to remember that those who break the laws are often worth more than those

who give the verdict, we wish nevertheless to be just also to the latter. They too must be comprehended within the same sympathetic conception, and especially such as suffer by the misconduct of others and are entirely innocent of their own misfortunes. But just them he sometimes treats with scorn; he dwarfs them in order to make the others appear so much the greater.

It seems to me, and by and by it may be the general opinion, that however penetrating Ibsen's understanding of life may be, it is not equal to his passion and art. The reasoning of the dramatic poet runs principally along psychological lines, but at this point he has not always a sure footing. The construction is always matchless, as in *Et Dukkehjem* ("A Doll's House"). But the foundation upon which it rests is often unsafe, as when Nora is supposed not to know what forgery is, though she tells lies, and none needs to be shrewder than those who practise that art. The premise from which the plot of *Vildanden* ("The Wild Duck") starts, is, that the young martyr, fourteen years old, believes in her father though he is hardly capable of speaking a truthful word. But it is well known that children are swifter than any one else to discover whether or not the words of those upon whom they depend are to be trusted. When she was four years old she knew all about her father. Should any one have a doubt, please look a little more closely at the mother. How the amiable professor in *Hedda Gabler*, educated by ladies, has happened to carry Hedda home as his wife, is as unintelligible as how that lady, charged with dynamite, has become about thirty years old without causing any explosion to safeguard the unwary.

It has touched us all to see the old poet, after so hard a working day and so long an exile, unfurl the Norwegian flag in the last scene of his last drama. Contrary to his custom the scene comes unprepared, a sure token that it is an inspiration. Certainly not without deep emotion he himself took the part of the hero. Generally this has been considered a reconciliation with society, but it is something more. When we grow older, the colors leave us; whiter and whiter our head sinks back into the air, which shall finally dissolve it. So too with our feelings. Their contrasting colors melt away in the infinite; they seek unity. Ibsen has learned how to wait with the expression of a great feeling until it gathers in a symbol. That is the unfurling of the flag.

In the fleet coming in, close by Ibsen's big dark ship, another appears entirely light, shining and resting broadly on the waters. It is Jonas Lie. Of him and some of his contemporaries I shall speak in another paper.

Björnstjerne Björnson.

(To be completed in the May number)

THE CONSTITUTIONAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS

THE British nation is passing through one of the greatest political crises in its history. The Lords have challenged the power of the Commons and the Commons have accepted the challenge. As usual, the Lords are allied with the Conservative party and against the Liberals. The elections have made it evident that the latter would have had a working majority in the present Parliament but for the division of their strength due to the three-cornered fights caused by a failure of the party managers in their attempts to eliminate the Labor candidate in certain districts. This unfortunate situation prevailed in fifty-one districts and in nearly every case it resulted in the election of the Conservative candidate, notwithstanding the fact that the combined strength of the Liberal and Labor vote would have elected their candidate. As it is, the Liberals will, in the new Parliament, have 274, the Conservatives 273, Laborites 31, Nationalists, 82. The Liberals will therefore be dependent upon a coalition with the Laborites and the Nationalists.

In the Parliament recently dissolved, the Liberals had a majority over all other parties combined, and that Parliament would have lasted two years longer but for the rejection of the budget by the House of Lords. This act raised not only the question of the power of the House of Lords over the budget, but the much larger question of whether or not the British people can govern Great Britain through the instrumentality of the Liberal party, provided a majority of the voters see fit to put said party in power.

In order to understand the controversy, it is necessary that we examine the budget. The features of it which are particularly objectionable to the Lords are: the land tax, the increase in the income tax and inheritance tax, and, in general, that it taxes capital too much and consumption not enough. The need of increased revenue is not denied. The issue from the financial standpoint is, what direction shall the increase take? And from the legal standpoint the issue is, who has the right to determine what direction it shall take?

Upon coming into power the Liberal government was confronted with the necessity for increased taxation or a decrease in expenditures. The latter did not seem feasible, and the former is always a more or less difficult problem. Men have, as a rule, a constitutional aversion to paying taxes. Yet however difficult the problem, the Liberal government was forced to face it. The increase in expenditures by the British Govern-

ment has during the past fifteen years been more than 50 per cent. This is an exceptionally rapid increase, as during the preceding fifteen years it was but 13 per cent., and, during the twenty-year period preceding that, the increase was but 14 per cent. But in this respect the British Government is not exceptional. A rapid increase in governmental expenditures has been the universal rule.

That we may the better understand the increase in this case, a glance at the items is helpful. About nine-tenths of it is charged to three departments of the government: Army, navy, and civil services. The cost of the army has increased in the last fifteen years from \$89,500,000 to \$134,200,000, or about 50 per cent. The expenditures for the navy have increased from \$87,725,000 to \$160,940,000, or 84 per cent., and the expenditure allotted to civil services has risen from \$94,575,000 to \$161,690,000, or 71 per cent. In view of the increased expenditures by the German Government for army and navy and the conviction in the British mind that a war with Germany is a contingency for which the British nation can by no means afford to remain unprepared, any substantial decrease in these items is out of the question. An increase in the national debt of about \$500,000,000, due largely to the Boer war, makes an increased interest charge of about \$20,000,000, an increased burden from which there is no escape during the near future.

Given the necessity for increased revenue, the Liberal party saw fit to raise the additional amount needed by increased taxes on land, inheritances, incomes, automobiles, stamps, liquor and tobacco. The principle upon which they proceeded is that the increased burden should be placed upon those most able to bear it. In other words, they followed the faculty theory of taxation, instead of adhering to the theory that in taxing, as in plucking a goose, that manner is most excellent which yields the greatest possible amount of feathers with the least amount of squawk. It can scarcely be doubted that ownership of land, or income, furnish a more accurate standard for measuring one's ability to pay than does the amount of goods consumed in a year; yet a direct tax on the former will almost invariably raise a greater storm of protest than will an indirect tax on the latter. The fondly cherished, though deluded, hope that in the case of indirect taxes the other fellow will pay them tends to reconcile the mind to their imposition and to paying them without protest, while such is not the case with direct taxes. One sin committed by the Liberals is, therefore, that they did not choose to move along the line of least resistance. They overlook the fact that the Landowner's League was more largely represented in the House of Lords than was the Consumer's League.

The land tax proposed contains some very interesting features. There is, first, "a direct tax on what is called increment value, to the extent of 20 per cent." This is what single-taxers would call a tax upon the unearned increments; second, a tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ pence per pound upon the capital value of undeveloped land, defined to be land suitable for non-agricultural development, such as buildings, and not used; third, a tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ pence per pound upon the capital value of unworked minerals; fourth, a tax of 10 per cent. on the value of the reversion of a lease, that is, the difference between the consideration for which it was originally granted and the value of the property "when the lease falls in," which is a tax on the unearned increment in leases.

While owing to the provisions of our Federal constitution, a land tax has never been resorted to for the support of the general government, there does not seem to be any convincing reason why such a tax should be considered, inequitable or inexpedient. The value of one's land is certainly a better measure of ability to pay than is the amount of goods one consumes in a year. It is also a surer means of raising revenue; for, in emergencies, consumption may shrink enormously while land values are relatively permanent. If it is argued that land has already paid taxes once in the tax on incomes, the reply is that considerable of the land in England is not used so as to produce any income. Though few would approve of a single tax upon land as the sole means of raising governmental revenues, the social conditions in England are such as to make a substantial land tax an eminently fit means for raising revenue, and, so far as can be seen, the land tax provided for in the budget is not unreasonably high. The opposition to it may, however, be understood when we recall that more than one-fifth of the land in England is owned by the men who hold seats in the House of Lords, and that a sympathetic class feeling exists between these and the other landowners.

The income tax is not decidedly higher than in previous budgets. In our judgment, incomes are not required to pay more than their fair share of the increased revenues. Though, without an amendment to our Constitution, an income tax is not available for the support of the Federal government, it is not an inequitable form of taxation and is a reasonably sure revenue producer. So convinced is our Congress of this fact that it almost unanimously decided to submit an income tax amendment to the States for adoption. It has often seemed unfortunate that the Supreme Court could not have seen its way clear to follow precedent and consider the income tax an indirect tax, so as to have left Congress free to levy it, if it was thought expedient to do so.

The inheritance tax, to which the Lords have objected strenuously,

has very many features to commend it. Not only does it conform to the theory of ability to pay, but does not discourage saving and is as little repressive of industry as a tax can well be. If we consider it as a tax upon the deceased, it is no hardship upon him, for he has no further use for the money, and, if we consider it a tax upon the heir or devisee, it is no hardship upon him, for it is merely a tax upon a privilege vouchsafed him by the State which he would not otherwise possess—a privilege of claiming something which he has not earned and which the State is not compelled to recognize as his. It is also a form of tax which is not easily avoided, and hence the honest man is not likely to be compelled to pay his own share plus that which the unscrupulous have escaped. No property could pass by will or inheritance without paying the tax. The nub of the objection to this, upon the part of the nobility, is that it tends to break up large estates, it is therefore difficult to make it square with feudal notions.

While it is not advisable that any considerable class of voters should be exempt from taxation, as government should be made to rub a little in order that one may feel an interest in it, there is ample evidence that the poorer classes have not been exempted entirely by the budget. In contributing to the customs duties, excises on liquor and tobacco, and to the stamp tax, which make up more than half the total revenues, it would seem that the proletariat are bearing their fair share of the burdens of government, particularly when we remember that in case of war the brunt of the fighting falls upon this class, which under the Roman Empire were exempt from military service.

Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of the Lords with the budget, it is not a little surprising that they should have seen fit to break with the precedent of five centuries and challenge the supremacy of the Commons over general finance bills. From the beginning of the fifteenth century the superior right of the Commons over the finances has been recognized. That money bills were upon a different footing from ordinary bills was shown in the form. The Speaker presents the money bill and the King in assenting to it thanks the Commons for their supplies.

Though the precedent of centuries was clearly against the amendment or rejection of the budget by the House of Lords, precedent forms but a wall of paper against the pressure of the powerful financial and political interests. And there were in this case not merely the financial interests of the landed aristocracy but the political interests of the Conservative party, which, encouraged by the reverses of the Liberals in the by-elections, were led to believe that the present was an opportune time for forcing a general election and gaining control of the government.

Whether or not they have overstepped themselves remains to be seen. That they are taking great chances seems certain. The *sans culotte* can far better afford to defy precedent and appeal to revolution than can the propertied interests in general or the House of Lords in particular. The whole right of the Lords to a seat in Parliament rests merely upon precedent; and, when once the floodgates of revolution are opened and the waters are out, it may require more political genius than is possessed by the present House of Lords to steer their ship back into the old harbor of precedent and re-establish the *status quo ante*. In a land where "Freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent," the beneficiaries of the established order should be the last ones to defy precedent and appeal to revolution. They should be willing to play the game of politics according to the rules.

Another evidence of the fact that consistency is likely to be sacrificed if it runs counter to partisan advantage is to be found in the fact that the same party which would have none of the budget because it was socialistic offers as a substitute for the land tax and the increase in inheritance and income taxes, a protective tariff. Now the fundamental basis upon which a protective tariff rests is that by means of such a tax the State can so direct the energies of the people as to bring better results than would be attained by allowing the individuals to direct their own energies. In other words, that the State can better judge for the individual in what lines of production he can best engage than the individual can judge for himself. This is an essentially socialistic idea.

From whatever direction we view it, the rejection of the budget by the House of Lords seems incapable of justification upon constitutional grounds, and the facts do not seem to warrant any revolutionary action. When, in 1894, the House of Lords contemplated similar action in regard to the inheritance tax, which stirred up nearly as much resentment upon the part of the Lords as the present budget, Lord Salisbury, the ablest statesman the Conservative party has produced in recent years, put the case with convincing force: "I draw a very strong distinction, as strong as it is possible to draw, between the legal powers of this House and the House of Commons, and the practice which considerations of obvious convenience in the interest of public welfare may induce the two Houses to adopt. It is perfectly obvious that this House in point of fact has not for many years past interfered by amendment with the finance of the year. The reason why this House cannot do so is that it has not the power of changing the Executive Government; and to reject a finance bill and leave the same Executive Government in its place means to

create a deadlock from which there is no escape." Briefly stated, his argument comes to this: The House which controls the Executive Government must control the finances. This is the view which has been taken by Lord Halsbury, Speaker of the House of Lords, and by the Privy Council.

But now that the die is cast and an appeal to the country has been taken, what is likely to result?

In the present Parliament the Liberal ministry should be able to depend upon the votes of the Laborites and all but a few of the Nationalists upon the main issues. For these parties are by interest, temperament and tradition hostile to the Conservatives. Thus the *bloc* is cemented by the strongest possible ties. And the leaders of the *bloc* are goaded into action by the strongest of stimuli. The Liberals are told in effect by the House of Lords that the Liberal party cannot govern England, because the House of Lords will not permit them to do so. Now it may be that the Liberal party cannot govern England, but they are not ready to admit it and the challenge issued by the Lords will awaken party spirit, which will serve as a strong cohesive force. One of the surest ways to get an Englishman to do a thing is by telling him that he cannot do it. He takes a peculiar pride in performing the impossible. In an issue between the Lords and the House of Commons, the Liberal is temperamentally in favor of the House of Commons, particularly in a case where the Lords are attempting to escape, what a vast majority of the Commons consider, their fair share of taxation. To win back a large number of the Liberals, which is absolutely necessary to the success of the Conservative party, it would seem that they have displayed poor political judgment in selecting the issue. The Lords seem to have permitted their temper rather than their judgment to dictate their line of action. The galling effect of being governed by plebeians drove them to desperation.

Before forcing the issue, they could have weighed with profit the following passages from the last speech which Gladstone ever delivered in the House of Commons: "We are compelled to accompany the acceptance with the sorrowful declaration that the differences, not of a temporary or casual nature merely, but differences of conviction, differences of prepossession, differences of mental habit, and differences of fundamental tendency, between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, appear to have reached a development in the present year such as to create a state of things of which we are compelled to say that, in our judgment, it cannot continue. . . . The issue which is raised between a deliberative assembly, elected by votes of more than 6,000,000 people, and

a deliberative assembly occupied by many men of virtue, by many men of talent, of course with considerable diversities and varieties, is a controversy which, when once raised, must go forward to an issue."

The speech from the Throne at the opening of the present Parliament was both brief and vague, partly because of a lack of time upon the part of the ministry to formulate an extended programme and partly because it was not thought wise to attempt to do so. The important parts of the speech are:

The estimates for the service of the ensuing year will be laid before you in due course. They have been framed with the utmost desire for economy; but the requirements of the Naval Defence of the Empire have made it necessary to propose a substantial increase in the cost of My Navy. Arrangements must be made at the earliest possible moment to deal with the financial situation.

Recent experience has disclosed serious difficulties, due to recurring differences of strong opinion between the two branches of the Legislature.

Proposals will be laid before you, with all convenient speed, to define the relations between the two Houses of Parliament, so as to secure the individual authority of the House of Commons over Finance and its predominance in legislation. These measures, in the opinion of my advisers, should provide that this House be so constituted and empowered as to exercise impartially, in regard to proposed legislation, the functions of initiation, revision, and, subject to proper safeguards, of delay.

In the debate on this address, the Prime Minister used the following significant language:

The government have only two objects in view—to carry on the King's government with credit and efficiency, as long as we are responsible for it, and to put an end at the earliest possible moment, by the wisest and most adequate methods we can devise, to a constitutional position which enables a non-representative and irresponsible authority to thwart the purposes and mutilate the handiwork of the chosen exponents of the people's will.

The Premier refuses to accede to the demands of the radicals who insist that the veto of the Lords be dealt with at the same time as the budget. This plan is advocated by practically all the Nationalists and Laborites, as well as by several of the Liberals. If these insurgents are determined to do so, they can compel the Ministry to resign, and, as the Conservatives could not form a cabinet which could command a majority of the House of Commons, another general election would be necessary. But it is not probable that they will do this, as they have far more to lose than to gain by so doing. Yet it can never be said with a high degree of certainty what the Nationalists will do. No cabinet dependent upon Nationalist votes can be really sure of a long lease of life. But in a

crisis like the present, when the realization of their fondest hopes are at stake, it is to be hoped that they will be guided by wisdom and expediency rather than by sentiment and impulse. Thus in the present crisis, not only the Lords, but the Nationalists are on trial. If the present ministry succeeds in remaining in power very long and enacting its will into law, it will have disproven the generally accepted maxim of British political philosophy that no human ingenuity can govern England, if in doing so it must depend upon Irish votes.

The first act of the new Parliament, if it does any enacting, will be to re-enact the budget. The Lords must then submit or suffer the humiliation of having a sufficient number of Liberal peers created to pass the budget. But the matter will not stop at this point. The Liberals will no doubt insist, as Premier Asquith has already asserted, that some constitutional guarantee is necessary to prevent a recurrence of the recent unpleasantness. Indeed, a Liberal government would be foolish not to insist upon such a guarantee. What form it will take will depend somewhat upon the temperature of the blood at the end of the budget struggle. There will very probably be a resolution or set of resolutions, which under the circumstances will be a part of the Constitution, making the assent of the Lords either obligatory or else unnecessary in financial legislation. There are, no doubt, certain advantages in having an unwritten, flexible constitution, but when certain parts of it have failed to stand the strain of powerful financial interests and class prejudice, they must give place to more definite and workable provisions.

It is not at all outside the realm of possibilities that in securing a guarantee that a Liberal government when entrusted with power can perform its duties without being deadlocked or discredited by the House of Lords, the Liberals will not stop with passing the above legislation. Prudence would demand that the reform should not stop short of a re-constitution of the House of Lords so as to bring it more nearly into harmony with the spirit and genius of the other English governmental institutions. The least that should be done would be to provide that though the titles of peers remain hereditary, the right to a seat in Parliament should not be, and that no ecclesiastical position should carry with it the right to a seat in Parliament. There is no convincing reason why the vote of a peer whose achievements as a statesman have won him a seat in the House of Lords should be neutralized by the vote of the eldest son of a Lord whose only claim to distinction rests upon the fact in common with his eldest son he also is the eldest son of a Lord. And human experience has proven that, as a rule, men who have won distinction as members of the clergy have by mental habit disqualified themselves for the business

of government. This is the minimum of change in the constitution of the House of Lords with which the Liberal ministry should content itself and the temper of the majority of the House of Commons is such that such recommendations by the ministry could be enacted into law. They would even be acceptable to the more reasonable members of the Conservative party, for there are many of the less reactionary members of that party who admit that the House of Lords should be reformed. Even so conservative a paper as the London *Spectator* admits that a reconstitution is necessary. It went so far as to urge the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour to declare that as a part of the Unionist programme.

In addition to reforming the House of Lords, it is almost certain that the present Parliament will reform the election laws. Here also reform is dictated not only by considerations of party advantage, but by considerations of sound political science as well. There are a large number now disfranchised in England who under an application of the principle of manhood suffrage would be enfranchised. Practically all of these are, by temperament, tradition and interest, Liberals. This measure would be a logical successor to the Reform Bill of 1832. That it would be dangerous to the welfare of the nation as a whole will be contended by none save the most ultra-conservative or rabidly partisan. Yet it will probably be as distasteful to the House of Lords as its ancestor of 1832. Whether or not they will oppose it with the same stubbornness, or consider discretion the better part of valor, remains to be seen.

In the reform of the elections it is altogether probable that plural voting will be abolished. Under this practice, persons having property or business interests in several election districts may vote in each. This is facilitated by the fact that English elections last during some weeks. Such a practice would not be tolerated in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that the elections in every district occur the same day and hence the practice could not be nearly so mischievous in its results. True, the practice is open to both parties, but as a matter of fact it inures to the advantage of the Conservative party, as far more of its members have property interests scattered over several districts. There is therefore a strong incentive for the Liberals to abolish the practice.

The disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales is a measure to which the Liberal party is committed. And even if they were not committed to it, every consideration of fairness and justice demand that they should present a bill for that purpose early in the session. The only really remarkable thing about such a measure is that it should have been so long delayed. The majority in the present Parliament will be small enough so that the Welsh members in the Commons can demand that a

decent regard for their feelings in this matter be shown by the government.

In some respects more important than any of the foregoing measures, and in many respects more hateful to the House of Lords, will be a Home Rule Bill. Such a measure is certain to be introduced by the ministry as soon as the decks can be cleared for action. The understanding to this effect reached by Premier Asquith and Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Nationalists, is destined to form one of the landmarks in the progress of Ireland toward self-government. What the details of the measure will be, it is too early to predict. However, it is reasonably safe to say that in general outline it will bear a strong resemblance to the measure introduced by Gladstone and killed by the House of Lords. It is equally safe to say that the measure will not become a law without another appeal to the country. But that it should and will eventually triumph is certain.

All things considered, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Lords have been playing with fire and stand an excellent chance of getting scorched. In their anxiety to reëstablish an obsolete provision of the Constitution they have so crystalized sentiment against them as to enable the Commons to write new provisions into the Constitution which could hardly have been written had not the Lords furnished the needed provocation. Changes in the British Constitution are never made in response to theory but in order to make it conform to the necessities of the situation.

Edwin Maxey.

THE MUSIC-DRAMAS OF RICHARD STRAUSS

Guntram, *Feuersnot*, *Salome*, *Elektra*—these are the four milestones on the operatic journey of Richard Strauss. In the third decade of his life he set up the first milestone, *Guntram*, an idealistic opera in three acts, dedicated to his parents. This was his twenty-fifth opus, written during the period of his musical apprenticeship, when he was still under the spell of Wagner and other musical giants who had dominated the world of music before him. As was to be expected, this opera based on German legend in the strict Wagnerian manner reflected the style of the magician of Bayreuth quite as strongly as Beethoven's First Symphony clung to the style of Haydn and Mozart. The analogy may be carried still further: The world hears Beethoven's First Symphony today only in the course of a Beethoven Cycle or in a series of historical concerts; so only on the occasion of a Strauss Cycle, such as took place in January, 1909, at Dresden, "the Strauss arena," is there sufficient interest to justify the presentation of the first opera of the youthful Strauss. But what rapid strides did the pilgrim make before reaching his next milestone! During this lap he was testing his strength and developing his power along rugged by-paths. The composer of opera was mastering his technique in orchestral writing; the great tone poems were evolving from his heart and brain. So in 1901, when *Feuersnot*, a one-act opera based upon the text of Ernst von Wolzogen, issues from the press as opus 50, we have an early morning tinge of the splendor of the day that is to be ours when the sun of this composer's genius will have shone upon the world. Numerous are the tokens of the Strauss that is to be: an abandonment of Wagner's plan of writing his own text, in favor of accepting the highly suggestive product of a literary mind; reduction of the long-drawn-out, exhausting three-act work to an intense, nervous, rapidly moving drama of one act without change of scene; intensification of the orchestral score so that much of the interest of the performance is quite apart from the stage action and the voices of the singers; eloquent orchestral episodes that are not descriptive but psychologically and dramatically suggestive; themes and fragments of melody that reappear in even as mature a work as *Elektra*. *Feuersnot* is best known to the American public through certain romantic scenes, such as the great close of the opera, which have been arranged as concert numbers for orchestra. Here the excursions of Strauss into the realm of Volks Oper cease, for in 1905 the music drama which we now associate with the name of this great composer was first presented. *Salome*, a one-act

music drama, with text by Oscar Wilde, had its first performance at the Royal Opera House in Dresden. Within three years it was heard in all the other opera houses of Germany, in Paris, and in New York. The attitude of the New York audience after the first and only performance of that season, combined with the attitude of "the guardians of public morals" who prevented even a first performance in Boston, is a sad commentary on the prevalent notion of the artistic purposes of Richard Strauss. In defence let it be said, first, that the *Salome* of Strauss is not the *Salome* of the Bible, but of Oscar Wilde, and there is no more sacrilege in exposing the head of John the Baptist on a silver charger than there is in representing the scene in *Samson et Delilah* where Delilah taunts the poor, blind Samson with a mocking invitation to come and drink from her goblet. Again, the morbidness of *Salome's* long apostrophe to the head of John is a matter to be dealt with not by the pulpit or the City Hall, but by that higher court which decides all important issues in the progress of art—the judgment of posterity. Strange that the very bone of contention—the notorious dance of the seven veils—is in reality the priceless gem which Strauss bequeaths to musico-dramatic art. For long, long ago purveyors of opera understood the value of the dance in maintaining public interest in operatic performances; recent French composers, like Delibes and Vidal, have evolved the eloquent pantomime; Wagner had a fair notion of the dramatic value of the dance; but Richard Strauss for the first time uses it as an integral part of his music-drama. As if to call attention to this one great contribution which he is making to the progress of the art, he writes for this episode the most attractive music of the score; and to prove its intimate psychological connection with the rest of the story, he makes frequent use therein of thematic material which one has already come to associate with certain characters, moods or episodes.

On January 25th, 1909, critics and music lovers from the four corners of the earth assembled at Dresden to hear the first performance of a work which was to sum up all the principles that Strauss had already evolved, and which was to surpass them all in daring—the much-discussed, much-abused, much-underrated *Elektra*. In the year or more that has elapsed since this first performance, *Elektra* has been heard in all the other great cities of Germany, in Italy and in America. True lovers of the earlier work of Strauss have easily recognized the supremacy of this, his latest product; lovers of Wagner who have not advanced beyond *Parsifal* and *The Ring* are now convinced that Strauss is only a "musical banker"; those whose musical appreciation stops at *Travita* and *The Three Twins* remain aloof, and base their judgments of *Elektra* on lurid newspaper

accounts of Madame Mazarin's actions at the fifth curtain call which an inconsiderate audience insisted on having. Persons of this class are not happy to learn that after giving a performance of *Elektra* in the afternoon Madame Mazarin sang the rôle of Salome in Massenet's five-act opera *Herodiade* on the same evening. Having solved the X Y Z of opera she had no fear in attempting the A B C problem of Massenet's.

Already in his school days Strauss was sufficiently attracted by the semi-historic Greek story of Agamemnon, his murder and the vengeance of his daughter Elektra, to write incidental music to a tragedy on the subject. If this music were at hand it would be interesting to compare the embryonic work with the mature composition and to discover another instance of fundamental consistency in one whom the unthinking set down as capricious and hysterical. In *Elektra* no less than in his previous music dramas Strauss shows himself a German. *Guntram* and *Feuersnot* are German in subject matter, many of the melodies of the latter being essentially German also. *Salome*, thoroughly Oriental in atmosphere, is German only in so far as its music is of unmistakably German ancestry, Richard Wagner being its nearest forbear. In *Elektra* we have a Greek theme treated by von Hofmannsthal in the modern German spirit—that is to say, realism supplants mere suggestion and each emotion is underlined and intensified rather than restrained. The will of the gods becomes less imminent, human resolve taking its place. No fewer than three of the Greek dramatists, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, treated the story of Elektra in drama, the second being the model whom von Hofmannsthal imitates. The ceremonial dance, which now seems the indispensable climax of the work, is original with the German author. And yet it is thoroughly Greek in conception and execution! When Greek meets German, then comes the modern classic tragedy. Von Hofmannsthal tells the story in the following manner: On his return from the Trojan war Agamemnon is treacherously murdered by his wife Klytämnestra and her lover Ægisth. She herself does the deed, slaying her husband with a hatchet while he is in his bath, and the effeminate lover merely assists. The guilty pair then assume the government of Mykene, banish Orest, the young son of the murdered king, and hold as prisoners in the palace the daughters Chrysothemis and Elektra. We assume that they are not allowed to marry, for in obedience to the Greek code their issue would become the natural avengers of Agamemnon. As Elektra does not conceal her abhorrence of the usurpers she is subjected to every conceivable indignity—clothed in rags, beaten by Ægisth, threatened with the dungeon, fed along with the an-

imals. But Chrysothemis, of a more time-serving disposition, is treated with comparative indulgence. Under the sacred obligation to avenge his father's murder, Orest comes to Mykene with an old preceptor, telling a fictitious story of his own death. By this simple device the two easily gain admittance to the palace and kill first the queen and later her lover. The retainers quickly swear allegiance to Orest, who amid general rejoicing assumes the place of authority which is his by birth. Singing a hymn of triumph and gliding through the steps of a ceremonial dance in honor of Agamemnon, Elektra succumbs to the physical emotional strain and falls dead.

In the work of Strauss one finds the following characters:

Klytämnestra, mezzo-soprano.	Trainbearer, soprano.
Elektra	Young servant, tenor.
Chrysothemis	Old servant, bass.
{ her daughters, sopranos.	Overseer, soprano.
Ægisth, tenor.	
Orest, baritone.	{ 1 alto.
Preceptor of Orest, bass.	
Confidante, soprano.	
	Five Maids { 2 mezzo-sopranos.
	{ 2 sopranos.

There is a background of men and women servants. The scene is laid at Mykene.

With his usual passion for detail the composer gives explicit directions for the composition of the orchestra: Eight first violins, eight second, eight third; six first violas, six second, six third; six first 'cellos, six second; eight basses; piccolo, three flutes, two oboes, English horn, heckelphone, E-flat clarinet, four B-flat clarinets, two basset horns, bass clarinet, three bassoons, contrabassoon; four horns, two B-flat tubas, two F tubas, six trumpets, bass trumpet, three trombones, contrabass-trombone, contrabass-tuba; six to eight tympani (two players), glockenspiel, triangle, tambourine, small drum, birch rod, cymbals, bass drum, tamtam (three or four players), celesta (when there is room!), two harps (four when possible).

The increase in numbers—113 men are required—is the less significant feature of these specifications; more important is the evidence that Strauss has developed the orchestra according to Wagnerian principles. For Richard I increased the number of instruments in the orchestra mainly to complete each separate group, "thus allowing harmony in three or four parts to be written in an absolutely homogeneous *timbre*." Richard II has dared to divide the orchestra still further, accomplishing the greatest changes in the string section, where complete harmony may now be sounded by the viola division alone. This explains why the conductor's score of Elektra is the tallest partitur which has ever loomed up

between the occupant of an orchestra stall and the performer on the stage. The strongest praise which can be given to the orchestra of *Elektra* is that it represents the sum total of orchestral achievement of the composer of *Tod und Verklärung*, *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, *Salome*; the harshest criticism, that at moments the one idiosyncrasy of this genius becomes manifest—a realism which trembles on the verge of ridiculousness. When, for example, at the close of the opening scene the fifth maid is driven into the house for daring to say a word in favor of *Elektra* and as she shrieks “*Sie schlagen mich*” the sound of the slap stick smites the ear, one is dangerously reminded of the antics of the clown in Hanlon’s *Superba*. If any other objection can justifiably be urged against the orchestral score, I have not seen it put forth. There is abundant melody, always brief in the style of the later Wagner rather than long-drawn-out *à la Bellini*; a skilful balance of forte and piano so that the ear is neither deafened by indoor brass band effects nor left hungry for real climaxes, as is the case with much of the sugary French opera of our times; not a measure in the score of *Elektra* is dramatically or psychologically unjustifiable and not an episode, with the possible exception of the first portion of the scene between *Elektra* and *Klytämnestra*, falls short of the highest standards which the composer has set up for himself. Even the bitterest opponents of his style recognize his marvelous power of representing or suggesting in the orchestra every mood and emotion and many physical phenomena. His greatest gift, in fact, betrays him into his only weakness. If you have heard (and believe) that he is unable to write attractive vocal melody, examine his songs *Nachtgang*, *Traum durch die Dämmerung*, *Morgen*; the recital of John the Baptist in *Salome*; the solo of Chrysothemis in the early part of *Elektra*, *Elektra*’s solo a little further on, the duet between the two sisters and the duet between sister and brother. If you have been told that his soprano rôles are series of shrieks on high notes, see how the overwhelming majority of *Elektra*’s tones are in the middle register, with a surprisingly large number in the chest voice. Strauss demands of his soprano not an organ that is able to scream high notes against a fortissimo orchestra at every moment of emotional intensity, but a voice which is rich and evenly developed throughout its compass. Only twice does he use the magic high C so dear to the composer of conventional opera: First, in her apostrophe to Agamemnon when she promises a triumphal dance in honor of the act of vengeance for the murder of her royal father, and again, when she prophesies to her mother that after the fitting sacrifice has been offered to the gods (meaning the murder of her mother) she who survives will rejoice. Surely these are sentiments worthy of the high C!

How well does Strauss succeed in obeying the principle laid down by that great reformer Glück, who wrote in the preface to one of his operas "to reduce music to its proper function—that of seconding poetry by enforcing the expression of the sentiment and the interest of the situation without interrupting the action or weakening it by superfluous ornament"? In both *Salome* and *Elektra* the orchestral prelude is a mere musical moment introducing the voice of the first speaker—in the later work, but three measures proclaiming the *leit-motif* of the entire work, a musical representation of the name Agamemnon. In neither score is there a single digression, a single episode which does not play its part in the dramatic march of events. The dance of Salome, every measure of it, is dramatically fit; the solo of Chrysothemis in which she demands the normal joys and experiences of woman proceeds as logically as do the sentences in a well-prepared address. No character stops to pluck musical flowers by the way; there are no interpolated songs which may one day find themselves included in a volume of "Gems from the Opera for the Parlor Organ."

At the close of the opening scene wherein five maids are gossiping at the well in the courtyard, a brief orchestral passage prepares the entrance of Elektra, who sings at once a long declamatory monologue which is in some respects a musical counterpart of Hamlet's soliloquy in Shakespeare's tragedy. This composition has been called the finest piece of dramatic writing since Wagner. Here, as if to give warning of what is to come, the composer introduces the rhythm of the dance with which the music drama is to close—an excellent unifying device. When this anticipation is at its height the weak, irresolute sister enters with a timid call of Elektra's name and there ensues a scene between the sisters which sharply brings out the contrast in their personalities. The music is true to the situation, that of Chrysothemis approaching the conventional, that of Elektra strongly unique. The scene between Elektra and her mother which follows is slow, heavy and dull, as if the composer wished to picture in music the stupidity of the sinful woman. If, as some critics declare, he has failed in this scene, it is merely because he has too well succeeded in his intention. All that he had hitherto learned about his art, his contrapuntal skill, his powers of description, his talent in imitating reality, his knowledge of stage grouping, the musical lessons learned from *Parsifal*, *The Ring* and his own *Salome* he combines in this fearful scene between sinful mother and avenging daughter. There are moments of simple, clear melody, as when Klytämnestra hopes for a soothing word from Elektra, and there are passages of tremendous complexity, as when the Queen acknowledges her inability to discriminate between the truth

and the lie. At the close of this scene, which in point of time ends the first half of the work, there is an orchestral interlude partly acted out in pantomime by several of the principal characters, which depicts with an astonishing degree of success thoughts and emotions not expressed in speech. Its only dramatic parallel in the entire realm of music drama is an orchestral interlude which, separating the two divisions of *Salome*, immediately follows the agonizing scene between John the Baptist and the daughter of Herodias. Salome, baffled, exhausted, infuriated, lies prone upon a couch planning revenge for the insult heaped upon her by the man of God. To return to *Elektra*: There is an episode, interrupting a scene between the sisters, in which a young servant plays the part of the fool of Shakespeare's tragedies, doing and saying nothing very foolish, but relieving the atmosphere of its gloom. It is comedy in its best form—brief, too. But not until the last half hour of the performance is Strauss at his musical and dramatic best. With the entrance of Orest there begins a condensation of material, a poignancy of emotion which absorbs and moves as no previous work of Strauss has done. Some critics even say that the emotional interest of Strauss's work *begins* at this moment. There is Wagnerian pathos after the style of the Wotan music, and heart interest in the manner of all truly great creators in art. One instant alone—an instant of vocal silence—contains enough pure tragedy to give the lie to the statement that Strauss does not rise above melodrama: despite the frequent hints of Orest as to his identity Elektra remains in total ignorance until an old, dark-hued servant, followed by three others, runs noiselessly to him, kneels and kisses the hem of his garment, then slips quietly into the palace. In obedience to the classic tradition no murder is done on the stage, though the shrieks and silence from within the palace are more horrible than the physical act could possibly be. Here for the first time a chorus is used, but only an invisible one to give background. The ironic scene between Elektra and Ægisth which follows shows Strauss in his greatest skill—the depicting of sardonic musical humor. When the deed of vengeance is done and the triumph of Orest is assured, "Elektra descends from the threshold. She has thrown back her head like a bacchanale. She bends her knees, she extends her arms: it is some nameless dance with which she glides forward." For a few moments she sings an accompaniment of words to her own dance: "Hush [sister] and dance! Come one and all, join in the dance! I bear the burden of joy and I dance before you. Who joyful is as we, he has but one mission: to dance and be silent." She takes a few more steps in the wildest triumph, collapses and lies rigid. The orchestra comments briefly that Orest lives.

Henry L. Gideon.

IN THE MIDST OF THE SEAS'

TO MY WIFE

I

LET them not dream that they have known the ocean
Who have but seen him where his locks are spread
'Neath purple cliffs, on curving beaches golden;
Who have but wandered where his spume is shed
On those dear isles where thou and I were bred,
Far Britain and far Ierne; and who there,
Dallying about his porch, have but beholden
The fringes of his power, and skirts of his commotion,
And culled his voiceful shells, and plucked his ravelled hair.

II

Beloved! the life of one brief moon hath sped,
No more than one brief moon, since thou and I
To chilly England waved a warm good-by.
On glooming tides the great ship rode,
The great ship with her great live load.
The famous galleons of old Spain,
The prows that were King Philip's pride,
Had seemed, against her mighty side,
Things of derision and disdain.
Out from Mersey's flashing mouth,
In a night of cloud and dolorous rain,
Darkly, darkly bore she south.
In a morn of rising wind and wave
She rounded the isle of Old Unrest,
And out into open Atlantic drave,
Till all the rage of all the wild southwest
Unmasked its thundering batteries 'gainst her populous breast.

III

Many have sung of the terrors of Storm;
I will make me a song of its beauty, its graces of hue and form;
A song of the loveliness gotten of Power,
Born of Rage in her blackest hour,

When never a wave repeats another,
But each is unlike his own twin brother,
Each is himself from base to crown,
Himself alone as he clambers up,
Himself alone as he crashes down;—
When the whole sky drinks of the sea's mad cup,
And the ship is thrilled to her quivering core,
But amidst her pitching, amidst her rolling,
Amidst the clangor and boom and roar,
Is a Spirit of Beauty all-controlling!
For here in the thick of the blinding weather
The great waves gather themselves together,
Shake out their creases, compose their folds,
As if each one knew that an eye beholds.
And look! there rises a shape of wonder,
A moving menace, a mount of gloom,
But the moment ere he breaks asunder
His forehead flames into sudden bloom,
A burning rapture of nameless green,
That never on earth or in heaven was seen,
Never but where the midmost ocean
Greets and embraces the tempest in primal divine emotion.
And down in a vale of the sea, between
Two roaring hills, is a wide smooth space,
Where the foam that blanches the ocean's face
Is woven in likeness of filmiest lace,
Delicate, intricate, fairy-fine,
Wrought by the master of pure design,
Storm, the matchless artist, and lord of color and line.

IV

And what of the ship, the great brave vessel,
Buffeted, howled at, patient, dumb,
Built to withstand, and manned to wrestle,
Fashioned to strive and to overcome?
She slackens her pace, her athlete speed,
Like a bird that checks his ardent pinion;
She husbands her strength for the day of her need,
But she thrusts right on through her salt dominion.

She staggers to port, she reels to starboard,
But weathers the storm and lives it down;
And one chill morning beholds her harbored
Under the lee of the great chill town.

V

New York! a city like a chess-board made,
Whereon the multitudinous pawns are swayed
Neither by Knight nor puissant Queen,
And bow not unto Castle or King,
Yet hither and thither are moved as though they obeyed,
Half loath, some power half seen,
Some huge, voracious, hundred-headed thing,
Armed with a million tentacles, whereby
He hooks and holds his victims till they die.
There did we tarry, dearest! But one day
There came on us a longing to go forth,
No matter whither, so 'twere far away!
Then from the snarl and bite of the sharp North
To Florida's sweet orange-flaming shore,
Through forests and savannahs vast we sped,
And found a sea so fair and strange, we said—
"We have but dreamed of splendor heretofore."
For all the sky-line was an emerald ring
Of such deep glow as baulks imagining;
And all the tide within it, streak on streak,
Was one extravagant revel and freak
Of amber and amethyst, azure and smoldering red,
With every hue that is the child of these
Dancing at noon on the fantastic seas.

VI

So for a little while we roamed
In a golden gorgeous land o'erdomed
With throbbing and impassioned skies;
A palmy land of dusky faces
Meek before the mastering races—
Ebony faces and ivory teeth,
And liquid kindly patient eyes,
With laughter lurking underneath.

Then we took ship and landed here
 In old Havana. The old year,
 Sinking fast, hath not yet died,
 And here we have spent our Christmastide,
 And once in a while can just remember
 It is not August but December.
 And here last night (Canst thou believe
 That five days hence 'twill be New Year's Eve?)
 Here, in this Yule of flaming weather,
 Hotter than solstice on English heather,
 There broke from out the unfathomed sky
 Lightning such as thou and I
 Never beheld unsheathed in the fervor of mid July.
 All night long, with many an elvish antic,
 Violet fire lit up the dazzled land;
 All this morn the weight of all the Atlantic
 Fell in thunder on the Cuban strand.
 Come—for not yet subsides the mighty roar;
 Come—the whole sea invites us to the shore.

VII

Ah, dear one! can it be
 That thou and I have eaten of that herb
 Whereof 'tis writ that whosoever tastes
 Can ne'er again his lust of wandering curb,
 But day and night he hastes
 From sea to land, and on from land to sea,
 With vain desires that beckon and perturb
 His heart unrestingly?
 Nay, we have roved just far enough to know
 That we possess too little wealth to rove,
 Being somewhat poor in lucre, though
 Exceeding rich in love.
 Yet travel hath taught us lessons we scarce had learned in repose:
 Our friends have been proven our friends, and our foes have been proven
 our foes.
 And having seen and pondered much, some visions we surrender,
 And return a little weary, for a little taste of ease,
 From tempest and from hurricane, and a land of light and splendor
 And old-time Havana, in the midst of the seas.

William Watson.

THE NEW RÉGIME IN TURKEY: ITS SUCCESS AND ITS FAILURE

NOTHING is more precarious for an historian's or even a politician's reputation than to prophesy the future; for the unexpected usually happens, and in politics what seems at first most illogical becomes in time the logic of events. It is true that immovable laws govern the lives of nations, as of individuals. Only it is well-nigh impossible to trace to their source the hidden subterranean forces.

No State offers more difficulties in the computation of those underlying factors and manifold springs of action than that aggregation of the most heterogeneous ethnical, political, and religious entities, called the Ottoman Empire. The better one knows this State and its peoples, the deeper one enters into the life, the aspirations and feelings of the many disparate elements, the more complicated grow the problems to the initiated. Hence the vast crop of books and articles on Turkey in the last days of Abdul Hamid served to confuse rather than to enlighten. The partisan standpoint on the part of those within, the diametrically opposed interests of those without, the kaleidoscopic nearness of the events which overwhelm the vision of the observer, the wilful colorings, whitewashings and accusations—all these do not help in unraveling the Gordian knot. But a few general principles, at least, may, perhaps, be derived from the enormous sum total of events.

Although the incubation period of liberalism dates back to the last years of Abdul Aziz, before his deposition and assassination, in 1876, the 24th of July, 1908, is the birthday of the Young Turk régime, and of Constitutional government to the Ottoman Empire. Since then (with the exception of the ominous two weeks from the 13th of April, when the government of the Committee of Union and Progress, founded in Geneva in 1891, was overthrown by a reactionary counter-revolution, until the 27th of April, when the National Assembly, by virtue of the Shiekh-ul-Islam's *fetva*, unanimously deposed Abdul Hamid) the New Régime has had time to show its mettle.

After over one year and a half of trial, therefore, the questions are in order, "What are its achievements? Is it firmly and definitely established? What are its prospects for the future? Has it at least partially succeeded in satisfying the aspirations of the Moslems, on the one hand, and the varied Christian races, on the other? What is its relation to the interested foreign nations? Has there been a regrouping of those nations in their attitude towards Turkey?"

First of all, it is a common error to suppose that the Turkish Liberals, usually called Young Turks, brought about the July revolution alone, although the leaders, being ardent patriots, self-sacrificing and unselfish, gave it its first impulse. Chief among these men was the noble Ahmed Riza Bey, now the President of the Turkish Parliament. This incorruptible and genuine patriot wielded an enormous influence through his organ *Meshveret* (Counsel), which appeared weekly in Turkish and French in Paris, though it was proscribed in Belgium upon the initiative of King Leopold and persecuted in France under the Ministry Bourgeois. Also the Albanian, Nazim Bey, the real, great organizer of the revolutionary forces, and Sabaheddin, the son of Abdul Hamid's sister, who had fled from Constantinople with his father, Damad Mahmud Pasha, in December, 1899, were undoubtedly true patriots, although a separation between these important men began early, and did untold damage to the final adjustment. But a large number of the so-called Young Turks were black sheep, base climbers, ready to sell out and spy upon the patriots for gold and offices. It was this class of informers that brought about the destruction of numerous victims in Constantinople. They still play a rôle in the victorious Committee of Union and Progress, assuming the part of patriots, and doing infinite harm to the good cause by performing the same services of destruction to the highest bidder from abroad. This section of Young Turkish modernism with its colorless hermaphroditism no longer Mohammedan and still less representative of European civilization, constitutes at present the greatest danger to the cause by arousing the detestation both of many Moslems and of many Christians, who are unable to distinguish the true apostles of the New Régime from these base time-servers. Nothing but good can be said of the military leaders of the Young Turkish revolution from the time the patriot Niazi Bey raised the banner of revolt at Resna to the time Mahmed Shevket Pasha, the liberator, with the Saloniki and Adrianople corps took the last strongholds around the Yildiz Palace at the point of the bayonet. But in spite of all the heroism and military skill these tactics formed a Prætorian precedent, a method in the good old Janissary style, which some day may tempt some capable leader of the old Orthodox Moslem persuasion in Asia to turn the edge of it back against the Liberal government itself.

Spectacular and wonderful as this transition from a barbarous absolutism to a formal constitutionalism seems, the Young Turks were simply the executive arm of the most heterogeneous elements of malcontents within the empire and without. The person of the Sultan and the Hamidian régime had become intolerable and odious to every Moslem patriot, whatever his persuasion, and to every Christian, whatever his race or

denomination. The most diversified, nay, hostile, elements met in this one cause: The destruction of the common enemy.

But this once accomplished, the disintegrating forces set in immediately and spontaneously. Paradox as it may sound, it is true, nevertheless, that the destruction of the bloody, insane government of espionage, as represented by Abdul Hamid, while it was a blessing to all that suffered by its oppression (and that means practically the entire Ottoman people, excluding only the infamous camerilla), was, nevertheless, a mortal blow to the potential political power of Turkey as the representative of Panislamism and the Khalifate. For not even the most Byzantine panegyrists will maintain that the new Sultan Mohammed V, a "flabby obtuse" old man, who for thirty-three years lived in luxurious but depressing isolation at the Dolma Bagtshe Palace without intercourse with the outside world, can take up the threads of Panislamism, so carefully and successfully woven by Abdul Hamid, or be a Khalif in anything but the name. And tremendous foreign forces are at work to sever the Khalifate from the Sultanate. For, in spite of everything said to the contrary, the Khalifate is stronger in India, in Turkestan, in Afghanistan, and in China than in Turkey itself. England's conflicts with Turkey in the Persian Gulf, Yemen, and the Suez Peninsula (Akaba) were manifestations of a *condition* involving British world power as far as it was affected by the route to India. The destruction of the Hamidian régime was particularly an English world-political interest, which, fortunately, coincided with every interest of moral humanity. But it did not coincide, from the Turkish standpoint, with the political interest within the empire. The elimination of Abdul Hamid and his policies by the so-called Young Turkish revolution paralyzed forever Panislamism, at least as far as it emanated from the Turkish Khalif, and for a time, also, postponed the German preponderance in the Near East. German diplomacy had made the serious mistake of attaching too much importance to the one power personified in the Khalif "and the 300 millions of Mohammedans standing behind him." But for Germany the setback is temporary, as her interests are merely economic, centered and safeguarded in the Baghdad railway, and in the gratitude of the Turkish army, which owes so much of its efficiency to its German teachers, under the leadership of the truly great von der Goltz Pasha.

As to Great Britain, it is not too much to say that Abdul Hamid's fall signifies to her a political victory almost as great as that produced for her by the weakening of Russia through the Japanese war. It is but natural that her striving should be to sever the Khalifate from the Otto-

man Sultanate and to have it vested preferably in the person of the Khedive of Egypt, bringing it thus under British influence. Even if the time should ever come for Egypt to be free, the Sudan won by Britain would remain British, and her political power over the Islamic world be undisputed. Should, however, the Anglo-Egyptian Khalifate prove impracticable, since the Khedive Abbas Hilmi Pasha comes from a Turkish tribe, some Arabic Sherif (direct descendant of the prophet), like the Imam of Yemen or the Emir of Mecca, would be very welcome to England, and, of course, a hundredfold more welcome to the Islamic world. So far back and so deep lies the revolutionary movement of the Young Turk Nationalists.

Yet this movement, though converging in the desire for the same result, *i. e.*, the termination of the blasting absolutism, is entirely averse to, and absolutely distinct from, the Arabic movement for independence, just as Egyptian nationalism is far removed from any sympathy for the Turkish Padishah. Contradictory and contrary motives led to the same result. But with the result attained comes the parting of the ways, and the structure, which the Young Turk revolution desired to erect one and indivisible, begins to disintegrate.

Clearly recognizing from the outset that an amalgamation of the races in Turkey is impossible and that such a policy is doomed to failure (in the light of the fact that even the compact German nation with its solid government and its intellectual superiority has not been able to denationalize, much less to absorb, one million and a half of Poles and a handful of Danes and Frenchmen) an influential body of Turkish Liberals separated from the committee at once.

This Liberal Union, headed by the very far-sighted Sabaheddin and the Albanian organizer and deputy, Kiamil Ismael, inscribed on its programme decentralization and home rule for the races. The Liberal Union objected to the oppressive oligarchy of the committee, which had grasped the reins of government in a manner not unlike that of the Thirty Tyrants of Athens or of the notorious Ten of Venice. They demanded a truly responsible government, a cabinet that should *not* be made impotent by the behests of a secret committee, a Parliament the members of which should *not* be dictated to by an irresponsible, self-constituted body of men, or a government *by pronunciamiento*. The new Padishah, put up ostensibly merely as a sovereign on sufferance to issue Irades upon order, appears pathetic indeed in his feebleness, subject henceforth to an anonymous force in a back street. With the best of intentions, perhaps, this high-handed committee believed themselves working for a Constitution, but Constitutional spirit

was and is sadly lacking. On the other hand, the Liberal Union suffered from the fact that impure and reactionary elements attached themselves to it. Hence the virulence of recrimination which led sometimes to murder in the good old fashion. This schism in the ranks of the once united liberal party naturally leads to incompetence in home politics and weakness and surrender in foreign relations. It stands to reason that if the empire is to endure and the Christian races do not abandon the ideals which they have cherished for centuries, self-administration of the ethnical and religious groups and freedom of movement and free development of each distinct racial element must be the future rule, since the attempt at welding together irreconcilable elements will otherwise sooner or later lead to civil and religious wars. After the tyranny of the Hamidian rule has been thrown off, the tyranny of a committee will not be endured, especially the tyranny of a committee to which, in proportion to its growing success, there began to flock evil elements which had nothing in common with the original, martyred patriots.

If the Turkish Liberals, following their great and successful conspiracy against the Hamidian system, split so soon after the establishment of parliamentary rule, it is self-evident how bitterly opposed the Orthodox Mohammedan masses of Asia must be to the victorious minority. These reactionary forces have formed themselves into a Moslem League, which, spreading like wildfire through Turkey, looks with holy horror upon the de-Moslemized Paris, Geneva and London dandies, who do not know or care to know the Koran, who are introducing Western worldly methods of government, and to whom the only law of government recognized by the faithful Moslem, the strict application of the Sheriat (Canon Law), is as a book with seven seals. The powerful Mohammedan orders with which the Islamic world is honeycombed, the Arabic population in whose bosom Islam was born, are deeply hostile to the new régime. The powerful Imam of Yemen freely mooted the question of separation from the Osmanli and the transfer of the Khalifate to a free Arab Sherif. The Emirs of the Holy Cities (Mecca and Medina) scarcely recognize the Young Turks. Wide groups of the wild nomad tribes of Mesopotamia are up in arms against a nationalism and a centralization that would Turcitize them—for at heart the Arab despises the Turk, whom he tolerates only because of the common Islamic faith. Yet of a truly effective rule of the Turk over the Arab there must be no question. Therefore this tribal unrest in Arabia, which culminated in outbreaks against the navigation rights granted to England on the Euphrates and Tigris, explains in part the floundering, indecisive policy of the Young Turks in Constantinople, which, high-handed and arrogant against home opposi-

tion, is meek and perplexed with regard to unjust apportionment of parliamentary seats. For if an apportionment be made satisfactory to the Moslem element, then a flare-up of the Christian population is sure to follow. While if the Christians be granted their due according to their numbers, wealth and education, the Moslems will be sure to rebel against the *Giaour* government.

Hence the passing of the ridiculous sentences of from three to five years' imprisonment by the Adana Court-martial in Cilicia upon a few of the wholesale murderers of ten thousand Armenians, women and children, and the leaving of the vast majority of the culprits free and undisturbed. Armenians convicted of having killed their assailants in the defense of their lives and the honor of their wives and daughters, however, were invariably sentenced to death by hanging. The most disgraceful part of the Young Turks' defense of their procedure is the childish argument that severe punishment meted out to massacring Turks might create great embarrassment to the present government—and this in the face of the fact that the Turkish counter-revolutionists against the Young Turks were hanged wholesale in the public squares and upon the bridges of the capital. Rightfully a close English observer notes "the Young Turk hangmen to be chips of the old block." The terrible old system did away with the victims "swiftly, silently, secretly." Now the hideous pictures were enacted "to educate the people." That an unmitigated system of espionage goes with this, and necessarily must be maintained to uphold a government built upon force and beset by so many malcontents, goes without saying. The name and title of a Constitutional State does not suffice to make it whole and sound when the constitutional spirit is absent. It is but natural that under these circumstances the Armenians as a race are not especially well-inclined toward the New Régime, which by supporting faithfully the revolution against Abdul Hamid they helped with all their might to form. It is true, of course, that the Armenians, having no country of their own, divided as they are between Turkey, Russia and Persia are not so dangerous to the integrity of Turkey as are the Greeks. But all the intelligent Turks are conscious of the fact that they cannot spare the Armenian commercial coöperation in the economic recovery of their country.

Among the Christian races in the Ottoman Empire, the Servians and Bulgarians in Macedonia joined the great Turkish Liberal conspiracy against the old system with a will, though probably with strong mental reservations. It is to the credit of Major Niazi Bey, the original organizer of the revolution in Macedonia, that he was able to enlist against the Turkish Government the Bulgarian bands that were in the field.

For at the anti-Hamidian Congress in Paris in the spring of 1908, no Bulgarian representatives appeared, a fact which would indicate that the Turkish Bulgarians did not seek any reform within the State, but an entire separation from Turkey and a union with Bulgaria.

As for the Greeks, the most powerful Christian race in Turkey, numbering there many millions more than in the Hellenic kingdom itself, they kept aloof both from the anti-Hamidian Congress in Paris and from participation in the revolution against the old Turkish Government in Macedonia and in the capital. They were a privileged State within the State, controlling great wealth and economic powers, enjoying educational advantages superior to those existing even in Greece itself, except at Athens. Dreaming constantly of the future Greater Greece, it was not to their interest to sacrifice themselves for the Young Turkish cause. The Cretans were at all times ready only for one revolution, viz., that for union with the mother land. Indeed, the Greeks in Turkey are to-day more disaffected toward the New Régime than they ever were toward the government of Abdul Hamid. They feel that they have been defrauded of the full quota of representation due them in Parliament, owing to corrupt machinations at the elections, which forebode ill for the future of their race. They resent bitterly the attempts of the new government to curtail the ecclesiastical privileges granted by old international agreements to the Œcumenical Patriarch and to interfere with the Patriarchate as the channel of communication between the Turkish Government and the Greek community.

The Albanians, at all times a mighty warlike race, which since the days of King Pyrrhus does not seem to have changed its delight in war, feud, and *vendetta*, are unwilling to sacrifice a particle of their autonomy. They are faithful, even fanatical Moslems and aspire to independence. They care nothing for European reforms, and the principles of Young Turkish centralization are more distasteful to them than the corrupt Old Régime, which, on the whole, left them free without trying to wipe out their racial identity and entrusted to them in the Albanian guard the person of the Sultan, and, in their chiefs, actually the government of the empire—the Grand Vizier of the old as well as of the new régime (Ferid Pasha and Hilmi Pasha) being Albanian. And yet a great part of the revolution was done by Albanians. Only it was not so much for the reform of the empire as for the independence of their country. And an inveterate racial hatred of the neighboring Serbs, Greeks, Bulgarians, and even the Turks in Macedonia was a further strong incentive for them to change the *status quo* in Turkey. But the achievement has brought them no fulfilment of their ethnical desires; on the contrary, the ten-

dency is growing stronger at Constantinople to incorporate them into the centralized State. Therein lies a great danger to the new government, which might properly learn from the prosperous autonomous Lebanon province the beneficent influence of self-administration without the interference of a distant central power, which even at its best is ignorant of local needs and conditions.

It is barely possible to touch upon the secret attitude of Russia and Panslavism, which for sixty years, after severing from her the Danube principalities, has been undermining the foundations of Turkey. To Russia, Tsarograd is, not St. Petersburg nor Moscow—but Constantinople. It would be absurd to suppose that Russia has given up burrowing like a mole in the dark, though her extreme weakness, brought about by the Japanese War and the subsequent inner revolution, makes her more cautious. And Panslavism is as much alive as ever: the Euxinograd treaty with Bulgaria is not abrogated and Bosnia and Herzegovina are irretrievably lost to Turkey, though not a gain to Panslavism—thanks to the steadfast alliance between Austria and Germany.

France's power and prestige has never been at such a low ebb in the Orient as it is at present, owing especially to the disaffection of the still very powerful Catholic element in the Orient, the protectorate of which she has lost. That Austria, Italy, and Bulgaria have not given up the dreams of their respective maritime outlets to the Ægean Sea through European Turkish territory goes without saying. England has attained her end, *i. e.*, security from Egypt to India; and Germany will surely maintain her place in the Anatolian sun, to vary the phrase of the former Chancellor von Bülow.

Thus the new government, having been established from abroad by a hopeless minority, basing their success upon the hatred accumulated in over thirty years of mismanagement and corruption, has so far done only the work of beneficent destruction—but not yet the work of building up. Meanwhile the incompatible tendencies and ideas of feud work go on with even greater power and weight from within, and require the old methods of repression. The Christian races and religions are unwilling to submit to the Osmanli, which would necessitate the adoption of the Turkish language and actual subjugation to the Ottoman national State; nor will they acquiesce in a fusion, which would appear to them racial suicide. And the great powers are still averse to abandon hopes cherished for centuries. Thus it is that Turkey, even now that it possesses a constitution, still remains, and will remain, as before when it was without one, the Eris apple between those striving for hegemony over Europe and Asia.

Proximus.

THE TRAGEDY OF "MACBETH"¹

I

MACBETH is one of the great masterpieces in the now firmly established group completed by *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *The Tempest*. Certain critics have awarded *Macbeth* the first place in this group. One is able not to share their opinion. The mysterious Hamlet, the mad, the storm-tossed and despairing King Lear throw a light into deeper, nobler, more touching regions in man's brain and passions. Hamlet marks one of the highest points if not in the intellectual, at least in the imaginative and emotional life of man. King Lear explores and magnifies vaster abysses. But, considered as a stage-play and from the purely dramatic point of view, I believe that it is impossible to deny that *Macbeth* excels the two others. We may even maintain that this play occupies in the world of tragedy a sort of unrivalled and dreadful peak of which none save Æschylus had ever caught a glimpse. It holds its ground there, fierce and solitary, luminously sombre, as heavily laden with life, anguish and lightning-flashes as on the day when it was set there, more than three centuries ago, by the quivering hand of the poet who created it.

II

Does this mean that *Macbeth* is what we to-day should call "a well-constructed play"? By no means. The work, from the French technical point of view, hardly seems to be a theatrical piece. It hovers on the confines of legend and history, in that already near, but still hazy region in which, fortunately for us, it was not able to assume the thankless and unpleasing character of the historical drama properly so called. It is, in fact, rather curious to observe, in passing, that Shakespeare himself did not succeed in giving vigor to the historical drama and that all this part of his dramatic output, including the Roman tragedies, is extremely inferior to the great masterpieces. Even that delicious fruit of his ripe genius, *Antony and Cleopatra*, contains more than one mark of this inferiority; and that although the character of Cleopatra belongs, in a certain measure, to the domain of legend or fable. One would almost say that, for a figure to live upon the stage, or rather in the soul of the poet who creates it, the original must not already have lived in another place,

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must have lost none of his strength in a previous, real and clearly defined existence.

Macbeth, therefore, is a sort of more or less legendary and dramatic biography, of a rather unfavorable type, in which the interest cannot, *a priori* and as it ought, increase from act to act, because the action must perforce follow the life of the hero and because it is rare for a human life to be disposed as skilfully as a tragedy. As a matter of fact, the culminating point is reached in the last scene but one of the third act. What follows, that is to say, nearly one-half of the work, except two incomparable, but very short episodes (the dialogue between Ross and Macduff and the sleep-walking scene), does not regain the level of the earlier portion. Add to this the fact that, in the best parts as in the less good, whether they be apocryphal or not, several passages are dangerous and useless, so much so that, of a total over two thousand lines, we are compelled to omit nearly four hundred, that is to say, about one-fifth, in the performance. When we have said further that both the hero and heroine are unsympathetic characters, that the atmosphere is uniformly gloomy, that invention plays but an inconsiderable part in the story, which is taken bodily and almost just as it stands from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and that only two scenes (even this is open to question), the banquet and the sleep-walking scene, belong to Shakespeare of his own right: when we have noted all this, we have pretty well exhausted the grave and peremptory reasons that might prevent *Macbeth* from being a masterpiece.

III

Nevertheless, it is a masterpiece. After reading what survives, marked with the approval of the ages, in all the series of dramatic works known to the literatures of all countries—excepting only Shakespeare's own output—who would dare to name a theatrical work as equal to the first three acts of *Macbeth*? We read scenes in Corneille and Racine that are more touching, more stately, more heroic or more harmonious; and, in the Greek tragedians, purer and grander scenes. Perhaps, even, we might meet with two or three, among the works of the poet's contemporaries—Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, or John Ford—in which the situations are fiercer still and fuller-flavored. Scenes will be found, no doubt, in Goethe and in the works of our own moderns, which are more cunningly contrived and in which the thoughts, considered as pure thoughts, are greater and loftier. But nowhere shall we discover three acts of which the tragic substance is so compact, so gloomily plentiful, so naturally

profound, where, while remaining so simple, so conventional, in appearance, it is nevertheless of a poetic quality so high, so intense, so precious. Nowhere shall we behold a group of human beings, surrounded by its own atmosphere, that prolongs its terrifying and secret existence, in the words, in the book and on the stage, in the manner of this group. There we have the great and wonderful mystery of *Macbeth*.

It is merely the story of two crowned murderers, rather repugnant, from the start, possessing a moral value that is almost *nil* and gifted with but moderate intelligence. The crimes which they commit are vulgar and imbecile; and no flashing motive comes to cloak their horror. At first sight, it would seem as though there were but one means of keeping up the dramatic interest, that is, to follow the example of most of the ancient tragedies and, in the main, of nearly all stage tragedy, by directing our attention to the victims. But these appear only for a moment. They pass, stagger and fall under the knife. Their life is too uncertain, their words too few that they should create or even color the atmosphere of the play. There is no equivocation. The poet is determined to concentrate all our eyes and all our sympathies upon the murderers. He will, therefore, have to conquer two unusual difficulties: First, to interest us in unsympathetic and paltry heroes; next, to lift the work above the low moral and intellectual level of those heroes and this with the sole assistance of the very pair who debase it. For, ever since the masterpieces of Shakespeare, who was the first to render inviolable a law until that time fairly yielding, the poet can no longer speak in his own person. On no account and under no pretext must we directly hear his voice. To express himself, he has only the voice of his characters, who, at the risk of losing at that very moment the life that animates them, must pronounce only the words strictly required by the situation. It was not always thus; and, in the Greek tragedies, the poet revealed his presence, not only through Chorus, but also and very frequently through one or other of his heroes, as soon as he thought it necessary for the greater ornament of his work. Following their example, Corneille constantly opens the door that separates him from his people and makes his great voice heard immediately. Shakespeare in his masterpieces, prevents himself, on the contrary, from appearing; or, when he does speak, he excuses himself beforehand—as I remarked when writing on *King Lear*—with the aid of a sort of subterfuge to which he always resorts:

“Shakespeare systematically unsettles the reason of his protagonists and thus opens the dike that held captive the swollen lyrical flood. Henceforward, he speaks freely by their mouths; and beauty invades the stage without fearing lest it be told that it is out of place. Hencefor-

ward, also, the lyricism of his great works is more or less high, more or less wide, in proportion to the madness of his hero."¹

But, in *Macbeth*, Shakespeare only very rarely finds this pretext for raising and purifying the atmosphere of the drama by making his own voice ring through it. *Macbeth*, in fact, is not mad; and only on two or three occasions, in the thick of his hallucinations, does he suddenly exceed the tone of everyday speech. All the rest of the dialogue seems deliberately kept within the compass of an ordinary conversation between the accomplices or the satellites of a sanguinary event. But this, I need hardly say, is only a simple and wonderful illusion. To convince ourselves of that, we need but transpose the drama into terms of strict and actual realism, in the manner of the naturalists, a process which is within the powers of the most sluggish imagination. We shall soon see that very few of the lines remain plausible or acceptable. At the same time, we shall discover that, without our thinking it—so skilfully does he conceal himself—it was Shakespeare alone to whom we were listening from one end of the play to the other. It seems, when we examine his work closely, that the main point of the dramatic poet's art is summed up in speaking through the mouth of his characters without appearing to do so, in arranging his lines in such a manner that, apparently, the voices always flow at the level of ordinary life, whereas, in reality, they fall from a much greater height.

Indeed, if the poet, in *Macbeth*, did not speak through his subjects, they would have hardly anything to say to one another. They are not superior to the generality of men. They could not be: were it otherwise, they would not have committed their unintelligent crimes and we should have had no tragedy. Let us confess that life, to which we always appeal when we hope to catch some poet tripping, the famous "real life," I mean the outward life, the life we see and hear, expresses generally but very poor things. That is why Shakespeare is incessantly passing, unobserved by us, from this to that other life which lies at the bottom of men's hearts and in the privacy of their consciences and in the unknown mysteries of this world. He speaks in the name of that life which is silent to our ears, but not to our sympathies; and his voice is so true and so essential that we cannot distinguish between the moment when the profound existence of the culprits ends and the instant when the life which the poet gives them commences. He places the highest, the greatest part of himself at the service of two murderers. Nor is he wrong to people their silence with marvels. For it is certain that, in the silence, or rather

¹See *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1905: "*King Lear in Paris*," reprinted, 1907, in *The Measure of the Hours* (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

in the thoughts and in the unspoken feelings of the last of men, there are many more things that even poets of genius are able to express.

The miracle is that all this takes place without our perceiving it. Macbeth and his wife never give utterance to a lofty or simply remarkable thought, express no noble or merely sympathetic sentiment; and the poet, on his side, allows himself no psychological explanation, no moral reflection. And yet, a sombre and sovran beauty, a mysterious and as it were immemorial dignity, a grandeur not heroic and superhuman, but older, it seems, and profounder than that which we know, environ and imbue the whole drama. They come we know not whence; and it were impossible to state precisely that they proceed from this scene or that line. One would say that they arise from between each word, like a majestic vapor issuing from the sources of life in which all souls and all hearts, innocent and guilty, are equal and infinite. Macbeth and his accomplice, in fact, breathe in a region so vast that good and evil, viewed from very high, become almost indifferent and much less important than the sheer act of breathing. And that is why, although guilty of one of the most repellant crimes that it is possible for man to commit, they do not repel us at all. We forget their trespass, which becomes merely a sort of occasion or pretext, and we see only the life which that trespass, like a stone cast into a whirlpool, brings spurting out from depths which a less heinous act would not have reached.

IV

We may here gather a very profitable and opportune lesson in tragic poetry, for we tend more and more to seek the beauty of a work in the loftiness of its thoughts, in the breadth of its general ideas and also, to come a little lower down, in the eloquence of its language. We expect our poets and our dramatic authors to be, above all things, thinkers and their works to touch upon the highest social and moral problems, even though we find those same works barren and cold as soon as they have given us what we ask. As our intellectual life becomes purer, we imagine that the only sublime literature which can survive and which is really worthy of us is the intellectually sublime. A tragedy like *Macbeth*, in which the forces of the intelligence proper adorn only the background, serves to show us that there are beauties more fascinating and more enduring than those of thought, or rather that thought should be only a sort of first or middle distance, so natural as to seem indispensable, against which are reflected infinitely more mysterious things.

V

If we look into this more closely, we discover that a small part, at least, of the inexplicable power and the widespread beauty of which we spoke above springs directly from the innumerable crowd of images that people all the depths of the tragedy. Without its appearing at first sight, most of the heroes of the play speak only in images. Like primitive man, they create what they express. For it is not a question of comparisons laboriously built and cunningly followed up. The swiftness of the action allows of no such leisure. We have to do solely with the incessant and sudden resurrection of all the words which, magically, as the poet passes, change into rustling metaphors and rise from the tombs of the dictionary. And this is a matter that requires all the translator's attention. Thus, when, in one of the lines that sum up fairly completely the method of *Macbeth*, he says:

Shakes so my single state of man, that function,¹

this "single state of man," according as to whether one feels the image comprised within those words to be living or considers it dead, while remaining scrupulously literal, may mean, "the simple nature of man, feeble humanity," or may, as in other passages² and according to the context, which seems to regenerate it, contain an allusion to the poor, weak kingdom of the human soul, divided between action and thought. Similarly, a little higher:

And to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor.

may be rendered, "As to being king, there is no more question of that than, etc.," or else, with the image that seems to expand in the poet's thought, "And to be king does not come within the horizon of my belief."

Again, we find this passage:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand.³

¹*Macbeth*, I, iii.

²*Julius Cæsar*, II, i.:

The state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

³*Macbeth*, III, iv.

In the case of any other writer, ignoring the image of the hand, a little worn with frequent use, one might translate, "I have strange plans that must be executed." But something, a certain emotional quality in the phrase, warns us that the poet has really observed the horrible course which the crime must take to go from the head to the hand and that he wishes that hand to exert itself at the end of the line. We must therefore translate, "I have strange plans in my head which will come to an issue in my hand."

These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. At every moment, problems of this kind perplex the translator, who wonders whether he finds himself confronted with a dead expression or a lively image. As a matter of fact, there are very few dead expressions in *Macbeth*. They are almost all quickened and colored with an unexpected essence, continually borrowed from the environment of the characters and, by preference, from the noblest, the hugest things of heaven and earth, in such a way that the men themselves form the atmosphere which they breathe and, at the same time, become the tragic creatures of the atmosphere which they create. The mode of life in which they are steeped penetrates and pervades their voices so clearly, animates and saturates their words to such a degree that we see it much better, more intimately and more immediately than if they took the trouble to describe it to us. We, like themselves, living there with them, see the houses and the scenery in which they live from within; and we no more than they need to have those surroundings shown to us from without. It is the countless presence, the uninterrupted swarm of all those images that form the profound life, the secret and almost unlimited first existence of the work. Upon its surface floats the dialogue necessary to the action. It seems to be the only one that our ears seize: but, in reality, it is to the other language that our instinct listens, our unconscious sensibility, our soul, if you like; and, if the spoken words touch us more deeply than in any other poet, it is because they are supported by a greater host of hidden powers.

VI

And, now, what exactly are Macbeth and his gloomy consort? Are they the titanic monsters celebrated, for instance, by Paul de Saint-Victor, the most brilliant commentator that French romanticism has given us? I think that we must first, energetically and once for all, reject any interpretation of this kind, the falsest and least defensible of any. But, to go to the other extreme, do they represent simply normal

humanity tempted beyond its strength by a more imperious chance than those which assail ourselves? Are they greater or smaller than we, more intelligent or nearer to the ancestral darkness? Were they free or drawn on by irresistible powers? Was it on the heath or in their own hearts that the three witches lived? Are they to be hated or pitied? Is their soul only a blighted field, hedged with crimes and peopled with mean thoughts, or does it contain fine, noble spaces? Is Macbeth the wicked butcher, the man of impulse, with the glance more brutal and quicker than the fist, the shaggy, stubborn barbarian of the primitive legends, or do we not find in him a saddened poet, a stumbling dreamer, endowed with a sickly sensibility, a Hamlet who has strayed into the realms of action, a little prompter, but at bottom quite as irresolute and nearly as pensive as his brother of Elsinore a sort of less sensual and more sombre Mark Antony? And is Lady Macbeth the rough and shallow shrew, the harsh, hard, vain mistress of Inverness Castle, the horrid woman of business, inflexible, self-contained, unfeeling, crafty, perfidious and colder than the steel of the dagger which she wields, or rather shall we not see in her the wife who loves too well under the stifled words, the victim too severely punished for a horrible thought born of the conjugal bed? Shall we remember the monstrous smile of welcome to the unfortunate Duncan, or the inconceivable distress displayed nightly at Dunsinane; the bloody daggers, or the lamp that reveals the weakness of a soul gnawed to the death by secret tears? Is she better or worse, more interesting or more hateful than her husband? And have we settled the features of her face? Is she black as the raven which she quotes at the approach of her prey?¹ Is she tall and sombre, bony and muscular, haughty and insolent, or delicate and fair, short and sinuous, voluptuous and fond? Have we to do with the psychology of murder, the tragedy of remorse and unrecognized justice? Is it a study of destiny or of the poisoning of a soul by its own thoughts? We know nothing of the matter; we can discuss it endlessly, maintain all this or all that; and it is exceedingly probable that Shakespeare himself would be incapable of defining the two beings that have come from his wonderful hands. It is as difficult to behold them in the written tragedy as it would be did they live among us. They project on every side beyond the poem that tries to encompass them. We think we know them; but they remain ever unforeseen. We feel that they are prepared for the most extraordinary reversals. Macbeth sacrificing himself for Malcolm, his wife giving her life to save the son of Lady Macduff: neither would be out of keeping with the mysterious depths of the existence which the drama

¹*Macbeth*, I, iv.

bestows upon them. And this is due, not to a lack of precision in the draughtsmanship, but to the surprising vitality, of the drawing itself. In truth, the heroes have not finished living; they have not spoken their last word nor made their last movement. They are not yet separated from the common basis of all existence. We cannot judge them nor go around them, because a whole piece of their being is still connected with the future. They are incomplete, not from the smaller side of the drama, but from the side of infinity. Characters which we grasp in their entirety, which we analyze with certainty are already dead. It seems, on the contrary, as if Macbeth and his wife cannot remain motionless in the lines and words that create them. They shift them, stir them with their breath. They pursue their destiny in work and lines, modify their form and their meaning; they work out their development and their evolution there as though in a vital and nourishing atmosphere, whence they receive the influence of the passing years and centuries and derive unexpected thoughts and sentiments, new greatness and new strength.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

(Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.)

CELT AND SAXON

CHAPTER IX

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

PATRICK left his brother at the second flight of stairs to run and fling on a shooting-jacket, into which he stuffed his treasure, after one peep that eclipsed his little dream of being allowed to keep it; and so he saw through Philip.

The captain's cabin was the crown of his house-top, a builder's addition to the roof, where the detestable deeds he revelled in, calling them liberty, could be practised, according to the convention, and no one save rosy Mary, in her sense of smell, when she came upon her morning business to clean and sweep, be any the wiser of them, because, as it is known to the whole world, smoke ascends, and he was up among the chimneys. Here, he would say to his friends and fellow-sinners, you can unfold, unbosom, explode, do all you like, except caper, and there's a small square of lead between the tiles outside for that, if the spirit of the jig comes upon you with violence, and I have had it on me, and eased myself mightily there, to my own music; and the capital of the British Empire below me. Here we take our indemnity for subjection to the tyrannical female ear, and talk like copious rivers meandering at their own sweet will. Here we roll like dogs in carrion, and no one to sniff at our coats. Here we sing treason, here we flout reason, night is out season at half-past ten!

This introductory ode to Freedom was his throwing off of steam, the foretaste of what he contained. He rejoined his cousins, chirping variations on it, and attired in a green silken suit of airy Ottoman volume, full of incitement to the legs and arms to swing and set him up for a Sultan. "Now Phil, now Pat," he cried, after tenderly pulling the door to and making sure it was shut, "any tale you've a mind for—infamous and audacious! You're licensed by the gods up here, and may laugh at them too, and their mothers and grandmothers, if the fit seizes ye, and the heartier it is the greater the exemption. We're pots that knock the lid and must pour out or boil over and destroy the furniture. My praties are ready for peelin', if ever they were in this world! Chuck wigs from sconces, and off with your buckram. Decency's a dirty petticoat in the Garden of Innocence. Naked we stand, boys! we're not afraid of nature. You're in the annexe of Erin, Pat, and devil a constable at the keyhole; no rats; I'll say that for the Government, though it's a despot-

ism with an iron bridle on the tongue outside to a foot of the door. Arctic to freeze the boldest bud of liberty! I'd like a French chanson from ye, Pat, to put us in tune, with a right revolutionary hurling chorus, that pitches Kings' heads into the basket like autumn apples. Or one of your hymns in Gaelic sung ferociously to sound as horrid to the Saxon, the wretch. His reign's not forever; he can't enter here. You're in the stronghold defying him. And now cigars, boys, pipes; there are the boxes, there are the bowls. I can't smoke till I have done steaming. I'll sit awhile silently for the operation. Christendom hasn't such a man as your cousin Con for feeling himself a pig-possest all the blessed day, acting the part of somebody else, till it takes me a quarter of an hour of my enfranchisement and restoration of my natural man to know myself again. For the moment, I'm froth, scum, horrid boiling hissing dew of the agony of transformation; I am; I'm that pig disgorging the spirit of wickedness from his poor stomach."

The captain drooped to represent the state of the self-relieving victim of the evil one; but fearful lest either of his cousins should usurp the chair and thwart his chance of delivering himself, he rattled away sympathetically with his posture in melancholy: "Ay, we're poor creatures; pigs and prophets, princes and people, victors and vanquished, we're waves of the sea, rolling over and over, and calling it life! There's no life save the eternal. Father Boyle's got the truth. Flesh is less than grass, my sons; 'tis the shadow that crosses the grass. I love the grass. I could sit and watch grass-blades for hours. I love an old turf-mound, where the gray grass nods and seems to know the wind and have a whisper with it, of ancient times maybe and most like; about the big chief lying underneath in the last must of his bones that a breath of air would scatter. They just keep their skeleton shape as they are; for the turf-mound protects them from troubles; 'tis the nurse to that delicate old infant!—Waves of the sea, did I say? We're wash in a hog-trough for Father Saturn to devour; big chief and suckling babe, we all go into it, calling it life! And what hope have we of reading the mystery? All we can see is the straining of the old fellow's hams to push his old snout deeper into the gobble, and the ridiculous curl of a tail totally devoid of expression! You'll observe that gluttons have no feature; they're jaws and hindquarters; which is the beginning and end of 'm; and so you may say to Time for his dealing with us: so let it be a lesson to you not to bother your wits, but leave the puzzle to the priest. He understands it, and why?—because he was told. There's harmony in his elocution, and there's none in the modern drivel about where we're going and what we came out of. No wonder they call it an age of despair, when you see the big

wigs filing up and down the thoroughfares with a great advertisement board on their shoulders, proclaiming no information to the multitude, but a blank note of interrogation addressed to Providence, as if an answer from above would be vouchsafed to their impudence! They haven't the first principles of good manners. And some of 'm in a rage bawl the answer for themselves. Hear that! No, Phil; no, Pat, no: devotion's good policy.—You're not drinking! Are you both of ye asleep? why do you leave me to drone away like this, when it's conversation I want, as in the days of our first parents, before the fig-leaf?—and you might have that for scroll and figure on the social banner of the hypocritical Saxon, who's a gormandizing animal behind his decency, and nearer to the Archdevourer Time than anything I can imagine: except that with a little exertion you can elude him. The whisky you've got between you's virgin of the excise. I'll pay double for freepeaty any day. Or are you for claret, my lads? No? I'm fortified up here to stand a siege in my old roundtower, like the son of Eremon that I am. Lavra Con! Con speaks at last! I don't ask you, Pat, whether you remember Maen, who was born dumb, and had for his tutors Ferkelné the bard and Craftiné the harper, at pleasant Dinree: he was grandson of Leary Lore who was basely murdered by his brother Cova, and Cova spared the dumb boy, thinking a man without a tongue harmless, as fools do: being one of their savings bank tricks, to be repaid them, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns at compound interest, have no fear. So one day Maen had an insult put on him; and 'twas this for certain: a ruffian fellow of the Court swore he couldn't mention the name of his father; and in a thundering fury Maen burst his tongue-tie, and the Court shouted, Lavra Maen! and he had to go into exile, where he married in the middle of delicious love-adventures the beautiful Moira through the cunning of Craftiné the harper. There's been no harper in my instance but plenty of ruffians to swear I'm too comfortable to think of my country." The captain holloaed. "Do they hear that? Lord! but wouldn't our old Celtic fill the world with poetry if only we were a free people to give our minds to't, instead of to the itch on our backs from the Saxon horsehair shirt we're forced to wear. For, Pat, as you know, we're a loving people, we're a loyal people, we burn to be enthusiastic, but when our skins are eternally irritated, how can we sing? In a freer Erin I'd be the bard of the land, never doubt it. What am I here but a discontented idle lout crooning over the empty glories of our isle of Saints! You feel them, Pat. Phil's all for his British army, his capabilities of British light cavalry. Write me the history of the Enniskillens. I'll read it. Aha, my boy, when they're off at the charge! And you'll oblige me

with the tale of Fontenoy. Why, Phil has an opportunity stretching forth a hand to him now more than halfway that comes to a young Irishman but once in a century: backed by the entire body of the priesthood of Ireland too! and if only he was a quarter as full of the old country as you and I, his hair would stand up in fire for the splendid gallop at our head that's proposed to him. His country's gathered up like a crested billow to roll him into Parliament; and I say, let him be there, he's the very man to hurl his gauntlet, and tell'm, Parliament, so long as you are parliamentary, which means the speaking of our minds, but if you won't have it, then—and it's on your heads before Europe and the two Americas. We're dying like a nun that'd be out of her cloister, we're panting like the wife who hears of her husband coming home to her from the field of honor, for that young man. And there he is; or there he seems to be; but he's dead: and the fisherman off the west coast after dreaming of a magical haul, gets more fish than disappointment in comparison with us when we cast the net for Philip. Bring tears of vexation at the emptiness we pull back for our pains. Oh, Phil! and to think of your youth! We had you then. At least we had your heart. And we should have had the length and strength of you, only for a woman fatal to us as the daughter of Rhys ap Tudor, the beautiful Nesta:—and beautiful she was to match the mother of the curses trooping over to Ireland under Strongbow, that I'll grant you. But she reined you in when you were a real warhorse ramping and snorting flame from your nostrils, challenging any other to a race for Ireland; ay, a Cuchullin you were, Philip Culann's chain-bound: but she unmanned you. She soaked the woman into you and squeezed the hero out of you. All for *Adiante!* or a country left to slavery! that's the tale. And what are you now? A paltry captain of hussars on the General's staff! One O'Donnell in a thousand! And what is she?—You needn't frown, Phil; I'm her relative by marriage, and she's a lady. More than that, she shot a dart or two into my breast in those days, she did, I'll own it: I had the catch of the breath that warns us of convulsions. She was the morning star for beauty, between night and day, and the best color of both. Welshmen and Irishmen and Englishmen tumbled into the pit, which seeing her was, and there we jostled for a glimpse quite companionably; we were too hungry for quarrelling; and to say, I was one of'm, is a title to subsequent friendship. True; only mark me, Philip, and you, Patrick: they say she has married a prince, and I say no; she's took to herself a husband in her cradle; she's married ambition, I tell you, and this prince of hers is only a step she has taken, and if he chases her first mate from her bosom, he'll prove himself cleverer than she, and I dare him to the trial. For she's

that fiery dragon, a beautiful woman with brains—which Helen of Troy hadn't, combustible as we know her to have been: but brains are bombshells in comparison with your old-fashioned pine-brands for kindling men and cities. Ambition's the husband of Adiante Adister, and all who come nigh her are steps to her aim. She never consulted her father about Prince Nikolas; she had begun her march and she didn't mean to be arrested. She simply announced her approaching union; and as she couldn't have a scion of one of the Royal Houses of Europe, she put her foot on Prince Nikolas. Ha! well, and I've not heard of ambition that didn't kill its votary: somehow it will; 'tis sure to. There she lies!"

The prophetic captain pointed at the spot. He then said: "And now I'm for my pipe, and the blackest clay of the party, with your permission. I'll just go to the window to see if the stars are out overhead. They're my blessed guardian angels."

There was a pause. Philip broke from a brown study to glance at his brother. Patrick made a queer face.

"Fun and good-fellowship to-night, Con," said Philip, as the captain sadly reported no star visible.

"Have I ever flown a signal to the contrary?" retorted the captain.

"No politics, and I'll thank you," said Philip: "none of your early recollections. Be jovial."

"You should have seen me here the other night about a month ago; I smuggled up an old country-woman of ours, with the connivance of rosy Mary," said Captain Con, suffused in the merriest of grins. "She sells apples at a stall at a corner of a street hard by, and I saw her sitting pulling at her old pipe in the cold October fog morning and evening for comfort, and was overwhelmed with compassion and fraternal sentiment; and so I invited her to be at the door of the house at half-past ten, just to have a roll with her in Irish mud, and mend her torn soul with a stitch or two of rejoicing. She told me stories; and one was pretty good, of a relative of hers, or somebody's—I should say, a century old, but she told it with a becoming air of appropriation that made it family history, for she's come down in the world, and this fellow had a stain of red upon him, and wanted cleaning; and, 'What'! says the good father, 'Mika! you did it in cold blood?' And says Mika, 'Not I, your Riverence. I got myself into a passion 'fore I let loose.' I believe she smoked this identical pipe. She acknowledged the merits of my whisky, as poets do hearing fine verses, never clapping hands, but with the expressiveness of grave absorption. That's the way to make good things a part of you. She was a treat. I got her out and off at midnight, rosy Mary sneaking her down, and the old girl quiet as a

mouse for the fun's sake. The whole intrigue was exquisitely managed."

"You run great risks," Philip observed.

"I do," said the captain.

He called on the brothers to admire the "martial and fumial" decorations of his round tower, buzzing over the display of implements, while Patrick examined guns and Philip unsheathed swords. An ancient clay pipe from the bed of the Thames and one from the bed of the Boyne were laid side by side.

"This," Philip held up the reputed Irish pipe, and scanned as he twirled it on his thumb, "this was dropped in Boyne Water by one of William's troopers. It is an Orange pipe. I take it to be of English make."

"If I thought that, I'd stamp my heel on the humbug the neighbor minute," said Captain Con. "Where's the sign of English marks?"

"The pipes resemble one another," said Philip, "like tails of Shannon-bred retrievers."

"Maybe they're both Irish, then?" the captain caught at analogy to rescue his favorite from reproach.

"Both of them are Saxon."

"Not a bit of it!"

"Look at the clay."

"I look, and I tell you, Philip, it's of a piece with your lukewarmness for the country, or you wouldn't talk like that."

"There is no record of pipe manufactories in Ireland at the period you name."

"There is; and the jealousy of rulers caused them to be destroyed by decrees, if you want historical evidence."

"Your opposition to the Saxon would rob him of his pipe, Con!"

"Let him go to the deuce with as many pipes as he can carry; but he shan't have this one."

"Not a toss-up of difference is to be seen in the pair."

"Use your eyes. The Irish bowl is broken, and the English has an inch longer stem!"

"O the Irish bowl is broken!" Philip sang.

"You've the heart of a renegade-foreigner not to see it!" cried the captain.

Patrick intervened saying: "I suspect they're Dutch."

"Well, and that's possible." Captain Con scrutinized them to calm his temper: "there's a Dutchiness in the shape."

He offered Philip the compromise of "Dutch" rather plaintively, but

it was not accepted, and the pipes would have mingled their fragments on the hearthstone if Patrick had not stayed his arm, saying: "Don't hurt them."

"And I won't," the captain shook his hand gratefully.

"But will Philip O'Donnell tell me that Ireland should lie down with England on the terms of a traveller obliged to take a bedfellow? Come! He hasn't an answer. Put it to him, and you pose him. But he'll not stir, though he admits the antagonism. And Ireland is asked to lie down with England on a couch blessed by the priest! Not she. Wipe out our grievances, and then we'll begin to talk of policy. Good Lord!—*love*? The love of Ireland for the conquering country will be the celebrated ceremony in the concluding chapter previous to the inauguration of the millennium. Thousands of us are in a starving state at home this winter, Patrick. And it's not the fault of England?—landlordism's not? Who caused the ruin of all Ireland's industries? You might as well say that it's the fault of the poor beggar to go limping and hungry because his cruel master struck him a blow to cripple him. We don't want half and half doctoring, and it's too late in the day for half and half oratory. We want freedom, and we'll have it, and we won't leave it to the Saxon to think about giving it. And if your brother Philip won't accept this blazing fine offer, then I will, and you'll behold me in a new attitude. The fellow yawns! You don't know me yet, Philip. They tell us over here we ought to be satisfied. Fall upon our list of wrongs, and they set to work yawning. You can only move them by popping at them over hedges and roaring on platforms. They're incapable of understanding a complaint a yard beyond their noses. The Englishman has an island mind, and when he's out of it he's at sea."

"Mad, you mean," said Philip.

"I repeat my words, Captain Philip O'Donnell, late of the staff of the General commanding in Canada."

"The Irishman too has an island mind, and when he's out of it he's at sea, and unable to manage his craft," said Philip.

"You'll find more craft in him when he's buffeted than you reckoned on," his cousin flung back. "And if that isn't the speech of a traitor sold to the enemy, and now throwing off the mask, traitors never did mischief in Ireland! Why, what can you discover to admire in these people? Isn't their army such a combination of colors in the uniforms, with their yellow facings on red jackets, I never saw out of a doll-shop, and never saw there. And their Horse Guards, weedy to a man! fit for a doll-shop they are, by my faith! And their Foot Guards: Have ye met the fellows marching? with their feet turned out, flat as my laundress's irons, and the muscles of their calves depending on the joints

to get'm along, for elasticity never gave those bones of theirs a springing touch; and their bearskins heeling behind on their polls; like pot-house churls daring the dursn't to come on. Of course they can fight. Who said no? But they're not the only ones: and they'll miss their ranks before they can march like our Irish lads. Ay, the time for the Celt is dawning: I see it, and I don't often spy a spark where there isn't soon a blaze. Solidity and stupidity have had their innings: a precious long innings it has been; and now they're shoved aside like clods of earth from the rising flower. Off with our shackles! We've only to determine it to be free, and we'll bloom again; and I'll be the first to speak the word and mount the colors. Follow me! Will ye join in the toast to the emblem of Erin—the shamrock, Phil and Pat?"

"Oh, certainly," said Philip. "What's that row going on?" Patrick also called attention to the singular noise in the room. "I fancy the time for the Celt is not dawning, but setting," said Philip, with a sharp smile; and Patrick wore an artful look.

A corner of the room was guilty of the incessant alarum. Captain Con gazed in that direction incredulously and with remonstrance. "The tinkler it is!" he sighed. "But it can't be midnight yet?" Watches were examined. Time stood at half-past the midnight. He groaned: "I must go. I haven't heard the tinkler for months. It signifies she's cold in her bed. The thing called circulation's unknown to her save by the aid of outward application, and I'm the warming pan, as legitimately I should be, I'm her husband and her Harvey in one. Good-by to my hop and skip. I ought by rights to have been down beside her at midnight. She's the worthiest woman alive, and I don't shirk my duty. Be quiet!" he bellowed at the alarum; I'm coming. Don't be in such a fright, my dear," he admonished it as his wife, politely. "Your hand'll take an hour to warm if you keep it out on the spring that sets the creature going." He turned and informed his company: "Her hand'll take an hour to warm. Dear! how she runs ahead: d'ye hear? That's the female tongue, and once off it won't stop. And this contrivance for fetching me from my tower to her bed was my own suggestion, in a fit of generosity! Ireland all over! I must hurry and wash my hair, for she can't bear a perfume to kill a stink; she carries her charitable heart that far. Good-night, I'll be thinking of ye while I'm warming her. Sit still, I can't wait; 'tis the secret of my happiness." He fled. Patrick struck his knee on hearing the expected ballad-burden recur.

George Meredith.

(To be continued)

THE POETRY OF JESUS

IV.

THE POETRY OF HIS REVOLT

GOD is the poet of poets, and the rhythmic universe his epic song. All is poetry, from whirling atoms up to circling suns—from dust to Deity. The heavens and the earths were woven out of melody; and out of song the Christ child rose. All is poetry, save only man; who is full of chaos, and is yet in the heat of the creative process. All that is not poetry is merely the mist of illusion. Poetry is the only truth: mere facts are only half truths. The truth is the fact plus its emotional significance. So poetry is the fact seen with all its facets and radiations. The poet's imagination is a swift winged reason by which we have reached the highest revelations known to the race. It reveals life with its unseen roots running down into earth, and its many branches rising and fading into Heaven. Poetry is the vision of the fact with all its vanishings into the Infinite.

Poetry is the supreme truth; and to reveal this truth was the mission of Jesus. He had the artist's vision; and in a vivid flash he saw that the kingdom is within us, and that the world is only a mirror that glasses a Beauty vaster than itself. Jesus therefore should be placed with the poets and not with the priests. He moved forever in the light of the imagination that enables us to see facts with all their beautiful or terrible meanings. In this light he pierced to the heart of pleasure revealing its hidden core of regret, and tore away the mask of wealth revealing its hidden face of poverty.

So Jesus, like every great poet, was touched with the pain of genius—the sense of the incomplete and the passion for perfection. No wonder, then, that he was “a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief.” Out of the long collision between the Is and the Ought-to-be, between the world of fact and the world of dream, springs that majestic sorrow which touches with its shadow all elevated souls. It is the sorrow that makes man greater than the world.

The ideal is not attained on Earth, and so in all the sons of genius there is a feeling of deathless longing. The more awakened the soul, the more restless it is in the midst of these shams and shows of life. Only the shallow souls are at rest: the son of the Ideal has not where to lay his head. There is no place on Earth for this son of Genius. Here in this time-world is the pain of the Imperfect. Let us grieve only for

those who are at rest in this temporal order; for to accept Earth is to miss Heaven, to choose the mortal is to lose the immortal. Only the dead souls are satisfied. The Awakened, touched with noble discontent, are ever in quest of the eternal city. They are like sea-drawn rivers that even in far-away canyons are seeking the unseen deep.

But Jesus comes with the tidings that man may dare to trust his dream—that the dream is more real than the hard, cold actual. His gospel is all a daring affirmation of the romantic life. He saw that poetry is the only truth, and that religion is poetry in action. He saw that the only safety for men is to kindle in them an adventurous faith in the Ideal: only so could he build up the hope and heroism of the world. "More faith!" This was the cry of Jesus. Wonder not at this cry of our poet law-giver, for the faith that builds a religion is only another aspect of the creative energy that builds a poem. To awaken faith is to awaken the imagination. Faith is the soul's instinct reaching out to find the eternal and ideal. It presses out beyond the illusion of sense to stand upon the spiritual fact. We call it faith when it finds its kingdom in the beauty of holiness: we call it imagination when it finds its kingdom in the holiness of beauty.

The poet's imagination is the swift reason by which we have reached the highest truths known to the race. In the light of the imagination, Jesus beheld the deformity of the Jewish Jehovah, and revealed the universal Father. And in the heroism of his spirit he dared to overthrow that Jehovah, that tribal war-god, and dared to reveal the Father who caters even to the raven and notices the sparrow in its little tragedy—a God kindred to humanity, one who smiles in all beauty and speaks in all law. This is the poet's God, the only one that can satisfy the old hunger of the heart.

The soul's mystery can be voiced only by poesy. But Jesus knew that all men are not ready for the lyric word of life; and hence we hear him saying, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." What to the prose minds about him was his mystic message? "I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat the manna in the wilderness, and they died. But this is the bread that cometh down out of Heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread that came down out of Heaven: if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever. Yea, and the bread that I shall give is my flesh, for the life of the world." At this testimony the Scribes and Pharisees strove one with another saying, "Is not this the Jesus whose father and mother we know? How doth he now say, 'I am come down out of Heaven?' . . . How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Even some of his own brethren, hearing his

mystic poesy, failed to rise to the lyric height, and so "went back and walked no more with him." To the prose minds about him it was all like the hooting of owls in the dark.

Mere ecclesiastics cannot understand Jesus, for he is poet, romanticist, revolutionist. Only those who have not lost the child-heart can enter into the mystery of his spirit—only the lyrical souls, the conscripts of the Dream, the seekers for El Dorado. Only those can understand him who love the Earth and her beautiful forms and faces, and yet who could put them all away in some heroic summons of the soul.

I refuse to think of this daring genius in any of the grotesque effigies into which bleak theologies have distorted his poetic personality. He is greater than the priests have dreamed him—more human, more divine; more man and more God. I think of him as the tender shepherd bringing his sheep home to the fold under the first star of evening; or as the master of the vineyard singing with his comrades as they gather the purple clusters on the sunny slopes watered by the silver wells; or as the young bridegroom with his troop of friends hurrying over the morning hills to the door of the waiting bride. Or I think of him as a nobler Apollo with a face shining like the dawn, descending from the sun, touching his lyre and leading the Graces and the Muses to build on Earth the city of our dream. I think of him as the world-hero, the Poet Militant who comes to make all things new and glorious.

There is a tender beauty in the character of Jesus, yet there is no lack of strength. He is as lowly as a lily, yet as positive as a sword. In him we have the highest reach of the soul's aspiration—the embodied ideal of humanity. His feet are on the earth, his forehead is among the stars.

Jesus was intolerable to the Pharisees because the new is always intolerable to those who are creviced in the shell of tradition. They lived in the old thought-clothes of the ancient prophet, not in his free spirit. They followed the prophet in everything save one—his originality. Stated in terms of art, Jesus upbraided the Pharisees because they were prosaic, unimaginative, inartistic. They knew nothing of the divine art of life.

Now we can begin to understand the cause of the great battle of Jesus with the Pharisees. It was a struggle between the poetic and the prosaic, between the Ideal and the Commonplace—a struggle that led down to that forsaken hour in Gethsemane and to that last desolate cry on Calvary.

Jesus saw everywhere a fatal devotion to the conventional, the conventional that is the death of individuality, the grave of genius. The world says, "Do not be different; follow the fashion; take the colorless level. Walk in the old ways and you will be a favorite of the great god Success." But Jesus came as the Spirit of Evolution into a world of

arrested progress. He denied this gospel of the dead, and called men to the beautiful adventure of the soul.

The protest of Jesus against the world is the poet's protest. So only the poet-heart can understand his message: to the prose mind it is darkness. And yet his words are for all men, because all men are poets in the making. They wait only the touch of the lyric love to break into music. His message is not a theology, but a song. It springs artlessly from the common earth, like a lark toward the morning sky, singing as it rises.

The Pharisees, however, came with their camel-loads of legalisms, insisting on the forms and ceremonies. But Jesus saw what Plato had seen—that virtue is not a thing of rote and ritual, that it is a moral passion quickened within us. Virtue never exists in a being that acts by rote: it exists only where words and deeds spring from the heart. We are not pure till the soul recoils from the impure, as the flesh recoils from fire. Jesus called on the Pharisees to fling away their prosaic maxims and to live by their intuitions—to break the crust of custom and to live by their thinking hearts. Virtue must be passionate.

Jesus found the world strangled by cords of tradition. It was all scheduled how men were to live and die. Into this dead formalism of the priests and lawyers came the young Messiah crying that men must live by faith—must be led by the inspirations. He had the poet's imagination that sweeps away the temporal and accidental and goes straight to the heart of things. Like a sweet rain over an arid desert went out this romantic gospel of life into the barren dogmatism of that early day.

By a strange irony, the Pharisee in a measure had once been what Jesus was always—a dreamer and a servant of the dream. But now the Pharisees, who of old had been fluent as lava streams, had cooled and hardened into stone in the rigid crevice of custom. Greek culture, Roman learning, and all the new thought of their epoch, were to them anathema. They were not content to winnow the past for its wheat of virtue and to press on to new harvests of the future: they would have nothing but the past with all its chaff and dust and straw. But Jesus, in the fervor of the lyrical spirit, came flinging away the rust and rubble of those ancient heaps, sifting out the good seed and adding to it the seed of a new time.

Yes, he flung away the outworn traditions of the Elders, the commentaries of the Scribes—all the curious and useless quibbles catalogued and catacombed in the Jerusalemic and the Babylonian Talmuds. The Pharisees were legalists; Jesus was a lyrist. They appealed to the ancient testimony; he to the inward light. They saw God as a lawgiver to be feared; he as a friend to be loved. They enumerated particulars; he announced a principle. They said, "Retrace the old footprints, listen at

the doors of old tombs"; he said, "Take the open road—fear not, for the Father is with you even unto the end of the world." No wonder, then, that these men of the glacial mind could not understand the Lord of Love—understand his impassioned virtue, his glowing humanity, his heroic consecration, and his hints of the mystic rapture.

Jesus came as the daring son of Revolt. The Temple with its blood and butchery was hateful to him. The clink of coins in the porches of the Sanctuary had turned the house of prayer into "a den of thieves." He saw hope only in the fall of Judaism, even in the transcending of the Law. "The Law and the Prophets were until John: from that time the Gospel of the kingdom . . .," so ran his words. And he cried out, "Men do not mend old with new; they do not put new wine into old bottles." To his far-looking eyes, even the Temple was doomed. They pointed out to him the colossal stones that were being lifted to their places in the walls of the building. But Jesus refused his admiration, saying: "There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

Again we hear him crying: "The men of Nineveh shall stand up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it. The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here."— Terrible insult this to the pride and moral pedantry of the Scribes and Pharisees. Yet the words of the divine Commoner went on, hammering down that shell of religion, that grim chimera through whose hollow eyes Death was gazing—went on and on to the eight resounding denunciations as he stood alone and pale among the gilded porticos of the Temple.

The Pharisees were effigies of custom; Jesus was a son of the free spirit. The Pharisee is a man who has lost the child heart, the open mind, the wide-welcoming eyes—a man dead to wonder. The poetic spirit is always at one with the spirit of Jesus, and always in battle with the Pharisees—the Pharisees in the church, in the school, in the senate—the men who settle into the easy ruts of convention.

This conflict between Jesus and the Pharisees is the old eternal conflict between Genius and Talent. Genius produces, talent appropriates. Genius dares, talent compromises. Genius is led by faith, talent by sight. Genius blazes its own path, talent follows the beaten track. Genius contends against the world, talent drifts with the crowd. Genius lights its own fire; talent heaps up the old embers. Genius flings forth a living form; talent sets up a cold effigy. The starting-post of genius is ever the goal of talent. Talent stands for things as they are; genius for things as they ought to be. The world's custom is to crown talent and to crucify genius. So we need not wonder that Jesus, the supreme moral genius,

was led out to Golgotha; nor need we wonder that he quit the world with
a beautiful audacity and disdain for death *Edwin Markham.*

NOCTURNE

FRAIL, wavering grasses on the quiet road,
That hide the speckled livery of the toad;
Dark trees on lofty uplands far away,
The silver river flowing out of day
Over the purple ramparts of the night;
For these, O heart, give thanks. Beyond delight
Of singing or the loud world's ecstasies—
Garish and passionate and brief—are these:
Enduring friends, not shaken by a breath,
Alien to joy that still is touched with death,
But patient with a patience old and deep,
Kinder than life, more beautiful than sleep.

The wan wind stirs. O cool and secret spring,
Cover me with the shadow of thy wing.
For I have gone about the world and known
Each heart must break upon some heart of stone,
And have seen steadfast honor in the dust,
And even love's eyes shadowed by distrust,
And in my own soul the immortal die
In each day's clamorous futility.
O olden hills from which still comes our light,
Lend me a measure of your silent might,
O hills that bear the broad sun's burnished shield,
Teach me to love, to suffer, not to yield.

The night falls fast. When night shall fall indeed,
Nor I of earthly sunsets shall take heed,
Shall not some holier star and loftier hill
Be over me, to heal and counsel still?
No sapphire ways and no ethereal beams,
But quiet sunsets on eternal streams.
No music, but the silence that is peace
When man's shrill riot, earth's vain noises, cease.
After the dust, the fever and the blood,
Let such night fall, wherein, so great, so good,
Without the pain of speech I may behold
The few beloved who were mine of old.

Ludwig Lewisohn.

A MAN OF DEVON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: When this manuscript was purchased from Mr. Galsworthy's representative, the editors of this magazine were not informed that it had previously been published in book form. It has recently been learned that *A Man of Devon* appeared in England anonymously in 1901 and as the second part of a new book by this author in 1909. Since publication herein had already been begun, it was deemed advisable to complete the story in spite of this discovery.]

IV. (*Continued*)

I've sat here in my bedroom writing to you ever since, till my candle's almost gone. I keep thinking what the end of it is to be; and reproaching myself for doing nothing. And yet, what could I have done? I'm sorry for her—sorrier than I can say. The night is so quiet—I haven't heard a sound; is she asleep, awake, crying, triumphant?

It's four o'clock; I've been asleep.

They're back. Dan is lying on my bed. I'll try and tell you his story as near as I can, in his own words.

"We rode," he said, "round the upper way, keeping out of the lanes, and got to Kingswear by half-past eleven. The horse-ferry had stopped running; we had a job to find any one to put us over. We hired the fellow to wait for us, and took a carriage at the 'Castle.' Before we got to Black Mill it was nearly one, and pitch dark. With the breeze from the southeast, I made out he should have been in an hour or more. The old man had never spoken to me once; and before we got there I had begun to hope we shouldn't find the fellow after all. We made the driver pull up in the road; and walked round and round, trying to find the door. Then some one cried, 'Who are you?'"

"'John Ford.'"

"'What do you want?' It was old Pearse.

"'To see Zachary Pearse.'"

"The long window out of the porch where we sat the other day was open and we went in. There was a door at the end of the room and a light coming through. John Ford went toward it; I stayed out in the dark.

"'Who's that with you?'"

"'Mr. Treffry.'"

"'Let him come in!' I went in. The old fellow was in bed, quite still on his pillows, a candle by his side; to look at him you'd think

nothing of him but his eyes were alive. It was queer being with those two old men!"

Dan stopped, seemed to listen, and then went on doggedly.

"'Sit down, gentlemen,' said old Pearse. 'What do you want to see my son for?' John Ford begged his pardon, he had something to say, he said, that wouldn't wait.

"'They were very polite to one another,'" muttered Dan.

"'Will you leave your message with me?' said Pearse.

"'What I have to say to your son is private.'

"'I'm his father.'

"'I'm my girl's grandfather; and her only stand-by.'

"'Ah!' muttered old Pearse, 'Rick Voisey's daughter?'

"'I mean to see your son.'

"Old Pearse smiled. Queer smile, he's got, sort of sneering sweet.

"'You can never tell where Zack may be,' he said. 'You think I want to shield him. You're wrong; Zack can take care of himself.'

"'Your son's here!' said John Ford. Old Pearse gave us a very queer look.

"'You come into my house like thieves in the night, and give me the lie, do you?'

"'Your son came to my child's room like a thief in the night; it's for that I want to see him,' and then," said Dan, "there was a long silence. At last Pearse said:

"'I don't understand; has he played the blackguard?' And John Ford answered, 'He's married her, or, before God, I'd kill him!'

"Old Pearse seemed to think this over, never moving on his pillows. 'You don't know Zack. I'm sorry for you and I'm sorry for Rick Voisey's daughter; but you don't know Zack.'

"'Sorry!' groaned out John Ford; 'he's stolen my child, and I'll punish him.'

"'Punish!' cried old Pearse, writhing; 'we don't take punishment, not in my family.'

"'Captain Jan Pearse, as sure as I stand here you and your breed will get your punishment of God.' Old Pearse smiled.

"'Mr. John Ford, that's as may be; but sure as I lie here we won't take it of yu. Yu can't punish unless yu make to feel, and that yu can't du.'" . . . Dan stopped.

And that is truth!

Dan went on slowly:

"'You won't tell me where your son is!' John Ford said. Old Pearse never blinked.

"‘I won’t,’ he said, ‘and now you may get out. I lie here an old man, alone, with no use to my legs, night on night, an’ the house open; any rapscaillon could get in; d’ye think I’m afraid of you?’

"We were beat; we knew it, and walked out without a word. But that old man; I’ve thought of him a lot—ninety-two, and lying there. Whatever he’s been, and they tell you rum things of him, whatever his son may be, he’s a *man*. It’s not what he said, nor that there was anything to be afraid of just then, but somehow it’s the idea of the old chap lying there. I don’t ever wish to see a better plucked one. . . ."

We sat silent after that; out of doors the light began to stir among the leaves. There were all kinds of rustling sounds, as if the world were turning over in bed.

Suddenly Dan said:

"He’s cheated me. I paid him to clear out and leave her alone. D’you think *she’s* asleep?" Poor fellow, he made no appeal for sympathy. He’d take pity for an insult.

"I’m tired as a cat," he said at last, and he went to sleep on my bed.

It’s broad daylight now; I, too, am tired as a cat. . . .

V

Saturday, Aug. 6th.

. . . I take up my tale where I left off yesterday. . . . Dan and I started as soon as we could get Mrs. Hopgood to give us coffee. The old lady was more tentative, more undecided, more pouncing, than I had ever seen her. She was manifestly uneasy: Ha-apgood, who "don’t slape,"—don’t he, if snores are any criterion—had called out in the night, "Hark to th’ ‘arses’ ‘oofs!" Had we heard them? And where might we be gooin’ then? ‘Twas very earrly to start, an’ no breakfast. Ha-apgood had said it was goin’ to shaowerr. Miss Pasiance was not tu ‘er violin yet, an’ Mister Ford ‘e kept ‘is room. Was it?—would there be—? "Well an’ therr’s an ‘arvest bug; ‘tis some earrly for they!" Wonderful how she pounces on all such creatures, when I can’t even see them. She pressed it absently between finger and thumb, and began manœuvring round another way. Long before she had reached her point, we had gulped down our coffee, and departed. But as we rode out she came at a run, holding her skirts high with either hand, raised her dear old eyes all bright and anxious in their setting of fine wrinkles, and said:

"‘Tidden sorrow for *her*?"

A shrug of the shoulders was all the answer she got. We rode by the

lanes; through sloping farmyards, all mud and pigs, and dirty straw, and farmers with clean-shaven upper lips and whiskers under the chin; past fields of corn, where larks were singing. Up or down, we didn't draw rein till we came to Dan's hotel.

There was the river gleaming before us under a rainbow mist that hallowed every shape. There seemed affinity between the earth and the sky. I've never seen that particular soft unity out of Devon. And every ship, however black or modern, on those pale waters, had the look of a dream ship. The tall green woods, the red earth, the white houses, were all melted into one opal haze. It was raining, but the sun was shining just behind. Gulls swooped by us—ghosts of the old greedy wanderers of the sea.

We had told our two boatmen to pull us out to the *Pied Witch*! They started with great resolution, then rested on their oars.

"The *Pied Witch*, zurr?" asked one politely; "an' which may her be?"

That's the West countryman all over! Never say you "nay," never lose an opportunity, never own he can't do a thing—independence, amiability, and an eye to the main chance. We mentioned Pearse's name.

"Capt'n Zach'ry Pearse!" They exchanged a look half amused, half-admiring.

"The *Zunflaower*, yu mane. That's her. *Zunflaower*, ahoy!" As we mounted the steamer's black side I heard one say:

"*Pied Witch*! A pra-aper name that—a dandy name for her!" They laughed as they made fast.

The mate of the *Sunflower*, or *Pied Witch*, or whatever she was called, met us—a tall young fellow in his shirt-sleeves, tanned to the roots of his hair, with sinewy, tattooed arms, and gray eyes, charred round the rims from staring at weather.

"The skipper is on board," he said. "We're rather busy, as you see. Get on with that, you sea-cooks," he bawled at two fellows who were doing nothing. All over the ship, men were hauling, and splicing, and stowing cargo.

"To-day's Friday: we're off on Wednesday with any luck. Will you come this way?" He led us down the companion to a dark hole which he called the saloon. "What names shall I tell him? What!" he said to Dan, "are you Mr. Treffry? Then we're partners!" A schoolboy's glee came on his face.

"Look here!" he said; "I can show *you* something," and he unlocked the door of a cabin. There appeared to be nothing in it but a huge piece of tarpaulin, which depended, bulging, from the topmost bunk. He

pulled it up. The lower bunk had been removed, and in its place was the ugly body of a dismantled Gatling gun.

"Got six of them," he whispered with unholy mystery, through which his native frankness gaped out. "Worth their weight in gold out there just now, the skipper says. Got a heap of rifles, too, and lots of ammunition. He's given me a share. This is better than the P. and O., and playing deck cricket with the passengers. I'd made up my mind already to chuck that, and go in for plantin' sugar, when I ran across the skipper. Wonderful chap, the skipper! I'll go and tell him. He's been out all night; only came aboard at four bells; having a nap now, but he won't mind that for *you*."

Off he went. I wondered what there was in Zachary Pearse to attract a youngster of this sort; one of the customary twelve children of some country parson, no doubt—burning to shoot a few niggers, and forever frank and youthful.

He came back with his hands full of bottles.

"What'll you drink? The skipper'll be here in a jiffy. Excuse my goin' on deck. We're so busy."

And in five minutes Zachary Pearse did come. He made no attempt to shake hands, for which I respected him. His face looked worn, and more defiant than usual.

"Well, gentlemen?" he said.

"We've come to ask you what you're going to do," said Dan.

"I don't know, gentlemen," answered Pearse, "that it's any of your business."

Dan's little eyes were like the eyes of an angry pig.

"You've got £500 of mine," he said; "why do you think I gave it you?"

Zachary bit his fingers.

"That's no concern of mine," he said. "I sail on Wednesday. Your money's safe."

"Do you know what I think of you?" said Dan.

"No, and you'd better not tell me!" Then, with one of his peculiar changes, he smiled, "As you like, though."

Dan's face grew very dark. "Give me a plain answer," he said; "what are you going to do about her?"

Zachary looked up at him from under his brows.

"Nothing."

"Are you cur enough to deny that you've married her?"

Zachary looked at him coolly. "Not at all," he said.

"What in God's name did you do it for?"

"You've no monopoly in the post of husband, Mr. Treffry."

"To put a child in that position! Haven't you the heart of a man? What d'ye come sneaking in at night for? By Gad! Don't you know you've done a beastly thing?"

Zachary's face darkened, he clenched his fists. Then he seemed to shut his anger into himself.

"You wanted me to leave her to you," he sneered. "I gave her my promise that I'd take her out there, and we'd have gone off on Wednesday quietly enough, if you hadn't come and nosed the whole thing out with your infernal dog. The fat's in the fire! There's no reason why I should take her now. I'll come back to her a rich man, or not at all."

"And in the meantime?" I slipped in.

He turned to me, in an ingratiating way.

"I would have taken her to save the fuss—but it's not my fault the thing's come out. I'm on a risky job. To have her with me might ruin the whole thing; it would take my nerve away. It isn't safe for her."

"And what's her position to be," I said, "while you're away? Do you think she'd have married you if she'd known you were going to leave her like this? You ought to give up this business and see her through. You stole her. Her life's in your hands; she's only a child!"

A quiver passed over his face; and showed he was suffering.

"Give it up," I urged.

"My last farthing's in it," he sighed; "the chance of a life."

He looked at me doubtfully, appealingly, as if for the first time in his life he had been given a glimpse of that dilemma of consequences which his nature never recognizes. I thought he was going to give in. Suddenly, to my horror, Dan growled, "Play the man!"

Pearse turned his head. "I don't want your advice," he said, "I'll not be dictated to."

"To your last day," said Dan, "you shall answer to me for the way you treat her."

Zachary smiled.

"Do you see that fly?" he said; "well—I care for you as little as this," and he flicked the fly off his white trousers; "good morning!" . . .

The noble mariners who manned our boat pulled lustily for the shore, but we had hardly shoved off when a storm of rain burst over the ship, and she seemed to vanish, leaving a picture on my eyes of the mate waving his cap above the rail, with his tanned young face bent down at us, smiling, keen, and friendly.

. . . We reached the shore drenched, angry with ourselves, and with each other; and I started sulkily for home.

As I rode past an orchard, an apple, loosened by the rain-storm, came down with a thud.

"The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
Oh! heigh ho! and ready to fall."

I made up my mind to pack and go away. But there's a strangeness, a sort of haunting fascination in it all. To you, who don't know the people, it may only seem a piece of rather sordid folly. It isn't the good, the obvious, the useful that puts a spell on us in life. No; it's the bizarre, the dimly seen, the mysterious for good or evil.

The sun was out again when I rode up to the farm; its yellow thatch shone through the trees as if sheltering gladness and good news. John Ford himself opened the door to me.

He began with an apology, which made me feel more than ever an intruder; then he said:

"I have not spoken to my granddaughter—I waited to see Dan Trefry."

He was stern and sad-eyed, like a man with a great weight of grief on his shoulders. He looked as if he had not slept; his dress was a little out of order, he had not taken his clothes off, I think. He is not a man whom you can pity. I felt I had taken a liberty in knowing of this thing. When I told him where we had been, he said:

"It was very good of you to take this trouble. I thank you. . . . It is indecent that it should have to be done; but since such things have come to pass—" He made a gesture full of horror. He gave one the impression of a man whose pride was struggling against a mortal hurt. Presently he asked:

"You saw him, you say? He admitted this marriage? Did he give an explanation?"

I tried to make Pearse's point of view clear. Before this old man, with his inflexible will and sense of duty, I felt as if I held a brief for Zachary, and must try to do him justice.

"Let me understand," he said, at last. "He stole her, you say, to make sure; and deserts her within a fortnight."

"He says he meant to take her——"

"Do you believe that?"

Before I could answer, I saw Pasiance standing at the window. She had come in unheard. How long she had been there I could not say.

"Is it true that he is going to leave me behind?" she cried out.

I could only nod.

"Did you hear him your own self?"

"Yes."

She stamped her foot.

"But he promised! He promised!"

John Ford went toward her.

"Don't touch me, grandfather! I hate every one! Let him do what he likes, I don't care."

John Ford's face turned quite gray.

"Pasiance," he said, "did you want to leave me so much?"

She looked straight at us, and said sharply——

"What's the good of telling stories. I can't help its hurting you."

"What did you think you would find away from here?"

She laughed.

"Find? I don't know—nothing; I wouldn't be stifled anyway. Now I suppose you'll shut me up because I'm a weak girl, not strong like *men*!"

"Silence!" said John Ford; "I will make him take you."

"You shan't!" she cried; "I won't let you. He's free to do as he likes. He's free—I tell you all, everybody—free!"

She ran through the window, and vanished.

John Ford made a movement as if the bottom had dropped out of his world. And I left him there.

I went to the kitchen, where Hopgood was sitting at the table, eating bread and cheese. He got up on seeing me, and very kindly brought me some cold bacon and a pint of ale.

"I thart I shude be seeing yu, zurr," he said between his bites; "therr's no thart tu 'atin' 'bout the 'ouse tu-day. The old wumman's puzzivantin' over Miss Pasiance. Young girls are skeery critters"—he brushed his sleeve over his broad, hard jaws, and filled a pipe—"specially when it's in the blood of 'em. Squire Rick Voisey werr a dandy; an' Mistress Voisey—well, she werr a nice lady tu, but"—rolling the stem of his pipe from corner to corner of his mouth—"she werr a pra-aper vixen."

Hopgood's a good fellow, and I believe as soft as he looks hard, but he's not quite the sort one chooses to talk a matter like this over with. I went upstairs, and began to pack, but after a bit dropped it for a book, and somehow or other fell asleep.

I woke, and looked at my watch; it was five o'clock. I had been asleep four hours. A single sunbeam was slanting across from one of my windows to the other, and there was the cool sound of milk dropping into pails; then, all at once, a stir as of alarm, and heavy footsteps.

I opened my door. Hopgood and a coastguardsman were carrying

Pasiance slowly up the stairs. She lay in their arms without moving, her face whiter than her dress, a scratch across the forehead, and two or three drops there of dried blood. Her hands were clasped, and she slowly crooked and stiffened out her fingers. When they turned with her at the stair top, she opened her lips, and gasped, "All right, don't put me down. I can bear it." They passed, and, with a half-smile in her eyes, she said something to me that I couldn't catch; the door was shut, and the excited whispering began again below. I waited for the men to come out, and caught hold of Hopgood. He wiped the sweat off his forehead, and panted out.

"Poor young thing! she fell—down the cliffs—'tis her back—coast-guard saw her—'twerr they fetched her in. The Lord 'elp her—mebbe she's not broken up much! An' Mister Ford don't know! I'm gwine for the doctor."

There was an hour or more to wait before he came; a young fellow, almost a boy. He looked grave enough when he came out of her room.

"The old woman there—fond of her? nurse her well? . . . Fond as a dog!—good! Don't know—can't tell for certain! Afraid it's the spine, must have another opinion! What a plucky girl! Tell Mr. Ford to have the best man he can get in Torquay—there's C——. I'll be round the first thing in the morning. Keep her dead quiet. I've left a sleeping draught; she'll have fever to-night."

John Ford came in at last. Poor old man! What it must have cost him not to go in for fear of exciting her! How many times in the next few hours didn't I hear him come to the bottom of the stairs, and stop; his heavy wheezing, and sighing; and the forlorn tread of his feet going back! About eleven, when I was just going to bed, Mrs. Hopgood came to my door.

"Will yu come, sir," she said; "she's asking for yu. Naowt I can zay but what she will see *yu*; zeems crazy, don't it?" A tear trickled down the old lady's cheek. "Du 'ee come; 'twill du 'err 'arm mebbe, but I dunnoo—she'll fret else."

I slipped into the room. Lying back on her pillows, she was breathing quickly with half-closed eyes. There was nothing to show that she had wanted me, or even knew that I was there. The wick of the candle, set by the bedside, had been snuffed too short, and gave but a faint light; both window and door stood open, still there was no draught, and the feeble little flame burned quite still, casting a faint yellow stain on the ceiling like the reflection from a buttercup held beneath a chin. These ceilings are far too low! Across the wide, squat window the apple

branches fell in black stripes which never stirred. It was too dark to see things clearly. At the foot of the bed was a chest, and there Mrs. Hopgood had sat down, moving her lips as if in speech. With the half-musty smell of age, there were other scents, of mignonette, apples, and some sweet-smelling soap; the floor had no carpet; and there was not one single dark object except the violin, hanging from a nail over the bed. A little, round clock ticked solemnly.

"Why won't you give me that stuff, Mums?" Pasiance said in a faint sharp voice. "I want to sleep."

"Have you much pain?" I asked.

"Of course I have; it's everywhere."

She turned her face toward me.

"You thought I did it on purpose, but you're wrong. If I had, I'd have done it better than this. I wouldn't have this brutal pain." She put her fingers over her eyes. "It's horrible to complain! Only it's so bad! But I won't again—I—promise."

She took the sleeping draught gratefully, making a face, like a child after a powder.

"How long do you think it'll be before I can play again? Oh! I forgot—there are other things to think about." She held out her hand to me. "Look at my ring. Married—isn't it funny? Ha, ha! Nobody will ever understand—that's funny too! Poor Gran! You see, there wasn't any reason—only me. That's the only reason I'm talking to you; Mums is there—but she doesn't count; why don't you count, Mums?"

The fever was fighting against the draught; she had tossed the clothes back from her throat, and now and then raised one thin arm a little, as if it eased her; her eyes had grown large, and innocent like a child's; the candle, too, had flared, and was burning clearly.

"Nobody is to tell *him*—*nobody* at all; promise! . . . If I hadn't slipped, it would have been different. What would have happened then? You can't tell; and *I* can't—that's funny! Do you think I loved him? Nobody marries without love, do they? Not *quite* without love, I mean. But you see I wanted to be free, he said he'd take me; and now he's left me after all! I won't be left, I won't! When I came to the cliff—that bit where the ivy grows right down—there was just the sea there, underneath; so I thought I would throw myself over and it would be all quiet; and I climbed on a ledge, it looked easier from there, but it was so high, I wanted to get back; and then my foot slipped; and now it's all pain. You can't think much when you're in pain."

From her eyes I saw that she was dropping off.

"Nobody can take you away from—yourself. He's not to be told—

not even—I don't—want you—to go away, because—” But her eyes closed, and she dropped off to sleep.

They don't seem to know this morning whether she is better or worse. . . .

VI

Tuesday, Aug. 9th.

It seems more like three weeks than three days since I wrote. The time passes slowly in a sick house! . . . The doctors were here this morning, they give her forty hours. Not a word of complaint has passed her lips since she knew. To see her you would hardly think her ill; her cheeks have not had time to waste or lose their color. There is not much pain, but a slow, creeping numbness. . . . It was John Ford's wish that she should be told. She just turned her head to the wall and sighed; then to poor old Mrs. Hopgood, who was crying her heart out: “Don't cry, Mums, I don't care.”

When they had gone, she asked for her violin. She made them hold it for her, and drew the bow across the strings; but the notes that came out were so trembling and uncertain that she dropped the bow and broke into a passion of sobbing. Since then, no complaint or moan of any kind. . . .

But to go back. On Sunday, the day after I wrote, as I was coming from a walk, I met a little boy making mournful sounds on a tin whistle.

“Coom ahn!” he said, “the Miss wahnts tu see yu.”

I went to her room. In the morning she had seemed better, but now looked utterly exhausted. She had a letter in her hand.

“It's this,” she said. “I don't seem to understand it. He wants me to do something—but I can't think, and my eyes feel funny. Read it to me, please.”

The letter was from Zachary. I read it to her in a low voice, for Mrs. Hopgood was in the room, her eyes always fixed on Pasiance above her knitting. When I'd finished, she made me read it again, and yet again. At first she seemed pleased, almost excited, then came a weary, almost scornful look, and before I'd finished the third time she was asleep. It was a remarkable letter, that seemed to bring the man right before your eyes. I slipped it under her fingers on the bedclothes and went out. Fancy took me to the cliff where she had fallen. I found the point of rock where the cascade of ivy flows down the cliff; the ledge on which she had climbed was a little to my right—a mad place. It showed plainly what wild emotions must have been driving her! Behind was a

half-cut cornfield with a fringe of poppies, and swarms of harvest insects creeping and flying; in the uncut corn a landrail kept up a continual charring. The sky was blue to the very horizon, and the sea wonderful, under that black wild cliff stained here and there with red. Over the dips and hollows of the fields great white clouds hung low down above the land. There are no brassy, east coast skies here; but always sleepy, soft-shaped clouds, full of subtle stir and change. Passages of Zachary Pearce's letter kept rising to my lips. He is the man that his native place, and life, and blood have made him. It is useless to expect idealists where the air is soft and things good to look on (the idealist grows where he must create beauty or comfort for himself); useless to expect a man of law and order, in one whose fathers have stared at the sea day and night for a thousand years—the sea, full of its promises of unknown things, never quite the same, a slave to its own impulses; for man is an imitative animal. . . .

"Life's hard enough," he wrote, "without tying yourself down. Don't think too hardly of me! Shall I make you happier by taking you into danger? If I succeed you'll be a rich woman; but I shall fail if you're with me. To look at you makes me soft. At sea a man dreams of all the good things on land, he'll dream of the heather, and honey—you're like that; and he'll dream of the apple-trees and the grass of the orchards—you're like that; sometimes he only lies on his back and wishes—and you're like that, most of all like that. . . ."

When I was reading those words I remember a strange, soft, half-scornful look came over Pasiance's face; and once she said, "But that's all nonsense, isn't it?" . . .

Then followed a long passage about what he would gain if he succeeded, about all that he was risking, the impossibility of failure, if he kept his wits about him. "It's only a matter of two months or so," he went on; "stay where you are, dear, or go to my Dad. He'll be glad to have you. There's my mother's room. There's no one to say 'no' to your fiddle there; you can play it by the sea; and on dark nights you'll have the stars dancing to you over the water as thick as bees. I've looked at them often, thinking of you." . . .

The first time I read those words Pasiance whispered, "Don't read that bit," and afterward I left it out. . . . Then the sensuous side of him shows up: "When I've brought this off, there's the whole world before us. There are places I can take you to. There's one I know, not too warm and not too cold, where you can sit all day in the shade and watch the creepers, and the cocoa-palms, still as still; nothing to do or care about; all the fruits you can think of; no noise but the parrots and

the streams, and a splash when a nigger dives into the water-hole. Pasiance, we'll go there! With an 80-ton craft there's no sea we couldn't know. The world's a fine place for those who go out to take it; there's lots of unknown stuff in it yet. I'll fill your lap, my pretty, so full of treasures that you shan't know yourself. A man wasn't meant to sit at home." . . .

Throughout this letter—for all its real passion—one could feel how the man was holding to his purpose—the rather sordid purpose of this venture. He's unconscious of it; for he *is* in love with her; but he must be furthering his own ends. He is vital—horribly vital! I wonder less now that she should have yielded.

What visions hasn't he dangled before her! There was physical attraction, too—I haven't forgotten the look I saw on her face at Black Mill. But when all's said and done, she married him because she's Pasiance Voisey, who does things and wants "to get back." And she lies there dying; not he or any other man will ever take her away. It's pitiful to think of him tingling with passion, writing that letter to this doomed girl in that dark hole of a saloon. "I've wanted money," he wrote, "ever since I was a little chap sitting in the fields among the cows. . . . I want it for you now, and I mean to have it. I've studied the thing two years; I know what I know. . . . The moment this is in the post I leave for London. There are a hundred things to look after still; I can't trust myself within reach of you again till the anchor's weighed. When I rechristened her the *Pied Witch*, I thought of you—you witch to me." . . .

There followed a solemn entreaty to her to be on the path leading to the cove at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening (that is, to-morrow), when he would come ashore and bid her good-by. It was signed, "Your loving husband Zachary Pearse." . . .

I lay at the edge of that cornfield a long time; it was very peaceful. The church bells had begun to ring. The long shadows came stealing out from the sheaves; wood-pigeons rose one by one, and flapped off to roost; the western sky was streaked with red, and all the downs and combe bathed in the last sunlight. Perfect harvest weather; but oppressively still, the stillness of suspense. . . .

Life in the farm goes on as usual. We have morning and evening prayers. John Ford reads them fiercely, as though he were on the eve of a revolt against God. Morning and evening he visits her, comes out wheezing heavily, and goes to his own room; I believe, to pray. Since this morning I haven't dared meet him. He is a strong old man—but this will surely break him up.

VII

KINGSWEAR, Saturday, Aug. 13th.

It's over—I leave here to-morrow, and go abroad.

A quiet afternoon—not a breath up in the churchyard! I was there quite half an hour before they came. Some red cows had strayed into the adjoining orchard, and were rubbing their heads against the railing. While I stood there an old woman came and drove them away; afterward, she stooped and picked up the apples that had fallen before their time.

“The apples are ripe and ready to fall,
Oh! heigh ho! and ready to fall;
There came an old woman and gathered them all,
Oh! heigh ho! and gathered them all.”

. . . They brought Pasiance very simply—no hideous funeral trappings, thank God—the farmhands carried her, and there was no one there but John Ford, the Hopgoods, myself, and that young doctor. They read the service over her grave. I can hear John Ford's “Amen!” now. When it was over he walked away bareheaded in the sun, without a word. I went up there again this evening, and wandered amongst the tombstones. “Richard Voisey,” “John, the son of Richard and Constance Voisey,” “Margery Voisey,” so many generations of them in that corner; then ‘Richard Voisey and Agnes his wife,’ and next to it that new mound on which a sparrow was strutting and the shadows of the apple-trees were already hovering.

I will tell you the little left to tell. . . .

On Wednesday afternoon she asked for me again.

“It's only till seven,” she whispered: “he's certain to come then. But if I—were to die first—then tell him—I'm sorry for him. They keep saying: ‘Don't talk—don't talk!’ Isn't it stupid? As if I should have any other chance! There'll be no more talking after to-night! Make everybody come, please—I want to see them all. When you're dying you're freer than any other time—nobody wants you to do things, nobody cares what you say. . . . He promised me I should do what I liked if I married him—I never believed that really—but now I *can* do what I like; and say all the things I want to.” She lay back silent; she could not after all speak the inmost thoughts that are in each of us, so sacred that they melt away at the approach of words.

I shall remember her like that—with the gleam of a smile in her half-closed eyes, her red lips parted—such a quaint look of mockery, pleasure, regret, on her little round, upturned face; the room white, and fresh

with flowers, the breeze fluttering the apple-leaves against the window. In the night they had unhooked the violin, and taken it away; she had not missed it. . . . When Dan came, I gave up my place to him. He took her hand gently in his great paw, without speaking.

"How small my hand looks there," she said—"too small." Dan put it softly back on the bedclothes and wiped his forehead. Pasiance cried in a sharp whisper: "Is it so hot in here? I didn't know." Dan bent down, put his lips to her fingers, and left the room.

The afternoon was long, the longest I've ever spent. Sometimes she seemed to sleep, sometimes whispered to herself about her mother, her grandfather, the garden or her cats—all sorts of inconsequent, trivial, even ludicrous memories seemed to throng her mind—never once, I think, did she speak of Zachary, but, now and then, she asked the time. . . . Each hour she grew visibly weaker. John Ford sat by her without moving, his heavy breathing was often the only sound; sometimes she rubbed her fingers on his hand, without speaking. It was a summary of their lives together. Once he prayed aloud for her in a hoarse voice; then her pitiful, impatient eyes signed to me.

"Quick," she whispered, "I want *him*; it's all so—cold."

I went out and ran down the path toward the cove.

Leaning on a gate stood Zachary, an hour before his time; dressed in the same old blue clothes and leather-peaked cap as on the day when I saw him first. He knew nothing of what had happened. But at a quarter of the truth, I'm sure he divined the whole, though he would not admit it to himself. He kept saying, "It can't be. She'll be well in a few days—a sprain! D'you think the sea-voyage . . . Is she strong enough to be moved now at once?"

It was painful to see his face, so twisted by the struggle between his instinct and his vitality. The sweat poured down his forehead. He turned round as we walked up the path, and pointed out to sea. There was his steamer emitting thin, blue whiffs of steam. "I could get her on board in no time. Impossible! What is it, then? Spine? Good God! The doctors . . . Sometimes they'll do wonders!" It was pitiful to see his efforts to blind himself to the reality.

"It *can't* be, she's too young. We're walking very slow." Then I told him she was dying.

For a second I thought he was going to run away. Then he jerked up his head, and rushed on toward the house. At the foot of the staircase he gripped me by the shoulder.

"It's not true!" he said, "she'll get better now I'm here. I'll *stay*. I'll stay. Let everything go. I'll stay."

"Now's the time," I said, "to show you loved her. Pull yourself together, man!" He shook all over.

"Yes!" was all he answered. We went into her room. It seemed impossible she was going to die; the color was bright in her cheeks, her lips trembling and pouted as if she had just been kissed, her eyes gleaming, her hair so dark and crisp, her face so young. . . .

Half an hour later I stole to the open door of her room. She was still and white, as the sheets of her bed. John Ford stood at the foot; and, bowed to the level of the pillows, his head on his clenched fists, sat Zachary. It was utterly quiet. The fluttering of the leaves had ceased. When things have come to a crisis, how little one feels—no fear, no pity, no sorrow, rather the sense, as when a play is over, of anxiety to get away!

Suddenly Zachary rose, brushed past me without seeing, and ran downstairs.

Some hours later I went out on the path leading to the cove. It was pitch-black; the riding light of the *Pied Witch* was still there, looking no bigger than a firefly. Then from in front I heard sobbing—a man's sobs; no sound is quite so dreadful. Zachary Pearse got up out of the bank not ten paces off.

I had no heart to go after him, and sat down in the hedge. There was something subtly akin to her in the fresh darkness of the young night: the soft bank, the scent of honeysuckle, the touch of the ferns and brambles. Death comes to all of us, and when it's over it's over; but this blind business—of those left behind!

A little later the ship whistled twice; her starboard light gleamed faintly—and that was all. . . .

VIII

TORQUAY, Oct. 30th.

. . . Do you remember the letters I wrote you from Moor Farm nearly three years ago? To-day I rode over there. I stopped at Brixham on the way for lunch, and walked down to the quay. There had been a shower—but the sun was out again, shining on the sea, the brown-red sails, and the rampart of slate roofs.

A trawler was lying there, which had evidently been in a collision. The spiky-bearded, thin-lipped fellow in torn blue jersey and sea-boots who was superintending the repairs said to me a little proudly:

"Bane in collision, zurr; like to see over her?" Then suddenly screwing up his little blue eyes, he added:

"Why, I remembers yu. Steered yu along o' the young lady in this yer very craft."

It was Prawle, Zachary Pearse's henchman.

"Yes," he went on, "that's the cutter."

"And Captain Pearse?"

He leant his back against the quay, and spat.

"He was a pra-aper man; I never zane none like 'en."

"Did you do any good out there?"

Prawle gave me a sharp glance.

"Gude? No, 'twas arrm we ded, vrom ztart to finish. We had trouble all the time. What a man cude du, the skipper did. When yu caan't du right, zome calls it 'Providence'!—'Tis all my eye an' Betty Martin! What I zay es, 'tis these times, there's such a dale o' folk, a dale of puz-zivantin' fellers; the world's tu small."

With these words there flashed across me a vision of Drake crushed into our modern life by the shrinkage of the world. Drake caught in the meshes of red tape, electric wires, all the lofty appliances of our civilization. Does a type survive its age; live on into times that have no room for it? The blood is there—and sometimes there's a throw-back. . . All fancy! Eh?

"So," I said, "you failed?"

Prawle wriggled.

"I wudden' goo for tu zay that, zurr—'tis an ugly word."

"Da-am!" he said, at last, staring at his boots, "'twas thru me tu. We were along among the haythen, and I mus' nades goo for to break me leg. The capt'n he wudden' lave me. 'One Devon man,' he says to me, 'don' lave anotheerr.' We werr six days where we shud ha' been tu; when we got back to the ship a ——— cruiser had got her for gun-runnin'."

"And what has become of Captain Pearse?"

Prawle answered, "Zurr, I belave 'e went to China, 'tis onsartain."

"He's not dead?"

Prawle looked at me with a kind of uneasy anger.

"Yu cudden' kell 'en! 'Tis true, mun'll die zome day. But therr's not a one that'll show better zport than Capt'n Zach'ry Pearse."

It's just that: he lasts where others go under. The vision of him comes up, with his perfect balance, defiant eyes, and sweetish smile; the way the hair of his beard crisped a little, and got blacker on the cheeks; the sort of desperate feeling he gave, that one would never get the better of him, that he would never get the better of himself.

I took leave of Prawle and half-a-crown. Before I was off the quay

I heard him saying to a lady, "Bane in collision, marm! like to see over her?"

After lunch I rode on to Moor. The old place looked much the same; but the apple-trees were stripped of fruit, and their leaves beginning to go yellow and to fall. One of Pasiance's cats passed me in the orchard hunting a bird, still with a ribbon round its neck. John Ford showed me all his latest improvements, but never by word or sign alluded to the past. He inquired after Dan, back in New Zealand, without much interest; his stubbly beard and hair have whitened; he has grown very stout, and I noticed that his legs are not well under control; he often stops to lean on his stick. He was very ill last winter; and sometimes, now, they say, will go straight off to sleep in the middle of a sentence.

I managed to get a few minutes with the Hopgoods. We talked of Pasiance, sitting in the kitchen under a row of plates, with that clinging smell of wood-smoke, bacon, and age bringing up memories, as nothing but scents can. The dear old lady's hair, drawn so nicely down her forehead on each side from the centre of her cap, has a few thin silver lines; and her face is a thought more wrinkled. The tears still come into her eyes when she talks of her "lamb."

Of Zachary I heard nothing, but she told me of old Pearse's death.

"Therr they found 'en, so tu spake, dead—in th' sun; but Haapgood can tell yu;" and Hopgood, ever rolling his pipe, muttered something, and smiled a wooden smile.

He came to see me off from the straw-yard. "'Tis like death to the varrm, zurr," he said, putting all the play of his vast shoulders into the buckling of my girths. "Mister Ford—well! And not one of th' old stock to take it when 'e's garn. . . . Ah! it *werr cruel*; my old woman's never been hersel' since. Tell 'ee what 'tis—don't du t' think tu much."

I went out of my way to pass the churchyard. There were flowers, quite fresh, chrysanthemums, and asters; above them the white stone, already stained:

"P A S I A N C E

WIFE OF ZACHARY PEARSE.

'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away.'

The red cows were there too; the sky full of great, white clouds, some birds whistling a little mournfully, and in the air the scent of fallen leaves. . . .

[THE END]

May, 1900.

BOOKS AND MEN

GEORGE MEREDITH'S POETRY

IF it be true, as Mark Pattison held, that an appreciation of Milton is the reward of a life-long culture, it is none the less true that the appreciation of Meredith is largely a fortunate accident of temperament. The conservative, traditional, academic type of mind reads him, when it reads him at all, with impatience, too much resenting his rebellious impressionism to appreciate and enjoy his virile creativeness, his riotous vitality. For such minds writing is still an art of statement, impassioned maybe, but still statement; with Meredith and writers affiliated to him, writing is an art of suggestion, using for its ends all available means and methods, pressing into its service arts "alien to the artist," and perhaps more and more employing the methods of music and painting. Meredith's writing is essentially modern, the product of an age that produced Wagner. Carlyle and Browning were, of course, the first exponents of the style, and Meredith learned much from both of them. All three stand together as the innovators of a form of expression, almost journalistic in its determination to flash the immediate effect, and Shakespearean in the audacity of its metaphoric method—a method designed to reveal and to embody the last intimacy of insight and sensation. Of course, all three are innovating artists, because they are first innovating thinkers, and their subject-matter no less than their manner is disturbing to minds that feel—and possibly with justice—that art is not concerned with new thinking, but with the ancient verities, and indeed loses its immortal beauty and infinite serenity when it gives ear to those spiritual and intellectual "storms that rage outside its happy ground." Thought is said to be destructive of beauty, disastrous to fair faces, and there are those who would seem to feel that art is unnaturally employed in the expression of spiritual struggle, or sensual turmoil. Art, they would seem to say, should be static, not dynamic. Poetry for such is the expression of traditional themes in the traditional poetic manner—and they are by no means all wrong.

For as one grows older—and to grow older is proverbially to grow more conservative—one comes better to understand the academic distaste for writers of the Carlyle-Browning-Meredith school, and grows more to insist that writing shall be *writing*—not talking, however brilliant, not

fantastic flash-lighting of one's theme, no merely pyrotechnic hints of one's meaning, or musical adumbrations, or the presentation of a verbal palette, however chromatic and bizarre, for a picture. We crave "the little word big with eternity," the one inevitable metaphor, the word worthy of eternal marble, the image as immediate and universal as lightning or the cry of a child; not the innumerable tentative word, however vivid and strange, nor the play of clustering imagery, however, Protean or merely harlequinque.

And the more we demand this expressive finality and universality of literature, the more we realize that these three writers I have classed together are inspired prophetic journalists, moulders of the spiritual aspiration of their time, rather than enduring voices of the eternal meanings.

It is exceedingly improbable that any one of them will be read, or even understood, a hundred years from now; for they write, so to speak, in the spiritual slang of the day. They have all worked, for the most part, in the perishable medium of contemporary utterance, and on, of course, a far higher plane, must suffer a similar disintegration to that which must inevitably overtake the clay masterpieces of Mr. Kipling.

But the prophet must always, of necessity, be somewhat of a journalist, and the fact of his utterance being more adapted for its immediate purpose than for permanent inspiration, is not to say that the divine fire is not in him, or that he is not a chosen vessel of vast service to his day and generation. It is quite possible to be a great writer, without appealing to posterity; and such writers as I am speaking of will probably reach posterity rather as spiritual influences in the blood of Time than as names upon his lips or living voices in his ears.

So much in concession to the conservative, classic, point of view; yet happy is the man whose enjoyment of *Paradise Lost* does not preclude from appreciation of *Leaves of Grass*, or whom Wordsworth—with his somewhat anthropomorphic worship of nature—has not disqualified for understanding of Meredith's sterner "reading of earth."

Whether or not there are ears to hear Meredith in the future will depend upon his style, upon the durability of his verbal method; it is to be hoped for the sake of our great-great-grandchildren that they may be able to decipher that "Meredithese," which, though difficult even to us, has a certain thrill of contemporary intimacy that enables us to guess at the spiritual meaning when the writing itself is somewhat verbally dark; for the spiritual and intellectual content of Meredith's writing is of that eternal importance which concerns men in all ages. Man will be as much in need of a practical faith in the invisible powers and the divine significance of the human struggle a thousand years hence as to-day; and,

for that reason, it is to be hoped that Meredith's message may still survive, though it will surely need the aid of a glossary. Yet, as we still read Chaucer for pleasure, maybe men a thousand years hence will still painfully translate Meredith for the good of their souls.

Man has many ways of attaining faith. The ways vary with his temperament. But the way most convincing to the modern—or present-day—mind is the way of the fact. Not faith founded on fiction, but faith founded on fact. Such faith it is that Meredith brings us. The strength of his philosophy lies in his facing all the facts, ugly and beautiful, stern and gentle. Perhaps it is a Manichean world—but Meredith never doubts that God has the best of it. The devil is merely a part of the process. In proof of this, what more do you need than—a rose!

And O, green bounteous Earth!
 Bacchante Mother! Stern to those
 Who live not in thy heart of mirth;
 Death shall I shrink from, loving thee?
*Into the breast that gives the rose,
 Shall I with shuddering fall?*

A rose—or an automobile. Both would serve alike to Meredith as evidences of the divine energy ever feeding with celestial fire this mysterious activity we call life.

His novels are lit with this invincible faith in "the upper glories," in spite of their dealing so constantly with sophisticated social types and conditions; even through them Meredith was able to find "the developments and the eternal meanings."

Meredith was a comedian, a social satirist, as well as a spiritual teacher and a poet. It is, indeed, because he was so much a man of this world that we pay such attentive heed to what he has to say about the next. He loves to take life in apparently its most artificial, most unreal, developments, to demonstrate for us that, however sublunary or exiled from "the healthy breath of morn" it may seem, it is none the less fed by the great forces, and still a thing of magic and mysterious destiny.

This radiant faith, diffused in his novels, is to be found concentrated—perhaps too much concentrated—in Meredith's poetry. There are those who think that Meredith expressed himself most lastingly in his verse; and there are others who cannot read his verse at all. The positive side of an argument is usually that best worth listening to. When we find that a new and strange light, so inspiringly visible to us, is nothing but Egyptian darkness to others—we can but mercifully conclude that those others are blind. Meredith's verse, in its later developments particularly, is hard reading, strangely, perhaps wilfully, crabbed and cryptic; but it is no

more so than Browning's, and the message it holds for us within its rough and prickly husk is better worth finding. His verse has a distinction that Browning's seldom attained, and both poets are curiously alike in their alternation between lyric simplicity and sibylline mystery, or mystification.

The two volumes of Meredith's verse, recently published by Messrs. Scribners, which are the occasion of these remarks,¹ bring together the two extremes of Meredith's poetic achievement, in a striking contrast of method, but an equally striking harmony of spiritual attitude. The Meredith of the *Last Poems*, and the Meredith of the *Poems Written in Early Youth* are one and the same, the septuagenarian and the boy of twenty-three, in their jubilant affirmation of the joyous significance of life; though of the two we cannot but feel that it is the boy who is the better poet.

Take this fragment from the *Last Poems*:

This love of nature that allures to take
Irregularity for harmony,
Of larger scope than our hard measures make,
Cherish it as thy school for when on thee
The ills of life descend.

Here the old man is still of the same mind with the boy, but the boy said it better when he sang of Nature as "our only visible friend—" when he wrote in his remarkable poem "The Spirit of Earth in Autumn"—

Great Mother Nature! teach me, like thee,
To kiss the season and shun regrets.
And am I more than the mother who bore,
Mock me not with thy harmony!
Teach me to blot regrets,
Great Mother! me inspire
With faith that forward sets
But feeds the living fire.

Faith that never frets
For vagueness in the form.
In life, O keep me warm!
For what is human grief?
And what do men desire?
Teach me to feel myself the tree,
And not the withered leaf.
Fixed am I and await the dark to be.

¹*Poems Written in Early Youth and Last Poems.* By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

The beauty of "Love in the Valley" needs no further praise. It is one of the most perfect poems in the English tongue. There are some of us who would not exchange it for Keats.

Also, in his early (1851) poems Meredith sang with a simplicity curiously contrasted with his later manner. That young book is full of ballads and lyrics, full of swing and bloom that would surprise those who have only read *The Egoist* or *Diana of the Crossways*. Take his ballad of "Beauty Rohtraut," for example:

BEAUTY ROHTRAUT

(From Möricke)

What is the name of King Ringang's daughter?

Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut!

And what does she do the livelong day,

Since she dare not knit and spin away?

O hunting and fishing is ever her play!

And, heigh! that her huntsman I might be!

I'd hunt and fish right merrily!

Be silent, heart!

And it chanced that, after this some time,

Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut,

The boy in the Castle has gained access,

And a horse he has got and a huntsman's dress,

To hunt and to fish with the merry Princess;

And, O! that a king's son I might be!

Beauty Rohtraut I love so tenderly.

Hush! hush! my heart.

Under a gray old oak they sat,

Beauty, Beauty Rohtraut!

She laughs: "Why look you so slyly at me?

If you have heart enough, come, kiss me."

Cried the breathless boy, "Kiss thee?"

But he thinks, kind fortune has favored my youth;

And thrice he has kissed Beauty Rohtraut's mouth.

Down! down! mad heart.

Then slowly and silently they rode home,—

Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut!

The boy was lost in his delight:

"And, wert thou Empress this very night,

I would not heed or feel the blight;

Ye thousand leaves of the wild wood wist

How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kiss'd.

Hush! hush! wild heart."

Or this bitter song which includes in its singing somewhat of that later sorrow which probably made *Modern Love*:

SONG

Fair and false! No dawn will greet
 Thy waking beauty as of old;
 The little flower beneath thy feet
 Is alien to thy smile so cold;
 The merry bird flown up to meet
 Young morning from his nest i' the wheat,
 Scatters his joy to wood and wold,
 But scorns the arrogance of gold.

False and fair! I scarce know why,
 But standing in the lonely air,
 And underneath the blessed sky,
 I plead for thee in my despair;—
 For thee cut off, both heart and eye
 From living truth; thy spring quite dry;
 For thee, that heaven my thought may share,
 Forget—how false! and think—how fair!

Yet even one's final thought of *Modern Love*, poignant and dramatic as its human tragedy is, is not of the individuals—it is:

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
 And in the osier-isle we heard their noise. . . .

that sonnet superbly praised by Swinburne as only he could praise.

Meredith, remarkable and fascinating personality as, of course he was, never seemed to have any individual history. If ever Nature, in the phrase of Matthew Arnold, took the pen and wrote, the hand was not Wordsworth's, the hand was George Meredith's. Wordsworth was a Puritan with a great literary gift, moralizing upon Nature. Meredith was a pagan—in the best sense of the word, understanding her, one of her children. He was as his own Melampus, who:

With love exceeding a simple love of the things
 That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;
 Or change their perch on a beat of quiver wings
 From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck;
 Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball;
 Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook;
 The good physician Melampus, loving them all,
 Among them walked, as a scholar who reads a book.

Wordsworth never wrote:

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star,

and he never wrote anything more filled with the magic of the Nature he loved. But comparisons are proverbial. Wordsworth loved Nature like a preacher. Meredith loved her like a man—or, perhaps, I should say, like the Great God Pan—of whom, I am inclined to think, he was an incarnation. There is the significance of his poetry.

Richard Le Gallienne.

“ANN VERONICA”

THE publishers of *Ann Veronica* have by their choice of cover and frontispiece contributed largely in bringing the book home to the people about whom it was written. By decking it out in a tender green, and by displaying opposite the title page a tall heroine of fiction, looking wistfully at something which isn't in the picture, they have given the impression that under no circumstances should the book be read unless you are a young lady of extreme leisure and romantic yearnings. The result is that the book is being read by thousands in boarding-schools, colleges and homes, to the scandal of parents and teachers who haven't read it, but who have read about it in every paper from the *London Spectator* to their local weekly. Thousands of other people are reading it, because there is a strong conviction abroad that Mr. Wells touches no problem without illuminating it. In consequence, the young women whom it concerns, and the world at large at which it was written, is learning a lesson in sympathetic understanding of a problem whose meaning is as yet unclear.

It is the problem of the young woman whose curiosity about life and eagerness for experience is in conflict with her family's notions about daughters and their duties. *Ann Veronica's* father sums up his conception of a young woman's place when he writes in a letter to her, “You have no grasp upon the essentials of life,” and then adds in parentheses “(I pray God you never may).” Withal he is a kindly old gentleman, whose fault is a pathetic inability to understand his daughter. Mr. Wells lashes him unmercifully, because Mr. Wells has taken up arms for *Ann Veronica*, and yet he does not fail to indicate that the wrong-headedness grows out of blindness rather than malice. Indeed, the whole tragedy of the situation lies in the conflict of two points of view, sincere, but cruel in their effects. It is the fact that her family is neither

malicious nor unkind that makes Ann Veronica's rebelliousness difficult, because it appears so ungrateful. It is a pity that the restlessness of the young woman to see things and know things for herself should be so incomprehensible to her father, but it is a pity tinged with sadness, rather than with hate. The figure of the father who cannot see why Ann will not take his word for things, why she is anxious to disturb the peace and security he likes, why she is willing to disarrange the routine of things for a world uninteresting to him—presents a spectacle so common that its absurdity is tolerated and not scorned.

When you remember that Ann Veronica is twenty-two, educated and healthy, you've given all the reasons required for her rebellion against the prescribed habits of Morningside Park. In depicting her rebellion Mr. Wells displays his peculiar genius for getting the sense and feel of reality. Ann Veronica doesn't begin by reasoning out "the subjection of women, and their growing self-consciousness throughout the world" and then go on to the inference that she, being a woman, is probably in subjection. She begins as people do in life by feeling the subjection without understanding it, and then by an accumulation of accidents becoming conscious of it. She is invited to go to a fancy-dress ball. Her father forbids her to go, and Ann Veronica, aged twenty-two, is face to face with an acute problem. Why can't she go? Well, her father doesn't think it is proper, and, besides, the idea of spending the night in a London hotel with the Widgetts, next door, is appalling. Young ladies simply do not do such things. It isn't a matter for argument: Parents know what is right and proper without long discussion and silly reasoning.

Of course, Ann Veronica is hardly convinced by this. The desire to go to the ball becomes insistent when it is balked, on the principle that you get more power out of a stream when you dam it. A trifle becomes important and assumes a fringe of meanings when it is the occasion of a thwarted desire. Other instances of her father's interference with her plans come to mind and gather additional weight from each other. Instead of isolated annoyances, they came to be varied indications of her general subjection. The dance by itself is just a dance. But then there is her father's refusal to let her continue her biological studies at an up-to-date college, his curious uneasiness about letting her go about alone, his disinclination to treat her as a human being capable of argument rather than as a child to be patronized and pampered. Seen through this discontent, the general character of her surroundings becomes increasingly irritating. The aunt, who is nothing but a bundle of suppressions and inhibited instincts, a dull, thwarted female who stands as a significant warning; Mr. Manning a lover in the style of Walter Scott, who persists

in idealizing her until Ann Veronica hates the shining white unreality of his novel-fed brain; relatives and friends whose persistent kindness amounts to tyranny—these are the petty, and not at all heroic, annoyances that, accumulated, are sufficient to impel Ann Veronica to run away to London.

It is impossible to dodge the certainty of Mr. Wells's aim. In a hundred pages he has, with an astounding sense for the typical and the illustrative in experience, exhibited the working motives of present-day discontent among women. It has "the flavor of nature" about it: the forces that move it are not "reasons," but habits and instincts; the circumstances are not epic situations, but just commonplace annoyances and disputes, and the tone of it is not clear and explicit as it is in mathematics, but complex and muddled as it is in life. No one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, and is not too old to learn will deny the presence of such a ferment in the most every-day home. The desire to break loose is perhaps always present in the young, but the growth of education is for the first time giving that desire the weapon it needs. It is not possible to teach people science and history, and then expect them to believe that the habits and traditions into which they happen to be born are essential constituents of the universe. The old method of submission simply will not hold when people learn the human character of its origin. For that reason, the rebellion Ann Veronica represents is a thing which no amount of ostrich-like manœuvres will obliterate. It is a fact for which understanding and not denial is the only possible solution.

In the second part, Mr. Wells exhibits Ann Veronica in conflict with the life to which her rebellion has led her. In a sense the book immediately becomes less typical; rebellious young women don't all run away; lots of them just stop being rebellious, and for them the book will lose its personal significance and become merely an interesting adventure. But for the few who feel rebellious and actually revolt, and for the world which stands by watching, bewildered and unsympathetic, this second part is a distilled experience that penetrates and illumines. It exhibits, with an unflinching reliance on the facts as messengers of their own meaning, the difficulties of a young woman in the presence of a world she has been taught not to understand. Years of false training, swaddling of essentials and education in the irrelevant have left her without adequate equipment to find her way in the welter of modern life. That home at Morningside Park was simple and neat and had a reliable routine, but London is gigantic, preoccupied and subject to unexpected eruptions.

Consequently Ann Veronica makes a mess of her London life. She can't earn a living. She's too fine for most things and too unskilled for

the rest. She borrows money and falls into debt, innocent and ignorant of the world's way of making women pay up. Her moral finickiness haunts her—the suffragettes and the artists, the Tolstoyans and the Fabians irritate her, and leave her as dissatisfied in the world as she was in the shelter of Morningside Park. She would like the world to be better, but the people who are trying to make it so offend her intellectually with their confusion of programmes, and disgust her æsthetically by their lack of poise. All in all she is distressed and bewildered, too afraid to admit defeat and not courageous enough to look things in the face and see where she stands. Life is such an overwhelming muddle!

At this point the perplexity of Ann Veronica is identical with the perplexity of Mr. H. G. Wells. She does just what Mr. Wells has so often hinted that he would like to do. She flees from life into the biological laboratory. The spirit of retreat is that which characterizes the weariness of all the mysticisms—the fact that it is a mysticism about science being merely an accident of time. In an age of metaphysical absorption the retreat would have been to the convent. There is even a passage in which the laboratory is triumphantly compared to the church, with an implied contrast of them both with the irritation of every-day life. The laboratory's coolness and austerity mean shelter and refreshment against the dust and perspiration of the streets; its order and its purposes are a permanent satisfaction in the confusion and cross-purpose of daily living.

In the laboratory—source of all good things for Mr. Wells—Ann Veronica meets the biologist Capes, and Capes solves everything for Ann Veronica. They run off together and are happy, we are told in the story. Now that may have been true of a particular woman, and she is to be congratulated on her good fortune. But from the point of view of an anxious world Capes is nothing but the merest kind of a *deus ex machina* to enable Mr. Wells to clear up the difficulties of a heroine who fascinates him. This meeting of just the right man at just the right time with just the right results is an excursion out of reality into fairyland. Capes himself says, "It's the rarest, the wildest, the most impossible accident." I do not mean by this to cast aspersions on Ann Veronica and Capes, but I do think that the singularity of their luck destroys its significance.

The plain fact is that Mr. Wells, in common with the rest of men, is intellectually bankrupt in the face of a problem that stretches beyond our present understanding. He can think of nothing but running away to a laboratory, or inventing a wild, improbable romance. Those are the two stock methods of meeting human difficulties. The one is to dodge them, and the other is to call in magic. Neither of them is a bit of use, because we can't all dodge, and there isn't enough magic to go around.

Walter Lippmann.

EDITORIAL NOTE

[The desire of the editorial management of *The Forum* is that the magazine should be all that its name implies, and its wish is to furnish, as far as possible, discussions on both sides of each of the topics dealt with. The ideas expressed in any contribution are not necessarily those of the publishers, and articles taking the reverse attitude will be welcome. —*Editor of the Forum.*]



H. G. WELLS



The Forum

MAY, 1910

THE BIRTH AND PROGRESS OF SOCIALISM IN HUNGARY

I

How elastic the term Socialist really is and how little or much it expresses, apart from certain distinctive limitations, may best be gauged by a consideration of the definitions which have been applied to it by its professors or its opponents from Mill and Marx to Mallock, definitions which, far from establishing any general harmony of conception, are sometimes actually mutually incompatible.

The latitude of the "point of view" could not, therefore, be better exemplified than by quoting the remark attributed indifferently to King Edward and to Sir William Harcourt "We are all Socialists now."

But agreeing for the moment upon some general comprehensive formula which would take in all those elements and reconcile upon one plane all those "personal equations" represented by what may be termed the practical exponents of a somewhat nebulous hypothesis,—the Jaurès, Seddons, Webbs, Macdonalds, Bebels,—we are as far off as ever from lighting upon any personality or system of practical polity which might be held to represent purely Hungarian Socialism. It is a plant apart. Its elements do not cohere. If it have any distinctive feature it is that it embodies an almost perfect form of extra-political synthesis. And it stops short at the form. Its theoretic basis may be said to be the shifting sands of an *olla podrida* made up of the fugitive, and often irreconcilable, theories of certain foreign schools of thought. And its position, relatively to those forms which are based upon distinctive principles, is the position of "pie" as contrasted with the leader page of the *Times*. For it begins by rejecting one of the cardinal first principles of Socialism, and it ends by rejecting the last. One distinctive characteristic it has which goes far to redeem it from the reproach of being the fruit of the

“nomadic mind.” It is agrarian. Other characteristics it has, certainly, but these are, if anything, negative. It is not at all of the international movement, nor is it in any sense industrial. Industrial Socialism premises a certain stage of industrial development, and industrial development, in the sense in which the phrase might be applied to Great Britain, to America and to Germany, we have none. International Socialism of the kind which impels an Essen workman to recognize, as a brother, rather a Marseilles lighterman or a Baltimore turncock than a German employer, on much the same lines as suggested by Macauley’s illustration of the red-haired oppressed of all lands is for our genus, a contradiction in terms. For of what use would the State parcelling of Denmark be to the man whose land-hunger is born with him, but whose horizon extends no further than the parish-pump or the rolling meadows on which his ancestors grazed their herds? Our Socialist—confining ourselves, for the moment, to the only class whose Socialism is real and defensible as opposed to that of theorists, faddists, agitators and professional Socialists—is the man who looks forward to the time when he will come, not into his arbitrarily picketed share of the common wealth as represented by the land, but into his *own*. He dreams of being once more installed, lord of acres and fat cattle, with, perhaps, underlings to do his will. For he or his were not always landless peasants. There was a time when peace reigned over the land, *his* land. Then came a time when Revolutions and Turks, Habsburgs and Slavs, Catholics and Calvinists swept over him and passed him by. They ruined his crops, they rounded up his herds, they violated his hearth: they hanged and drew and quartered and disembowelled him: they left him to the crows, but they left him his land. Dynasties came and went. Tyranny issued its Sanctions and Edicts, its Irades and Protocols: it subverted, annexed, annulled, suppressed: Oligarchs and Grand Seigneurs exacted what they could legally exact and stole what they could not. Lords of the Manor claimed their rights of *corvée*, and their *jus primae noctis*, but the essential continuity of public law reserved that land, Eden or midden, to the possession of its rightful holder. At last came that fearful time when Hungary woke up to find herself three hundred years behind the times and endeavoured, in a panic, to make up her leeway in something under fifteen. That which Kings and Edicts had failed to accomplish was done in one short year by the inexorable pressure of economic causes familiar to our generation. The peasant, whom Napoleonic cataclysms, Crescent, Cross and Sceptre could not forceably eject, voluntarily sold his land and involuntarily sold himself to bondage. There was no alternative. The time of Magyar revival synchronised with that of political insecurity.

transatlantic competition, heavy taxation,—decreased only relatively by the statesmanlike decision of the nobility to accept its share, more than its share, of the burden. Subsidiary causes there were, in plenty and chief of them want of means of communication. Inland Canals were things of wonder; railways unknown enchantments. Whilst other countries applied the knowledge begotten of necessity to the production of new wonders in steam, and the invention of machinery for the better exploitation of agriculture, the Hungarian peasant still stolidly marched behind his buffaloes or his more stolid oxen and sold at a loss in cash the product of a loss of time. As his ruin is the phenomenon of this generation, so is his Socialism. The one is born of the other.

If the cause and the effect be equally clear it will be seen how difficult it is to reduce our special phase to any known formula, and how impossible to fit it into any known and recognised scheme of practical Socialism. It must be treated as a thing apart (not to be understood without some previous conception of the psychological cast of mind of the Hungarian peasant, its only true representative. Observe, again, that we leave out of account those sutlers of the army of workers, the money-making pandars and exploiters of ignorance whose ideas of Socialism comprise the wages it brings, the engineering of strikes, and a fictitious agitation in favour of Universal Suffrage, somewhat superfluous, seeing that it is a measure to which King, Ministers, Parliament and people are equally pledged.

The salient point in the character of our peasant has been unwittingly described by Wordsworth in a little poem which, as long as the English tongue exists, will hold its place in literature.—“We are Seven.”—What was, is. His philosophy goes no further.

“The mortgagee may have foreclosed; the sequestrator may have done his will; the Court may have done, according to law, what it is the inconvenient function of the Court to do. The land may have since passed through many hands; it may be poor and its yield poorer, but *there it is* and it is *mine*.”

It has been said, with some attempt at miserable satire, that if the State had run a railway through land which had once belonged to the great great grandfather of a Hungarian peasant, the latter would still live in hope of being able to establish a right to plant potatoes between the sleepers and gather the crop in the intervals between passing trains.

This form of Socialism would probably be described in America as an agricultural movement in favour of Small-Holdings, and so considered would give great encouragement to Mr. Rider Haggard in his efforts to get the right class “Back to the Land” in his own country.

Whatever its classification, it may be said to have claimed the sympathies of all responsible classes in Hungary. Its tendency is recognised to be essentially right, its basis acknowledged to be just.

Why, then, it might be very pertinently asked, does it exist at all? Here is a grievance, real and solid; here is a system freely acknowledged on all hands to be bad; if not rotten at least indefensible; why do you not move in the matter? The answer, we are thankful to be able to say, puts us on firm ground. We are moving, faster than we have ever moved before. Successive governments of all shades have put this matter upon a high plane, above the mere squabbles of parties. *We are steadily legislating Agrarian Socialism out of existence.* We stand in the unique position of being able to claim that no government of modern times, no State under any form of government can point to a Statute Book so distended with specific measures for the benefit of this class. Our Agricultural Department has made of this question a special study; it has reduced to a system, if not a science, the work of satisfying the legitimate aspirations of its peasants and workers. The work has been colossal, the expenditure such as no State in our financial condition ought to be able to afford unless it were absolutely convinced that salvation entailed sacrifice. We have not reached the end; the end is not even in sight, but compare the condition of Hungary, in its agricultural aspect thirty years ago, with that of to-day and the marvel will be apparent.

II

We have taken a cursory glance at the main constitution of the Socialist movement in Hungary stripped of all adventitious gloss and disassociated from those "industrial," "international," "Rights of man," elements which, for propagandist purposes, it has sued as Hoplites, and continues to employ,—and pay, though the services rendered are about counterbalanced by the odium which accrues from the connection.

The limits of a magazine article are much too circumscribed to allow of this movement being followed through its various ramifications, but if it have been established that Socialism here is not predatory, is mainly and essentially Agrarian, that the cause is, in its broad aspect, just and good, that the Government is fully alive to its responsibilities, and that noise is, as regards the Hoplite mercenaries, no criterion of strength, we may pass on to a consideration of the genesis and development of the conditions which produced it.

It should first be pointed out that, within living memory, Hungary was once the Cinderella of the nations and its Capital, Buda, the Gran-

ada of the North, a mere historic relic reflecting the Oriental splendours of a bygone era. The incredibly rapid development of the country since king and nation came to terms in 1867 is a phenomenon not to be paralleled in all history whilst that of Budapest, dating from the early seventies may fitly be compared with the rise of Johannesburg or San Francisco. It is a page from the Arabian Nights.

The conditions which obtain rather than the standards which apply in such cases form factors peculiarly fitted for the appreciation of Americans to whom phenomena of the same order are of far less strange moment than to citizens of the old world.

But 1867 was the epoch of development only. It was '48 which made all things possible. The Revolution of '48 should not be confounded with the War of Independence of the same year. They were concurrent, true, and it might be a problem for the casuist to determine wherein they differed other than in result. The former was certainly successful the latter was certainly not. The one was a 1789 in miniature the other a 1775 in abeyance. Independence went by the board but so did the *ancien régime*. Petöfi died but Feudalism died with him. Two Orders of the State rose against one and failed, but the same two Orders rose against a mediæval anachronism and bore it down. Thus was Hungary transformed into a modern State and Buda made the nucleus of a modern Metropolis.

The state of Hungary in the pre '48 era was indeed deplorable. To the evils necessarily attendant upon the languid operation of a worn-out system were added others caused, in part, by the Turkish Occupation and religious wars. Serfs do not, as a class, exert themselves unduly in the interests of Lords of the Manor, and that being so, the latter found no encouragement to facilitate the introduction of any new aids to agriculture. As there were no means of transport, crops were harvested and grain perforce allowed to accumulate. Farmers put little more upon the market in fat times than did Joseph in Egypt. Service exacted and grudgingly given, want of means of communication, political unrest, all these factors militated against development. In short, it may be said that no advance was made, no advance could possibly be made, in agriculture until after the abolition, root and branch, of those obstacles inherent in the feudal system.

Came the Revolution whose natural effect was the complete reconstruction of the economic no less than the social system. At one stroke a new Order was created. King, Nobles and Serfs gave place to King, Nobles and People within the territories of the Holy Crown. It is a mere side issue as to whether enfranchisement proceeded from the State

or were the voluntary act of the Magnates in concert. Act IX of 1848 was certainly the work of the latter acting as the former, but whereas the State put money into the nobles' hands in the form of compensation, it took money out of their pockets in the form of taxes to provide that compensation. Peter was robbed but Paul was paid. There could have been no more equitable arrangement seeing that Peter and Paul were Jekyll and Hyde.

The Revolution put an end, *inter alia*, to those causes which had hitherto prevented remunerative farming. Free labour took kindly to the new machinery which free employers as kindly provided. That free navigation of the Danube secured by successive treaties with the Porte was supplemented by all the aids which railways and canals could afford. The horizon immediately and sensibly widened. The estate ceased at once to be the social unit. Increased production seemed to beget the phenomenon of higher prices and, for a time, all promised well. Divers forms of tenure which implied, as the case might be, semi-independence, soccage, villein-age, scarcely to be distinguished from rank slavery, were rapidly accommodated to the new conditions and thus arose the Small Landed-Proprietor, the Tenant Farmer and the Free-Labourer. This last class, came off worst of all as emancipation, though bringing it immunity from the jurisdiction of the feudal lords, left it practically destitute. Indeed the last state of these men was worse than the first, from the material point of view. Certain rights of common pasturage, firewood, pannage, etc., which had been subsequently extended, as privileges, to vassals not in possession of arable land, were summarily withdrawn. thus cattle-breeding, which had once formed the mainstay of this class, in, it may be said, a happier state, was suddenly doomed upon the partition of the common lands. Henceforward the market value of labour became the only plank between the labourer and absolute ruin. Again, the rupture of those patriarchal relations subsisting between lord and vassal inflicted a material injury upon the labourer, as regards his future. Always assured of the necessities of life, secured against penury in old age, certain of permanent support when incapacitated, he found himself thrown entirely upon his own resources, as it were, a little too free. As time passed the essential difference between the labourer and the man who had become a tenant farmer or proprietor of a small-holding became more accentuated as must be the case where the one is a fixture upon his own homestead and the other a wandering toiler, well-off or ill-off according to the incidence of demand and the extent of his own capacity and opportunities.

It may now be admitted that we were in too much of a hurry to effect

this reform in the only stable manner in which it could have been carried out. But to quarrel with a Revolution for being in a hurry would be as reasonable as to quarrel with a defence for being one-sided. Both are inherent qualities. We made no provision for a period of transition as did the Germanic States. Their reform was a Suit in Chancery, ours a Drum-head Court Martial. But we have to deal with the fact only and the fact is that to the reform of '48 is due the creation of a proletariat in embryo, the class of landless agricultural labourers.

Turning to the landowners the reform brought far-reaching consequences not only to the old proprietors but also to those whom the new conditions had added to their ranks. Production for the market took the place of farming designed to meet domestic requirements only. New machinery, the introduction of the system of payment in cash for payment in kind, foreign competition, the conquering of foreign markets, all these involved a heavy and constantly recurring outlay of Capital. It will readily be understood that, following the war, Capital was not too plentiful and that the money available could be obtained at usurious rates or not at all. The system of land registration left much to be desired and had it been otherwise there would have existed no very keen competition upon the part of financiers to effect mortgages upon real estate. Without pausing to fill in the broad outlines thus exhibited, it may be remarked that, by 1863, when the Hungarian Land Mortgage Institute was founded, a large proportion of owners of small and medium-sized estates had become desperately involved. The tendency of the lion to absorb the lamb is not a whit more pronounced than that of the larger landowner to absorb the less. Here was his chance. Estates lightly won were lightly held. Peasants unable to appreciate their advantages sold their land for trifling considerations. Eseri mentions that, in his own time, it was *no uncommon thing* for a peasant to exchange five or six acres of land for the like number of gallons of wine! So, eventually, was added another element to the constantly increasing class of landless agricultural labourers.

Matters proceeded on these lines for some two or three decades, that is to say, for as long as produce sold at a relatively high price and enabled owners to pay the interest upon loans without any abnormal exertion. It should, however, be noted that even under these, the most favourable conditions, there was no hope of being able to repay the capital sum even by means of instalments, so that any even transitory change for the worse would carry with it the presage of disaster. At length the change came. The agricultural crisis, which overtook Hungary in the eighties, proved the turning-point. The price of wheat fell

rapidly as the result of Transatlantic competition. To such an extent was this the case that whereas the average price for the five years 1880-4 was 4 doll: 45 c. that for the period 1885-9 3 doll: 22 c. whilst, in the succeeding five years, it never rose above 3 doll: 40 c. The extent of the disaster may be more clearly perceived when it is remembered that wheat is our staple product. Other countries menaced with the like danger avoided it by the simple process of cultivating other products for which their soil, climate and existent conditions were adapted, but no such alternative lay at hand in Hungary. And if any one factor were wanting to render her ruin more certain, it was speedily supplied by the action of Germany in levying protective duties upon cereals, duties which were extended to flour and live-stock. All these duties were subsequently increased. Thus, practically at one stroke, the German markets were closed against three of our most important exports. In one form or another this system of Protection extended to other countries. France dealt us another blow. She imposed no duty, but, prohibiting the import of sheep on hygienic grounds, accomplished her object more effectively.

But the cup was not yet full. For ten, for fifteen years our vineyards lay at the mercy of the Phylloxera, a horrible scourge which accounted for 80 per cent. of the cultivated area, and reduced the production of wine from 4 1-2 to 1 million hectolitres per annum. But the accumulated weight of the calamities had not yet begun to tell heavily. Of "unemployed" as the term is now understood, we had still comparatively few for, until the end of the eighties, extensive river-levelling, irrigation, dam and flood preventative works had been in process of being constructed. The real crisis followed the completion of these works. Lack of employment brought in its train a sensible decrease in the rate of wages. The position was rendered more acute by the fact that the work was, and by its very nature could only be very unevenly distributed. Two months' work followed by ten months' of idleness! This was a state of affairs calculated to put to a severe test the qualities of thrift and good management, presupposing these to be the distinguishing characteristic of simple labourers.

It cannot be denied that the labourers most certainly had very real grievances, some sentimental and others material and pressing. It is a political axiom of very general application that in any community constitutionally governed the class last enfranchised is essentially radical whilst the tendency of the class previously enfranchised is towards Conservatism. Upon that basis alone the gradual widening of the breach between landed and landless may be explained. Those small farmers,

holders and even crofters who, by hook or crook, had managed to weather the storm, began to grow more and more exclusive and, in effect, to establish themselves as a class and separate interest in opposition to the landless labouring classes. On the other hand the labourer suffering acutely from the land-hunger which is his by inheritance as much as is his name, and smarting under the implied reproach of social inferiority, very really exemplified by the gradual lapse of the custom, once common, of intermarriage with the small-farmer classes, insensibly imbibed feelings of hostility to the whole of the landed interest and gravitated, as a matter of course, towards every faction which, openly or in secret, entertained the same feelings. It seems a platitude to suggest that no State, however rich or powerful it may be, can hope to cure an evil of this kind. It may restrain and subdue but it cannot eradicate elemental passions. It must reckon with them or ignore them. It ignored them but set to work to discover such evidence of substantial grievances as could be established, and, as far as possible, to remedy these. Housing and Hygiene, Insurance and Accident, Small-holdings and Education, all these subjects in turn occupied the legislature but this last could not hope, suddenly and finally, to divert the attention of the labouring classes from a contemplation of inequalities inherent in any Social System short of absolute Communism, nor, be it added, did it attempt to do so. Its primary function being to legislate, it legislated, not at all in the spirit of panic, which dictated the first great series of reforms, but leisurely and after fair and due enquiry. Before the Jubilee of the final extinction of Feudalism had arrived three-quarters of those measures designed to cure the evils which that abolition engendered, had been placed upon the Statute Book.

III

It has been seen how, in the first place, the sweeping reforms of '48 created what may be termed an agricultural proletariat, how that body was steadily increased, firstly by the operation of natural law, again by the accretion of unfortunate or improvident small holders, and how the formation of a practically new interest and new class added to a dearth of institutions for the benefit of labour, caused the spirit of discontent, always latent, to make itself felt.

Let us now turn to the landed interest to trace, in a few brief paragraphs, the chequered course of harassed and involved landowners whose fate it was to be confronted by economic ruin at the moment when their natural allies had become estranged, if not actively hostile.

The causes which operated to establish as a separate class of the body politic, the landless labourer, are substantially those which brought the farmer to the brink of ruin. Neither class could suffer without reacting upon the other.

It is to the lasting discredit of the Government that, fully aware of the evils which were at the bottom of the agrarian troubles, it sat tight and watched without a tremor the decline of the staple, the only industry of the country. Meanwhile incomes continued to diminish steadily and inexorably. The application of the policy of Free Trade, whose principles had been absorbed from England, contributed its quota to the sacrifice until this latter became consummated. The farmer touched bottom. Affairs had arrived at such a pass that "*ex nihilo nihil fit*" once fairly established as an incontrovertible axiom no longer applied. Estates, which paid nothing, paid taxes. Whole counties, whole districts of the country were faced with an agricultural deficit. The simple but costly expedient of falling into debt produced no particular result save that the burden became as to its greater part, a charge upon posterity.

Some people, happily situated, were able to help themselves; some people had help offered them, some went about to look for help and found it providentially, but there were others, the vast majority, whose resources in material things, and as regards friends, were early exhausted and these went to the wall carrying with them, in one long sad queue, a great train of folk of the lower classes involved in the general ruin.

There remained the specific of Martin Chuzzlewit. From that period dated the steady stream of sad-eyed exiles westward—anywhere away from the land.

Notwithstanding that Hungary is essentially agricultural and England industrial, there is a great similarity in the conditions prevailing in the two countries. The main causes which were responsible for the exodus of the agricultural class from the land in England operated in much the same way here. But there the parallel ends. An exodus from the Berkshire valleys tells its tale in the census of London but the wanderers from the Alföld are now numbered with the heads of Pittsburg and Chicago.

"God bless the just Republics
That give a man a home."

says Kipling, but we, who say it after him, cannot pretend to like the idea, since it is always our best that go, our strongest. It is a matter of pride, but not of consolation, that the virility which distinguishes the flower of our manhood, the character of our native genius, which

underlies the superficial qualities of a brave and patient peasantry are now helping to form the new nations of the West.

At last it was borne in upon the understanding of a supine Government that this exodus of its children, with the simultaneous appearance of the Russian rouble in the North, Semitic names upon title-deeds, an impaired national credit and a bastard Socialism, boded no good to the territories of the Holy Crown. The Government took matters in hand and very thoroughly. It ever a Government made swift atonement for its sins of omission, it was certainly this. The effort was made at a crucial moment. It was not too late to save, but certainly too late to arrest the rise and development of the Socialistic element which, amongst all phases of Socialism, stands alone the amorphous afterbirth of a blind discontent, without a Moses and without a name.

Pride of place and right of leadership belonged as a matter of course to the Department of Agriculture. Constituted a separate Department, raised by common consent above the squabbles of party, endowed with a settled policy whose chief merits were far-sightedness and continuity, the Board put its hand to the plough, nor to this day has it drawn back. Not half a dozen elaborate theses could make the position clearer than one simple metaphor. The bull, being in the china-shop, the Board took him by the horns.

But there is a limit to the remedial efforts of the best of Government Departments. The discontent, allayed in this one direction, broke out in another and here, at least, we are face to face with a movement to which the name of Socialism may fairly be applied. *But it was no plant of home growth.* The nearest approach to a comparison lies in the genesis of the Chartist movement in England. With our movement no fault it to be found seeing that it reflects the inexorable logic of development.

In the matter of purely political reforms in England Cromwell was centuries before his time. If his ruthless handling of rotten boroughs and recognition of industrial centres had only stood the test of time it is certain that not only would the career of Walpole have been impossible and the half-hearted attempts of Pitt superfluous but the rupture with the American colonies, inevitable though it were, could not have taken the form of a most criminal war, nor could the new and ever broadening basis of government have been without its effect upon the French Revolution. It is manifestly impossible to forecast to what extent the reaction would have applied. Cromwell and Széchenyi had much in common: much more than History, as now invoked, would care to concede. It may even be admitted that had the real aims of Széchenyi been

better understood and his direction preferred to that of Kossuth, we should have been, long before the psychological moment, involved in the turmoil of this very Socialistic campaign, which, stripped of all its phylacteries and fringes, is nothing more formidable than was the Reform agitation in England. We can then, call our Socialism Radicalism. Its objective is, for the present, Universal Suffrage and its highly inflammable nature may be attributed to the action of Austria who stole our thunder and forced our not unwilling hands; to the tactics of Kristóffy, who, with the dexterity and skill which properly appertain to the professional, almost managed to keep open the breach between king and nation; to the influence of foreign mercenaries and to the degree of repression to which the authorities resorted, which was not rigorous enough to be effective but sufficiently so to fan the flame.

The question has its comic element. Nobody, from the king downwards but is pledged up to the hilt to Universal Suffrage. Of course, we have our Lord Eldons, men, who believe in the danger of every innovation, "the danger of making anything more, the danger of making anything less," but they are not influential, as a body, even if they have attained the dignity of a cohesive front, a point much in dispute.

This form of Socialism exhibits sporadic tendencies such as might appear to an unbiassed observer to indicate defective organization; to the superficial it might indicate a want of fixity of purpose. The man in the street taking the mean between the just and the unjust judges would probably take the view that the people are waiting to be told what they want. The inference would appear to be that only the preliminary symptoms have so far appeared since if this condition fairly reflect the popular attitude, the people, as a body, has far to travel before it has mastered the science of understanding how to want and how to satisfy its wants.

If the point merely turned upon say, agricultural distress, it is clear that this cause disappearing, as it surely is, the ground will be cut from under the feet of the agitators. If it hinge upon the Housing Question, the Socialists have our strong sympathy and a substantial right to claim the suffrages of all ranks. If upon any other of what we are accustomed to term Social Questions,—Education, Protection of Labour, Sanitation, Treatment of Criminals, Rescue work, then we have the right to charge the people with deep ingratitude for, of all States now busied in solving these essentially modern problems we, assuredly, have gone farthest. To this very bold assertion I think that all foreigners, who have done us the honour to attend the various International Congresses which have of late years met in Budapest, will be happy to subscribe. We have their

oral and written testimony. Subtracting that which has obviously been uttered with the desire to please; all generalities which cannot be focussed; all hyperbole and prejudiced views in our favour, there remains enough of solid criticism to justify the claim that we are, if anything, ahead of our times. To the fact that we are a people in a hurry may be attributed the childish uncertainty of our masses. My own sober view is that the people do not quite understand these new toys. The rush of novelty unsettles them. Assuredly then we are not fitted, either by education or experience, for experiments which could be justified in New Zealand only. And beyond Universal Suffrage we ought not to go in the avowed Socialist path until we shall have taken stock of ourselves and some reasonably correct Ordnance Map of our possible future field shall have been generally agreed upon and traced.

IV

FOREIGN CRITICS AND PLURAL VOTING

The Duke of Wellington once complained in the true Ducal manner, that, in his situation as Chancellor of the University, he was "much exposed to authors."—Of late years we have been sorely tried in much the same way. We do not object to criticism: on the contrary, it is good, wholesome and helpful and provides at once the stimulus and the brake, but we have a wholehearted contempt for ill-informed diatribes which reflect little of the truth and much of the writer's private predilections. It would not be in the best of taste to institute comparisons to our own advantage but we owe it to America to say that no sane Hungarian would dream of accepting Elijah Pogram as a type of her politicians nor of finding fault with the inevitable occupation of the Philippines, as we owe it to Great Britain to acknowledge that her work in India would never be appraised in terms of Keir Hardie or Bryan, nor her occupation of Egypt examined through the bilious microscope of Blunt.

We are entertained, as a rule, by a kind of moral exordium on the mending of our ways, edifying in its way but rather devoid of application on account of fundamental misconception. British writers well-meaning and ill-informed are rather inclined to handle us as the gentlemen of the South handle negroes. We are men and brothers: we have rights but we must not claim them: we have standards but they ought not to apply.

For our part we take our stand upon that we have hitherto conceived to be one of the commonplaces of political science but which

British writers, readers and thinkers generally manage to disregard in all matters relating to foreign States. That principle, shortly expressed, is that institutions, the fruit of, and peculiar to, the genius of one people or race are not necessarily fitted for another people alien in origin, cast of thought and form of culture. It is a startling anomaly that whilst Great Britain governs her subject races with a degree of success never attained by Romans or Spaniards, chiefly by reason of the selection of a host of Civil Servants all impressed with the knowledge that, by hook or by crook, they must *project themselves into the native mind*, she, in her intercourse with other races, quietly lays this principle aside and assumes, as a Standard of judgment, the Standard which she has set up for herself. On this showing, then, a thing is inherently right or wrong according as it coincides or fails to coincide with the Standard thus arbitrarily set up. It is rank absurdity. Given as a fact that Hungary was well governed and happy under Mátyás. From the British point of view she had no business to be happy and, in the only proper sense of the word, she could not be well governed. Where were her writ of Habeas Corpus and her Corn Laws, her Navigation Act and Window Tax? We had, at various times, the full benefit of this idiosyncrasy at the hands of the Scotus Viators and the Colquhouns of the British Press. Even the Press itself, as represented by the *Times* and the *Morning Post* is not quite guiltless. In the intervals of writing letters to itself, after the interesting and classical models furnished by Mr. Toots and Jimmy Moggridge, the former Journal is always upon the point of discovering upon the horizon of the immediate future a social revolution and dwelling, with more than usual acridity, upon its discoveries.

It is not, then, a matter of surprise to find a Journal which denounced the Law of 1907 relating to Farm-Servants denouncing with equal vigour and lack of perspective the Reform Bill of Andrásy.

Both the genesis and the scope of this measure have been grossly misunderstood. As to the former it may be remembered that some three years ago when Kossuth was invited to take over the programme of the Fejérváry Absolutist régime, Universal Suffrage was one main plank in a series of measures designed by Kristóffy, a sort of under-study to Strafford, avowedly designed by Kristóffy. to paralyse the government of the country.

Apart from this point, it is a fact that Universal Suffrage had been introduced into Austria, and the Kamarilla demanded its introductions into Hungary with the same laudable object as did Kristóffy. It was introduced,—and denounced, but for what intelligible

reason we do not yet quite understand, unless it be that in the sense in which Universal Suffrage is understood in Great Britain there can be none. The system approved is one which bars any sudden ingress of illiterates, and *inter alia*, provides for the principle of Plural Voting, a system which, despite the efforts of Mr. Lewis Harcourt, still prevails in England. It is impossible to forecast the approximate number of new voters who will be added to the electorate, but, in any case, it will not exceed, proportionately to the population, the 2,000,000 which Mr. Gladstone estimated as being added to the burgess-roll by his measure of 1884.

The objection that this is not Universal Suffrage is valid. It is not, nor do we know of any inexorable law of nature, or inelastic first principle which lays down that it must and of right ought to be. For once quoting our most inveterate enemy Scotus Viator but without, in the least, guaranteeing his accuracy, the number of illiterates in Hungary is given as 8,000,000 odd or 47.99 per cent. of the total civil population. England, who, by the by, has no Universal Suffrage; who once looked upon National Schools and Courts of Criminal Appeal as foreign institutions, would hardly counsel Universal Suffrage on this showing. And indeed it is no secret that much of the inspiration which created the measure came from most responsible circles on the other side of the Channel! It is not a common experience for A to be reproached by B for taking the latter's advice. Notwithstanding the rather limited application of the principle of Manhood Suffrage, the Socialist vote will make itself felt in the election immediately succeeding the grant. But it will be the collective vote. It will include, in addition to the small fry, the agrarians, the internationals, the Democrats and, possibly, the professed agitators. It would be monstrous if, having created an interest or, at least, having given legislative sanction to the existence of a body of citizens, we should profess to be either surprised or alarmed at the presence, in reasonable numbers, of their spokesmen. On the contrary we should welcome them and their co-operation. The atmosphere of Parliament clothed in the traditions of centuries, the sense of added responsibility, the opportunity for free discussion of all questions affecting classes and the nation as a whole, would serve to make these new members amenable to the chastening influences of limited power. Nor would they be less amenable to those constitutional checks whose salutary effects have, before now, dissolved Cabinets and given pause to Sovereigns. They will find, at any rate, an Executive willing to do all in its power to further the interests which they themselves have at heart, in effect to work for the good of the country, and we could not imagine

a section of professed Socialists thwarting for tactical purposes, the efforts of an administration which, whatever its distinctive colour, would loyally follow in the footsteps of its predecessors as far as this particular branch of its functions is concerned.

Purely agrarian Socialism is dead. The International Section would be the first to admit that its agrarian campaign, that is, its attempt to turn to its own advantage the purely agrarian Socialist movement, failed lamentably. Always somewhat moribund on this soil, active mortification opportunely set in as a result of family quarrels, and completed the work of disintegration.

The Social-Democratic movement with its high Teutonic flavour bearing but little outward or visible resemblance to that of the Marx School may be introduced and dismissed in a paragraph. It, too, is dead. There is no doubt that its extension was as wonderful as it was unexpected, but it was transitory. One of those weeds that spring up in a night after the storm, but are pulled up by the careful gardener in the morning it was born, lived and died and was interred with the celebrated epitaph composed for Frederick of Wales:—

Since 'tis only Fred
Who was alive and is dead
Why . . . there's no more to be said.

What remains?

One phenomenon which has escaped the observation of foreign writers is that since the new Customs Tariff and the provisions of the agrarian laws have come into full operation, the strength of the Socialist agitation has manifestly decreased. We have, for the time, social peace and discern no sign upon the horizon of the immediate future of that social revolution so airily prophesied by the *Times* Correspondent in Vienna when engaged upon the grateful task of denouncing all those manifestly stupid elements which obstinately refuse to be absorbed in the "Germanium."

On the contrary we are convinced that if we pursue this track with sober steps and are able to call upon our great reserves of strength and patriotism in the interests of the protection of the Hungarian soil, we shall infallibly turn the corner of a period of depression which has defied the efforts of a generation and a half to combat, and at the same time, satisfy the legitimate grievances and fulfil the legitimate aspirations of a class which was and is, and for many, many years to come must be, the backbone and mainstay of the country.

The pioneer work has been accomplished. It was not undertaken

without some slight misgiving, nor would it be wise to pretend that its pace was not accelerated by outside pressure and the influence of the Social movement.

The dominant note of our agricultural policy is land reform in certain of its phases. Small-holdings, facilities for settlement, repatriation of returned emigrants, in effect the re-creation of that class which was created in a hurry in the feverish legislation of the revolution period and was swamped in the great sea of troubles which succeeded. Its roots were not deeply planted and the first storm laid it low. But no such fears nor anticipations now attend the new experiment based, as it is, upon the national credit and blended wisely with the attempt to translate into action the watchword of the Building Societies—"Every man his own householder."

The key to our industrial policy is to be sought in a practice admittedly experimental: one of which the States of the West, the industrial States, *par excellence*, might oppose just and vigorous criticism if introduced amongst themselves. To us it is the only possible way. The State is at once the father, creator and nurse. It occupies a quasi-patriarchal position but at its worst it does not go so far in the direction of pure Protection as did England, once the greatest and most successful exponent of the most perfect system ever devised, nor does it approach the Germany or America of to-day in certain phases. Rebates and remissions, suspension of the operation of the Customs Schedule in specified cases, the enforced consumption of home products, natural or manufactured, the obligation to employ native labour, a system of graduated subsidies, preferential railway rates, all served this end. Truth to tell, we can discern very slight results, if any, but legislation on these lines is of such recent date that we have no hesitation in claiming that, for the present, judgment ought to be suspended.

It is no less the fixed aim of the State to render the condition of the workman more tolerable and his home more in keeping with the demands of comfort and hygiene; to assure to him and his, freedom from anxiety in old age; to compensate him for injury; to preserve his family from poverty and want; to install him in a house of his own; to provide him with teachers and doctors and new interests in life.

These are not pious intentions. *They are work accomplished.* We are proud of our work but not unduly proud, nor do we consider, for a moment, that we have earned the right to rest on our oars. We must sow new seed while time is germinating the old. But to those who suggest that we fear the march of Socialism our answer is written in the laws of the realm:

"We are all Socialists now."

And I think that the little bitterness which now and again creeps into our intercommunications need not be. It arises possibly because we do not take the trouble to understand one another's true aims. Some move rapidly and some slowly but people travelling the same road might reasonably expect—and render—forbearance. Recriminations and blind hostility breaking out as they sometimes do only go to prove that we Hungarians in particular are not sensible of the value of experience, nor are we ready to profit by the events of our own History. Is it then so many, many centuries since Kossuth and Széchényi, both actuated by the same motives, both earnestly solicitous for the common good, both straining towards a common end, in some measure thwarted each other and served, for a time, the common enemy? Nay, it is within the memory of some hundreds of living veterans, veterans of the field and of a less bloody arena.

Kossuth and Széchényi took different routes. We of to-day are moving together. How much the more necessary is it then for us, with their example before us, to find our common denominator and save the land and the people from struggles which can, at best, be wasting and illogical and, at worst, ruinous.

Count Joseph Mailáth.

Member of the House of Magnates and of the Hungarian Delegation.

THE WILDMAN

But still the wildman calls the tameless boy;
 Primeval instincts of the cave and tree,
 The summons of the years that used to be,
 Ages before Achilles fought at Troy,
 Calls him abroad to his ancestral joy
 With spear and belt and arrow; and he stands
 Out of the rocks and peers with lifted hands
 For wolf to flee or wigwam to destroy.

Thus, when I mark in our museums a lance,
 A feathered stick, or twisted curio,
 I think with pride in my omnipotence:
 "I made these things ten thousand years ago,
 Where the sun set on plains that now are France,
 Upon my ways from Pyrenees to Po."

W. E. Leonard.

THE TANGLE OF POLITICS AND FINANCE IN ENGLAND

Both politically and financially, the existing state of affairs in England is of a character so unusual as to invite careful examination. It may, indeed, be said that the phenomena which have lately been unfolding in that country involve a succession of paradoxes. Politically, the situation has been that one of the two great political parties was returned to power, in the January general election, by a Parliamentary majority of 124; yet that the party's ministry was apparently unable to perform the first duty of responsible governments, the voting of supplies and the imposition of taxes. As a consequence, a good part of the usual taxes have not, this season, been collected at all in England—receipts from the income tax especially having fallen \$90,000,000 short of the same period a year ago—and since public expenditure went on as usual, the government had incurred a deficit, for the fiscal year ending on March 31, of no less than \$130,000,000. This deficit the Exchequer has thus far met by borrowing on short-term loans; yet at the very moment when these loan negotiations were in progress, large amounts of money, set aside by taxpayers to pay their taxes as soon as a "budget" should be formally enacted by Parliament, were lying on deposit in the London banks, awaiting collection by the government.

Thus much for the political aspect of affairs. So far as the financial situation is concerned, London's general money market has shown unmistakable signs of stringency, for which the primary cause, in England as in the United States, is the enormous volume of applications for new capital by governments, cities and corporations. In the United States, such applications by the railways last year broke all records, and so experienced a railway manager as Mr. James J. Hill has lately estimated that their annual requirements for new capital, during the next six years, will be \$1,600,000,000—which is half a billion dollars more than Mr. Hill's own estimate of annual requirements as lately as 1906, and which exceeds by 200 per cent. the average annual issue of new railway securities in the six years preceding 1906. In England, the so-called "new capital issues" at London, during the three months ending with March, ran far beyond any other quarter in the country's history. The total, \$496,500,000, exceeds by \$77,000,000 the previous high record, that of the quarter ending in June, 1901, when the Transvaal War had plunged the government into enormous expenses, and when \$283,000,000 British government bonds were issued for such purposes in the three-months' period. It runs \$122,000,000 beyond the new security issues in the

second quarter of 1888, which held the record until the Transvaal War, and which were abnormally influenced by the London craze over Argentine enterprises—a direct cause of the subsequent London financial crisis of 1890.

With such influences as work on such a scale in the market for English capital, and with our own municipal and company borrowers endeavoring to place their new loans in Lombard Street, it is not surprising that evidences of congestion should have made themselves felt in the London money market. The Bank of England's gold reserve very lately fell to the lowest figure of the corresponding date in any year since 1893; the decrease from the same date in 1909 being \$40,000,000, or 26 per cent. Taking cognizance of this position, the Bank of England, in the middle of March, advanced its official discount rate from 3 per cent. to 4, and the open market rate on Lombard Street, which in February ruled as low as 2 1-4 per cent., has since advanced to 3 7-8. The English Bank has indeed gone sufficiently further, in its efforts for protection of the money market, to offer unusual inducements for international bankers to bring gold from New York and deliver it at London, and \$16,000,000 has been thus shipped already.

These conditions, on the face of things, would apparently indicate the need of great caution and circumspection in markets which depend on the use of the London money market's credit. Yet so far from this conservative attitude having been assumed, speculation has broken out, in the London Stock Exchange, on a scale which that market has not witnessed in a generation. Traditionally, the taste of the English investing public is for new things in foreign development and enterprise; its past activities have converged on the grand scale, as occasion offered, upon American railway shares, Argentine public service undertakings, and mining or exploration companies in the gold fields of Africa and Australia. In the present instance, the speculative craze has converged on the rubber-producing industry; the discovery having suddenly been made, by the people at large, that demand for rubber had outstripped supply, and that far-sighted merchants, who some years ago had planted rubber-trees in Brazil, Africa, or the East Indies, were reaping enormous profits.

Many of these "rubber estates" were capitalized and offered in shares to the general public, and the public went wild about them. Not less than \$30,000,000 in new rubber company shares have been offered for public subscription at London during the three past months. The last London *Economist* received at this writing gives a list of a dozen of such companies issuing shares in a single week of March, the aggregate

face value of their issues for the week being \$8,000,000. Lest it be supposed that this figure exaggerates the demand of the companies on capital, London dispatches of a recent week gave instances where shares of newly-organized rubber companies sold on the street, before the formal opening of subscriptions, at 300 per cent. premium over the issue price. On the Stock Exchange, these shares have doubled, trebled or quadrupled in price during the three months past; shares of ten companies have risen 37 per cent. within a month; there are cases where values have been enhanced by 3,000 per cent. since the public subscribed for them. Such, indeed, has been the fury of excitement, during the Stock Exchange speculation in these shares, that brokers engaged in receiving and executing the orders were reduced to the verge of physical exhaustion and collapse. One of the most conservative London financial newspapers thus describes what was happening on the Stock Exchange:

“At the Inland Revenue office, in Austin Friars, where transfers are stamped and distributed, such scenes of pressure have never before been witnessed. Long queues of clerks and messengers stretched down the office, and for a hundred yards into the street, waiting for attention. Queer things happened. One jobber fell momentarily asleep as he stood by the rubber market. Money has been wanted on all sides. Men known to be of considerable wealth have eagerly offered 10 per cent. for contango accommodation. ‘It isn’t enough,’ commented one dealer to another as the latter bid 10 per cent. on a list of shares he wanted to carry over. . . . A broker had to deliver some six or seven thousand shares in a well-known oil company. For this lot he received more than seventy different names, each representing a different buyer. Among this batch of names was one for a thousand shares; the rest were split up into small lots, averaging less than a hundred shares apiece, the buyers being scattered over all four countries of the British Isles.

“Some brokers’ offices found that a feature of the transfer work was the unusual number of ladies’ names being passed through as buyers and sellers. Evidently the mere man has had no entire monopoly of profits in the various active markets, and ladies are speculating with their men-folk.”

No surer testimony as to the nature of this trading could be had than the fact that the governing committee of the London Stock Exchange voted an extra holiday to the membership at Easter, and closed the Exchange that day with the acknowledged purpose of giving the overworked broker community a rest. Nothing quite like that has occurred in any market of the world since our own public, in the palmy days of April, 1901, went mad over Stock Exchange speculation in the Steel shares and other new industrials, with the famous 3,200,000-share day at the climax of the speculation, and with a physically exhausted broker community and an extra holiday for rest, in the New York of 1901 as in the London of 1910.

In other words, we have had presented to the world, at London, a

financial market running wild with optimism, enthusiasm, and speculation for the rise, this at a moment when the political situation was extremely disquieting, and when the money market, on which the speculators must rely for credit to keep up the speculation, was tightening against them. How, one may ask, is such a paradox to be explained? London financial critics have a ready answer; they ascribe the whole phenomenon to the deadlock over the British tax laws which I have already described; whereby great sums of money, which should normally have been paid before this by tax-payers to the government, were lying idle in bank deposits.

This part of the situation, it is commonly explained, bore directly on the Stock Exchange for the following interesting reason: The depositors could not safely use their money elsewhere, because an overnight shift in Parliamentary politics might enact the Budget and call for collection of arrears of taxes. The banks which held these deposits could not lend them out on two or three months discounts, because they too must have the money within easy reach in the same event. One recourse only seemed to remain—the lending-out of these deposits for a week or two at a time; and the only place where loans can be extensively put out on terms like that is on the Stock Exchange, where the speculator borrows from the banks to “carry over” his stocks from one fortnightly settlement to another. In short, the very conditions which had reduced the political situation to a kind of chaos, and which had gravely complicated the money situation in other directions than the purely speculative market, had provided the Stock Exchange with an exceptionally large mass of capital which may be had on easy terms. The speculator, with his appetite once whetted, sees no further than this part of the operation: or if he does, he deliberately takes his chance.

What is to be the outcome of this extraordinary situation? That is a question which many people are putting to-day, and which has been answered in various ways. It is quite possible that either the political tangle or the financial tangle will have found its solution even before this article is printed. Neither can continue very much longer on its present basis. Politically, the outcome of the London situation depends on the mutual attitude of the regular Liberals, the Irish Nationalists and the Labor members. Last January’s general election, although returning to Parliament a so-called “Liberal coalition majority” of 124, nevertheless included in this majority 82 Irish Nationalist members and 40 Labor members. In view of the differences of opinion over the Ministry’s Budget plans, and over its plans for reform of the House of Lords, a little calculation will show that no safe majority exists to pass

the Government measures, unless the Irish and Labor factions both co-operate with the Government.

But as matters appear to stand to-day, the Irish faction, at least, refuses to co-operate in the passage of a Budget unless the plans for reform of the House of Lords are ensured of being carried into effect. This, however, involves not only the enactment of a bill in the House of Commons to restrain the power of the other house, but also involves its approval by the Lords—which is a matter of the greatest doubt. Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalists, has declared that “if Mr. Asquith is not in a position to say that he has such guarantees as are necessary to enable him to pass a veto bill this year, and proposes to pass the Budget into law and adjourn the veto question, I say that is a policy that Ireland cannot and will not approve.”

The guarantees to which Mr. Redmond refers are obviously the appointment of new peers by the King, in numbers sufficient to overcome the hostile majority against the Ministerial policies. But since the majority in the Lords against even the Asquith Budget, last December, was 275, it is certain that an unprecedentedly large number of new peers would have to be created in order to ensure such legislation. Furthermore, there is a well-grounded belief that the King is hostile to such policy, and Mr. Asquith himself has stated formally to Parliament that to apply in advance to the King for a pledge of such creation of new peers would be forcing the Crown into party politics and hence an inadmissible recourse.

This is why the question of a Budget law has so long remained in deadlock, while the question of reform of the House of Lords pursues the regular order of legislation. In the meantime, by way of complicating the situation, Lord Rosebery's resolution, in the House of Lords itself, for a committee to consider on their own account the whole question of reform of the Upper House, providing further that the necessary preliminary to such reform is acceptance of the principle that possession of a peerage should in itself no longer afford the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords, has been adopted by the Peers by a great majority. It is not the province of this article to follow further the numerous ramifications and complications which surround the situation. It touches even on the question of a single Legislative Chamber, which a portion at least of the House of Commons undoubtedly favors, but which the majority judgment of public men of both parties undoubtedly rejects. There remains the very perplexing complication as to how the new members of the Upper House should be selected—whether by popular election or by the vote of the peers themselves, and whether such

membership should be confined to peers, or should include men who had achieved distinction in public life. Mr. Walter Bagehot, in his well-known work on the English Constitution, has this to say of the general proposition—it was written more than forty years ago:

“It is true that a completely new House of Lords, mainly composed of men of ability selected because they were able, might very likely attempt to make ability the predominant power in the state, and to rival if not conquer the House of Commons, where the standard of intelligence is not much above the common English average. But in the present English world such a House of Lords would soon lose all influence. People would say it was ‘too clever by half,’ and in an Englishman’s mouth that means a very severe censure. The English people would think it grossly anomalous if their elected assembly of rich men were thwarted by a nominated assembly of talkers and writers.”

But Mr. Bagehot, although his reputation for accurate political prophecy and for sound political philosophy is very great, nevertheless already stands convicted of mistaken predictions in this matter. In the same discussion he arrived at these conclusions:

“If the House of Peers ever goes, it will go in a storm, and the storm will not leave all else as it is. It will not destroy the House of Peers and leave the rich young peers, with their wealth and their titles, to sit in the Commons. It would probably sweep all titles before it—at least all legal titles—and somehow or other it would break up the curious system by which the estates of great families all go to the eldest son. Few things, certainly, are less likely than a violent tempest like this to destroy large and hereditary estates; but then, too, few things are less likely than an outbreak to destroy the House of Lords. My point is, that a catastrophe which levels one will not spare the other.”

But this suggestion of Bagehot’s brings up a consideration which has not been so much as mentioned, even at the height of the struggle at the polls last January. Nevertheless, the political outcome is uncertain and confused, and the financial outcome is certainly no less so. Even without the extraordinary speculation on London’s Stock Exchange, the financial situation of Great Britain is, as we have seen, in such shape as to make it not at all easy to diagnose. The markets are confronted on the one side by political misgivings, on the other by the unprecedented demands upon capital to which I have already referred, and by the growing stringency of money. Whether from the one cause, or from the other, or from both, British consols within the past few weeks have sold at the lowest price recorded in sixty-two years—the figure never, indeed, having been touched since 1848—a year, like 1910, of wide-spread political unsettlement and disturbance. Their season of greatest weakness in the two or three decades prior to 1848 was in 1831, when the reform bill for the election of the House of Commons was the focus of agitation in Great Britain.

The analogy is not without interest; yet it must be said that the

judgment of the banking community has been that consols, like other high-grade securities in all the markets of the world, have been depressed by the world's extravagant requisitions on the market for capital. In the long run, supply and demand must govern the investment market as it governs every other. But this throws no light on the future of the wildly extravagant "rubber speculation." To what extent the readjustment of this extremely peculiar position will be confined to London, and to what extent it will affect all other active markets of the world, is itself perhaps the most interesting problem of the near future.

Alexander D. Noyes.

PARTING

Ah, love, I will so need you when you go ;
And I am very quiet at your side,—
But I will so much need you when you go.

I feel the minutes passing sure and slow,
And strive to hold them longer, for I know
That I will so much need you when you go.

I play awhile with words, but ever slow
Athwart my soul the troubled murmurs flow
That I will so much need you when you go.

Ah love, I will so need you when you go ;
And I am very quiet at your side,—
But I will so much need you when you go.

Muriel Rice.

THE STATUE

SLOWLY he bent above her pearl-pale hand
And kissed it. But the boy had little heart
To woo the glad young bride that others chose
And thrust upon him as his princedom's prize.
The daylight withered on her palace towers
And all the windows darkened as he went
Wearily homeward, tortured with his thoughts
Tired with his task of wooing without love,
Tired with the toil of all that empty speech,
And almost wishing loveless death would stay
The mockery of the loveless marriage morn.

Round him the woods, tossing their sombre plumes,
Shed heavy, wet, funereal fragrances;
And the wind uttering one low tragic cry
Perished. It was a night when wanderers
Bewildered there might dread some visible Death
Urging his pale horse thro' the dim blue light
Of haggard groves and poppy-haunted glades.

His path fainted into the forest gloom
Like a thin aisle along the wilderness
Of some immense cathedral long ago
Buried at some huge epoch of the world
Far down, under the mountains and the sea;
A wealth of endless vistas rich and dark
With secret hues and carvings and—his foot paused—
A white breast orient in the softening gloom,
A cold white arm waving above the shrine,
A sweet voice floating in a dreamy song
Till all the leafy capitals awoke
And whispered in reply! Was it the wind
Wafting a globe of flowery mist, a sigh
Of wild-rose incense wandering in a dream?

Far, far away, as through an eastern window,
Through low grey clouds, painted in curling folds,
The moon arose and peered into the nave,
The moon arose behind the dark-armed woods
And made the boughs look older than the world.

And slowly down the thin sad aisle the prince
Came with his eighteen summers. His dark eyes
Beamed with the strange new hunger of his heart.

He knew how beautiful she was—his bride,
Whom others chose, but he had ever found
His love in all things, not in one alone.
He found the radiant idol of his moods
In waves and flowers and winds, in books and dreams,
In painting and in music, in strange eyes
And passing faces; but full well he knew
The Light that gave the radiance must still fly
From face to face, from form to form. A word,
A breath, a smile too swift, and at his feet
There lay some broken idol, some dead husk,
And he must seek elsewhere that archetype
Reflected from some other shape of earth,
Darkly, as in a glass. Indeed his love
Dwelt in the past among the mighty dead.
In moonbeams on Endymion. His heart
Was lost beyond the shining of the stars.
His hopes were in his visions: like a boy
He dreamed of fame; yet all the more his love
Dwelt in the past among the mighty dead.
The emerald gloom, the rosy sunset skies
He loved for their old legends, and again
Wandered by lotus isles and heard the song
Of sirens from a shore of yellow sand.
The vanished Grecian glory filled his soul
With mystic harmonies that in broad noon
Added a wonder to the white-curled clouds,
A colour and a cry, a living voice,
Almost the visible Presences divine
To distant sea-horizons, dim blue hills,
Earth's fading bounds and faint infinities.

And now, as down the thin sad aisle the prince
 Went footing tow'rds the moon, there came once more
 A gleam as of a white breast in the dark,
 A waving of a white arm in the dusk,
 A sweet voice floating in a dreamy song.
 He paused, he listened. Then his heart grew faint
 Within him, as there slowly rose and fell
 A sound of many voices drawing nigh
 That mingled with his ancient dreams a song
 Still scented like the pages of a book
 With petals of the bygone years. He fell
 Prone on his face and wept, for all his life
 Thrilled in him as a wind-swept harp is thrilled;
 And all the things that he had once believed
 Seemed shattered by that wonder, and the world
 Became his dreams and he a little child.
 Slowly the distant multitude drew nigh
 And softly as a sleeping sea they sang.

*Hast thou no word for us who darkly wander,
 No lamp to guide our weary feet,
 No song to cheer our way?
 Where dark pine-forests sigh o'er blue Scamonder,
 The flowery winds are sweet,
 And the deep moan of doves is heard;
 While shadowy Ida floats in cloudless day;
 Hast thou no word?*

*Hast thou forgotten the almighty morning
 That smote upon the cold green wrinkled sea
 And edged the ripples with a rosy light;
 And made us count cold death a thing for scorning
 Before the love of thee,
 O, mother, wave-begotten?
 Yea, sunny day was worth the last long night!
 Hast thou forgotten?*

Whispering ever nearer like a wind
 The song sank into sweetest undertone,
 While the faint murmur of innumerable feet
 Came onward thro' the moonlit purple glades.

The prince arose to listen. Those wild tears
 Yet glistened in his eyes against the moon,
 His dread seemed lost in a great conscious dream:
 For, one by one, like shadows of his mind,
 Sad voices murmured near him in the dark
 And gave his grief their own melodious pain.

I.

*Forbid me not! To-night the world's heart falters,
 To-morrow it may be the sun will shine,
 To-morrow it may be the birds will sing;
 O, Earth, my mother, the flame dies on thine altars!
 I would my hands were folded fast in thine,
 That thou wouldst make me sleep,
 Wrapt in thy mantle deep,
 Far, far from sound or sight of anything!*

II.

*Forbid me not! No more the dark sweet forest
 At moondawn murmurs with a holy song!
 And immemorial love, ah! whither flown?
 No more at noon the light that thou adorest,
 O mother, bathes the golden Oread throng!
 Anadyomene
 Is buried in the sea
 The gods are gone, Olympus is alone.*

III.

*Forbid me not! Perchance a brighter morrow
 Than e'er the world hath seen it yet may see;
 But I, what should I do the while but sleep?
 Sleep thro' the years of suffering and sorrow,
 Sleep when the old world sleeps in peace with thee,
 Sleep, dust in the old fair dust,
 Sleep, in the same deep trust,
 That all is well where none can wish to weep.*

Perchance they were the shadows of his mind
 That sang to him; but o'er his heart they crept
 As winds of April o'er the budding leaves.
 And still the rumour of innumerable feet

Stole like a strain of music thro' the woods
Making the darkness wither into dreams;
Till, all at once, the midnight blossomed and broke
And strowed the splendour of its quivering sprays
And white rent rose-leaves thro' the throbbing night.

Pansy and violet woke in every glade,
In every glade the violet and the pansy,
The wild rose and the white wood-bine awoke.
The night murmured her passion, the dark night
Murmured her passion to the listening earth.
The leaves whispered together. Every flower
With naked beauty wounded every wind.
Under the white strange moon that stole to gaze
As once on Latmos, every poppied dell
Rustled, the green ferns quivered in the brake,
The green ferns rustled and bowed down to kiss
Their image in the shadowy forest pools.
Then one last wind of fragrance heralding
That mystic multitudinous approach
Wandered along the wilderness of bloom
And sank, and all was very still. Far, far,
It seemed, beyond the shores of earth, the sea
Drew in deep breaths, as if asleep.

All slept.

Then like a cry in heaven the sudden hymn
Rose in the stillness, and across the light
That brooded on the long thin blossoming aisle,
Dim troops of naked maidens carrying flowers
Glided out of the purple woods and sank
Like music into the purple woods again.

But, when the last had vanished, the white moon
Withered, and wintry darkness held the trees,
And the prince reeled, dazed, till one strange cold voice
Out of the dying murmur seemed to thrill
The very fountains of his inmost life.
O, like another moon upon his night
That voice arose and comforted the world.
With one great sob he plunged into the wood
And followed blindly on the fainting hymn.

Blindly he stumbled onward, till the sound
Was heard no more; but where the gloom grew sweet
And sweeter, where the mingled scent of flowers
And floating hair wandered upon the dark,
Where glimpses pale and rosy moonlit gleams
Like ghosts of butterflies, fluttering softly
Thro' darkness tow'rd the sun, coloured the night,
He followed, thorn-pierced, bleeding, followed still.
Then, from his feet, a vista flowed away
Duskily purple as a sea-ward stream
With obscure lilies floating on its breast
Between wide banks of dark wild roses, grave
With secret meanings, deep and still and strange
As death; but, at the end, a little glade
Glimmered with hinted marble that implored
Its old forgotten ritual. For a breath,
He thought he saw that wave of worshippers
Form into flowers against a rosy porch,
Leaving a moment after, only a dream
Amongst the gleaming ruins, of laughter flown,
And bright limbs dashed with dew and stained with wine.

But suddenly, as he neared the porch, the prince
Paused; for the deep voluptuous violet gloom
That curtained all the temple thrilled, and there,
There in the midst stood out the sculptured form
Of Her, the white Thalassian, wonderful,
A Flower of foam, our Lady of the sea.

Then, with wide eyes of dream, the boy came stealing
Softly. His red lips parted as he gazed,
His head bowed down, he sank upon his knees,
Down on his knees he sank before her feet,
Before her feet he sank, with one low moan,
One passionate moan of worship and of love.
In a strange agony of adoration
He whispered where he lay—O, beautiful,
Beautiful One, take pity. Ah, no, no!
Be as thou art, eternal, without grief,
Beautiful everlastingly. He rose;
And timidly he lifted up his face

To hers, and saw that sweet and cold regard,
The pitiless divine indifference
Of Aphrodite gazing thro' the years
To some eternal sea that calls her still.
O, timidly he lifted up his lips
And touched her, softly as a flower might kiss,
Once, on the cold strange lips.

There came a cry
Shattering the nerves with agonies of sweetness:
The marble moved, the cold white marble moved,
And every movement was an agony
Of bliss. The marble softened into life,
The marble softened as a clouding moon
That takes the first faint rose-flush of the day.
The lovely face bent down upon the boy,
The soft white radiant arms enfolded him.
She kissed him, once, upon his curved red lips,
Then—like a broken flower—down at her feet
He fell. The temple shone with sudden fire,
And through the leaves the wild miraculous dawn
Tumbled its ruinous loads of breathless bloom
On all the glades, and morning held the world.

But, ere the morn had melted into noon,
There came a grey-haired man before the King
And told that, as he went to gather wood,
Soon after dawn, he heard a bitter cry
Near that old ruined temple which, some said,
Was haunted still by wandering pagan souls
Too foul for heaven, yet ignorant of hell;
But he believed it not, and therefore crept
Quietly near to watch and saw the prince
Dead, on the ground; and over him there bent
A white form, beautiful, but beckoning
To One more beautiful in the morning clouds,
The Mother of Bethlehem, to whom he prayed
Himself, but never knew her till that hour
So beautiful. For all the light that shone
From Aphrodite, shone from that deep breast
August in mother-love, with three-fold grace,
Enfolding all the lesser and raising all

That wind-borne beauty of the wandering foam
To steadfast heavens of more harmonious law ;
And over her, in turn, diviner skies
Brooded, deep heavens enfolding all the world,
Himself, the woods, the dead prince and those twain
Long held as deadly opposites, but now
Strangely at once, though one was but the heaven
Of colour and light in the other's breast and brow,
And both but beacons to the heavens beyond.

But when he led a silent troop of men
Far thro' the tangled copses to that glade,
They found the young prince like a broken flower
Lying, one sun-browned arm behind his head,
And on his dead cold lips a strange sweet smile.
Over him stood the statue, cold and calm ;
But he who urged the loveless wooing crept
Back, for he had no heart to face again
The pitiless divine indifference
Of Aphrodite, queen of laughter and love
On old Olympus, but to this great dawn
A roseate Hebe, handmaid to the heavens
Of beauty, with her long white glowing side,
Pure sacramental hands and radiant face
Uplifted in that lovelier servitude
Whose name is perfect freedom, ministrant
In harmony with golden laws, thro' all
The passion-broken, cloudy, fleeting years,
To that eternal Love which calls her still.

Alfred Noyes.

THE IRON PINE-APPLE

It will comfort me to write it. It comforted me to tell my wife; but that consolation vanished when she refused to believe the story and proposed to send for a medical man.

There may be scientific people who could explain what happened to me, there may be names for the state and it is possible that others have suffered similarly and done equally amazing things; but in my humble position of life one has no time for works on morbid psychology or its therapeutics, and I prefer to explain all differently and directly; I choose rather to assert that it pleased Providence to select me on a unique occasion for its own profound purposes. That is how I explain it now; but to be the weapon of Providence in a great matter is not a part that any sane, small shop-keeper would choose, and none will ever know the extent of my sufferings while the secret forces that control our destinies had their terrible sway with me; none will ever fathom my awful woes and fears as I tottered on the brink of down-right madness; none will ever look into that unutterable chasm that for a season yawned horribly between me and my fellow-creatures. I was cut off from them; I lived a hideous life apart. No human eye penetrated into those dark fastnesses of the spirit where I wandered, lost; no friendly voice sounded for me; no sympathy nor understanding fought to my side and heartened me to conquer the appalling tribulation. Doubtless in some measure the fault was my own. There were not a few who respected me and would have done all they might do to help me. My wife—what man ever had better? She was always ready, and her care and gentle tact paved the way for me through many a neurotic storm and morbid ecstasy; but the secret thing, the obsession of my life was hidden from her. For shame I hid it; even to her I could not confess its nature and the profound and shattering effect it had upon my self-command, my self-control and my self-respect.

The nature of this curse will best appear in the course of my narrative. John Noy is my name and I dwell in the Cornish haven of Bude. Hither from Holsworthy I came, twenty years ago, but the prosperity that has of late burst in a grateful shower over Bude, converting it from an obscure hamlet to a prosperous resort, was not shared by me. I keep a small grocery store and sell fruit and vegetables also; while to eke out my modest means I control a branch of the post-office and so add little to my income but much to my daily labours; for the paltry

remuneration of one pound, one shilling a month, is all that accrues to me for my service in this great department of the State. I had hoped that in the rising districts of Flexbury, where new houses were springing like mushrooms, and often with little more than a mushroom's stability, the post-office might have opened a way to increased custom and added to the importance and popularity of my little business; but it never did so. Occasional note-paper and sealing-wax I disposed of; but no respectable augmentation of my own trade could be chronicled as a result of the post-office, while, in holiday time, the work proved and still proves too much for one head and one pair of hands. Then my clever wife comes to my assistance; and even so our accounts do not always balance.

Of course Bude is not what it was when first I wedded Mabel Polglaze and took my shop. Now an enormous summer population pours upon us annually and the golf links swarm with men and women, who pursue that sport from dawn till evening, and the wide sands of the shore are covered with children, who, in their picturesque attire, are scattered there, like pink and blue, yellow and white flower-petals blowing over the sands when the tide is out. I never had any children and it was a grief to my wife; but a secret joy to me—not because I do not love them, but because, after marriage, my infatuation dawned upon me and I quickly felt that to hand on such mysterious traits of character would be criminal in the opinion of any conscientious soul.

The cloud ascended by slow degrees upon my clear horizon and not until it had assumed some quality of sinister significance did I give it much thought. Indeed in its earliest manifestation I took pride in it, and my wife, even from our betrothal, was wont to compliment me upon a certain quality of mind often associated with ultimate prosperity and worldly success.

"Noy," said she to me on one occasion, "your grasp of details is the most remarkable thing about you. You'll fasten on a thing, like a dog on a bone, and nought will shake you off it. Whether 'tis sardines, or dried fruits, or spring vegetables, or a new tea, 'twill grip your mind in a most amazing way, and you'll let everything else slip by, and just go for that one object, and keep it in the front of your thoughts, and live on it, like food. And a very fine quality in a grocer; and many a time you've pushed a line and made the public take a new thing. But what's queer about it in my judgment is that, so often as not, you'll put all your heart and soul into some stupid little matter, like a new mouse-trap or new vermin-killer that don't pay for the trouble. You'll take

just so much thought for a pen-wiper or bottle-washer, not worth sixpence, as you will for a new drink or new food or some big thing that might mean good money and plenty of it."

There she hit the nail on the head. I had a way to take some particular matter into my mind, as the hedge-sparrow takes the cuckoo's egg into her nest, and then, when the thing hatched out, all else had to go down before it, and for a season I was a man of one idea and only one. Had these ideas been important; had I conceived of brilliant plans for Bude, or even for myself, none could have quarrelled with this power of concentration or suspected that any infirmity of mind lurked behind it; but, as my wife too faithfully pointed out, I was prone to expend my rich stores of nervous energy upon the most trifling and insignificant matters.

Once I caught a grasshopper in our little garden and for two years I had no mind to anything but grasshoppers. I purchased works on entomology which I could ill afford; I collected grasshoppers and spent long hours in studying their manners and customs; I tamed a grasshopper and finally acquired a knowledge of these insects that has probably never been equalled in the history of the world.

I fought this down with my wife's help; but it was the beginning of worse things, and after she had lost her temper and expressed her opinion of such puerilities in good set terms, I grew afraid and began to conceal my mind from her. Then I found that unconsciously my frankness in all matters of the soul with Mabel had helped to keep me straight and been a shield between me and the horrid idiosyncracies of my nature. The descent to hell was easy, and after barriers were once raised between my aberration and her common sense, the former grew by leaps and bounds. A change came over my horrid interests. Formerly it was some comestible or contrivance in my shop that had fixed my attention and chained my energies, to the loss of more important things; for the grasshoppers arrived as it were before their time, and for many years after I had struggled free of their influence, I suffered no similar lapse. But having once adopted a practice of simulation with Mabel, having once banished her from the arcanum of my heart, the deterioration proceeded apace: I ceased to be vitally interested in my shop: I cared not to press even the last mouse-trap on a regular customer; I wandered afield and fastened on subjects altogether outside my own life. These I brought into the very heart of my own mystery and welcomed and worshipped. They were inconceivably trivial: in that lay the growing horror.

To give an example, I remember how for a time one monument in

the churchyard arrested and absorbed my receptive faculties. Many nameless dead, victims of the sea, sleep their last sleep in our green churchyard close upon the hill, and here, above a ship's company drowned long since at the haven mouth, there stands with a certain propriety the figure-head of their wrecked vessel. As it advanced before them in life, hanging above the ocean and leaping to the wave, so now in death the image keeps guard above their pillows and stands, tall and white, among the lesser monuments of the mortuary. So it has stood for nearly fifty years and promises long to continue, for it is preserved carefully and guarded against destruction.

This wooden image of the ill-fated "Bencoolan" exercised a most dreadful fascination over me and I cannot tell now how often I visited it, touched it and poured out my futile thoughts as an offering to it. The figure of the Asiatic chief became to me an incubus and exercised a mesmeric power of attraction under which for a season I suffered helplessly. Indeed I only escaped by abandoning the Church of England and joining the sect of the Primitive Wesleyans. I avoided the church and the grave of the drowned men; I struggled against the horrible attraction of the figure-head. At night I woke and sweated and fought to keep in my couch; and I locked my arms through the bedstead, that I might not be torn away to that solemn effigy above the graves.

The Primitive Wesleyans had a chapel within ten minutes' walk of my shop. It was new; the foundation stone had been laid but two years before by that famous Wesleyan philanthropist, financier and friend of man, Bolsover Barbellion. The building, in the last and most debased form of architecture ever sprung from a mean mind, dominated Flexbury and stood, a mass of hideous stone and baleful brick, above the pitiful rows of new dwelling houses. But it saved me from the figure-head of the "Bencoolan," and for a time the ministrations of the Primitive Wesleyans soothed my soul and offered peace through the channels of religious novelty. I owe them much and gladly record my debt.

Instances as grim as the foregoing might be cited; but I hasten to the climax of the tragedy and the events that preceded it. My wife, after a lengthened period, during which too surely we had drifted apart in sympathy and mutual understanding, took me to task, and her acerbity, while well enough deserved, none the less caused me a wide measure of astonishment. Never had she struck this note until this hour.

"Why the mischief can't you turn your attention to keeping a

roof over our heads?" she asked. "Trade's never been worse and you'll lose the post-office afore another summer if you make any more mistakes. And here's things happening in the world that might make angels weep. Look at yesterday's paper—all them Benevolent Societies come down like a pack of cards and that saint of God as we thought—that Bolsover Barbellion—turns out to be a limb of Satan instead. And your own sister ruined, and widows and orphans face to face with the workhouse from one end of England to the other. And the scoundrel himself has vanished like the dew upon the fleece, as well he may do. And there's another coal strike, the like of which was never knowed, and there's a murder to Plymouth and talk of war with Germany and God knows what beside. Yet you—you can live in this world as if you were no more than a sheep or a cow and pour out your wits in secret on some twopenny half-penny thing that you are too shamed even to speak about. Yes, you can, and you do. I know you—if not me, who should? I hear you tossing like a ship in a storm of a night; and you won't let me comfort you no more. And life's hell to a woman placed like me; and I don't say how much longer I'm going to stand it. How do I know what's in your mind? How can I help you and comfort you if I'm kept outside in the dark? All I can tell you is that you're mad on something, for you're always out now—always walking up and down the cliffs as if you was a sentry or a coast-guard; and some fine day you'll fall over and that'll be a nice scandal, for there's no smoke without fire, and of course they'll whisper 'twas me that drove you to it."

Thus she ran on and I made no attempt to stay the torrent. My last infatuation differed widely from all others, for it was human and had it been a woman, by evil chance, doubtless my home had crashed down under it, for Mrs. Noyes was not of the type that tolerates any largeness of view in matters of sex. But a man had for three months exercised an unconscious control upon me—a large, bearded, able-bodied artist, who devoted his attention to our cliff scenery and who painted pictures in the open air on Bude sands.

I never spoke to him; he was not even aware that he had an interested spectator, but from the day I first looked over the low cliffs near the cricket ground and saw the top of the painter's hat, I was lost, and became concentrated upon the man. He dominated my thoughts and I felt ill at ease on the days that I did not see him. I made no effort to learn his name or ascertain where he lodged; but I speculated deeply concerning him and the value of his art and the workings of

his mind and his ambitions and hopes and fears. He had an interesting face and a large voice and rejoiced to watch the children playing on the beach. He painted ill—so as least I thought. It seemed to me that he was an impressionist and I felt aversion for that school, being ignorant of its principles. Once he left his seat among the rocks to walk beside the sea awhile, and I emerged from the cliff above, whence I had been watching him, and descended and looked at his picture. Something urged me to sit on his campstool and I did so. He turned, saw me and approached. But the tide was out and he had to walk nearly a quarter of a mile to his easel. I hastened away and hid from him and watched him exhibit no small surprise when he returned. He examined his picture closely to see that I had not meddled with it.

From that day I conceived a violent dislike to the artist and this emotion increased to loathing; then waxed from that until it grew into an acute and homicidal hatred. Why such an awful passion should have wakened in me against this harmless painter it was impossible to understand. I had never hated man or mouse until that moment; and now, full-fledged, insistent, tigerish, there awoke within me an antagonism one would have supposed impossible to so mild a mannered man. I fought it as I had never fought any previous obsession; I told myself that rather than do any violence to a fellow-creature I would destroy my own body. Time and again, tramping the cliffs to peep down upon the unconscious painter beneath, I urged myself to take a false step and do even as my wife had predicted that I might do. To escape from this fiendish premonition, to die and be at peace grew an ever increasing temptation. But I lacked physical courage, I could not kill myself. I would have endured any mental torment rather than do so.

I met the painter face to face sometimes and a demon might have felt his anti-human passion grow weak before the man's kind, good-natured face, great brown beard, laughing brown eyes and sonorous, genial voice; but my antipathy only increased. It was, so far as I could analyse, quite without motive—a mere destructive instinct that made me tremble to batter and crush out of living this fellow-soul.

I determined to consult a medical man; but hesitated to do so for fear that he would insist upon my incarceration. I was not mad—save in the particular of my passing infatuations—and as all the others until now had persisted only for a season, I wept on my knees and prayed to heaven through long night watches that this awful and crowning trial

might also pass from me and give place to hallucinations less terrific and less fraught with peril to my fellow-creatures.

As if in answer to this prayer there came sudden and astounding relief: my aberrations changed their direction; for a season I forgot the painter as though he had never been born and every hope, desire and mental energy became concentrated on the humblest and most insignificant object it is possible to mention. . . . It was the lowest depth that I had reached.

On rising ground not far distant from my shop, were being erected certain new dwelling-houses, and one of these had always pleased me, because it stood as an oasis in the dreary desert of mean buildings rising round about. It was designed in the Italian style and possessed a distinction, beauty and reserve foreign to the neighbourhood of Bude and the architectural spirit of the district. An outer wall encompassed this dwelling and light metal work ran along the top of it. To my horror I discovered that a conventional chain was to be erected and, at intervals of ten feet, the chain was supported by metal pillars crowned with cast-iron pine-apples. Why a pleasing building should thus be spoiled by a piece of gratuitous vulgarity I could not understand, but speculation swiftly ceased for suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, as such ebullitions always came, there burst upon me a frantic lust for one of these same abortions in iron! My soul poured out upon a metal pine-apple; and no general hunger or distributed desire for the vile things took hold upon me, but I found my life's energy focussed and concentrated upon the third pine-apple on the north side of the railing. For the rest I entertained no attachment; I even disliked them; but the third on the northern side exercised an absolute mastery. If one may quote a familiar jest in connection with so abhorrent a circumstance, I felt, concerning this hideous piece of cast-iron, that I should not be happy until I got it. Naked roads stretched about this new house. They ran through fields, presently to be built upon, and they were usually deserted as they led nowhere. I was able, therefore, to haunt the iron pine-apple, to stroke it, gloat over it, and gratify in some sort my abnormal desire toward it without exciting attention. Indeed the cunning of actual lunacy marked each new downfall and, with the exception of Mabel, no human creature as yet had suspected my infirmity.

The pine-apple swiftly became an all absorbing passion and I fought against its fascination without avail. The desire for possession made this experience especially difficult, because as a rule the attractive object always drew me to be with it, whereas in this case, there came a

frantic longing to have the pine-apple with me. I must have thought of the rubbish as a sentient being, I must have exaggerated it into a creature that could feel and sorrow and understand. On wet nights I conceived that the iron pine-apple might suffer cold; on hot days I feared that it was enduring discomfort from the summer sun! From the ease and peace of my bed, I pictured the pine-apple perched on its lonely pedestal in outer darkness. When there raged a thunderstorm I feared that the lightning would strike the pine-apple and destroy it forever. Then an overwhelming determination to own the pine-apple quite possessed me. Therefore I stole it by night. At an hour when a waning moon silvered that rising district of empty houses and unbounded roads, I set forth, crept into the shadow of the Italian dwelling and, after working with a file for half an hour, became possessed of the valueless treasure. Once, during my operations, a policeman passed on his beat and I hid in the porch hard by and wondered what the man would have done had he discovered the post-master and provision merchant, John Noy, thus occupied between the morning hours of two and three.

To a sleeping wife I returned, and the pine-apple was concealed in a drawer that contained my Sunday clothes.

The mass of metal weighed two pounds and for a week I racked my brain to find fresh hiding-places for it. Now I concealed it under the earth in my garden; now I hid it in the shop; now I took it about with me, wrapped up in a parcel. The trash was never out of my mind. Moreover a reward of one guinea had been offered for discovery of the person responsible for its disappearance. The owner of the Italian villa himself brought a printed advertisement to me containing the promise. I stuck it up against my shop window with two blue wafers and soothed him. He was much annoyed and declared that a fool capable of such wilful and aimless destruction should be captured and locked up for the benefit of the community. How cordially I agreed with him; and all the while I looked down at a sack of dried peas at his feet in which the iron pine-apple was deep hidden!

And now the psychology of the mental situation took a turn and my two last phases of infatuation ran into each other, as one line of rails merges into the next. The iron pine-apple and the artist were inextricably mingled in my distracted mind. The one I loved; the other I hated; and I told myself that not until these two concrete ideas had come together and completed their diverse destinies, might my own soul hope for any sort of peace.

So Providence set my brain to the task of fulfilling its inscrutable

designs while I, ignorant of that supernatural purpose, merely looked into the darkness of my own heart and cowered before the lurid phantom of madness that I seemed to see advancing upon me from within it. I believed myself now definitely insane; but I was nevertheless powerless to save the situation; indeed, an instinct far stronger than that of self-preservation held me in absolute subjection.

Eden Phillpotts.

(To be completed)

THE SLOE-TREE

(“Gaze upon the sloe-tree and see a similitude of life.”—Irish Proverb.)

Black and white, as the sloe,

Is life with its joy and woe:

White blooms in the wind o’ the world’s delight!—

But the tree is thorny, and black as night.

White blossoms must fade and blow

From the tree of life, the black sloe;

Blue berries of wisdom come, but Oh

Who cares for them when the blossoms go?

Shaemas O’Sheel.

SOME FACTS ABOUT SUFFRAGE AND ANTI-SUFFRAGE

Masculine hostility or indifference to Woman Suffrage may be an error, but it may also be an instinct. There must be a ground for hesitation in granting votes to women, if there still exists a large class of women who feel no drawing to the cause, together with a larger class who are really opposed to it, besides a larger majority of men who know that Woman Suffrage will prove unwise, inexpedient, and generally speaking, futile.

If Woman Suffrage is to be granted, let it come because the wisdom, strength and knowledge of women are all needed and manifest; because she has grown beyond the requirements of the home and care of children, society, manners and customs.

What is wanted in politics is real work, thorough work, honest and more efficient work, not mere sham. Are women ready for better work, than men are now doing? Hardly, and women will find it no easy task to do sufficiently well to outstrip the best class of political workers. The man is in constant contact with men, and face to face with events. He is in the larger world; he is everywhere, and he has become familiar with the workings of the political machinery. Woman will always take observation from some protected quarter. She will generally obtain such fragments of legislation and activities, as appear on the surface. But of the vital, fighting political struggle which constantly goes on, and not generally in public view, the woman necessarily will learn what she knows only by hearsay or from some male informer. Women are not concerned equally with men in the character of government, and they very rarely have an equal knowledge of political events, even when their fathers, husbands and brothers are statesmen or politicians.

Woman Suffragists proclaim that women need the ballot for their own protection,—and that men make laws for women which are unjust and oppressive, and that women must have the law-making power in their own hands in order to secure fair play. American women do not need a law-making power,—for on the whole, the laws are even far more favorable to women (in many states) than they would have been if women, with their smaller understanding of vital conditions, had made the laws for themselves.

Have we come to the point when women must defend themselves against men or women? One man is generally stronger than one

woman! And do women propose to *fight* laws into existence to protect them? The voting power is based on force. The rule of the majority is at bottom the rule of force. Sixty thousand voters yield to a hundred thousand voters, not because they believe them to be wiser than themselves, but because they know them to be stronger. When they do not believe them to be stronger, they do not yield, they resist, and we have a rebellion. Women who ask for the ballot do not know the real meaning and significance of universal manhood suffrage, or they would never use the term "equal suffrage."

Constitutional government is not a haphazard, unformed, shapeless institution, as many women seem to think. It has distinct form, established restrictions, and a very valid reason for *not* asking woman to have a voice in government.

A republic vests the power of the government in the will of the people. But if that power rests in a portion of the people that cannot sustain their will,—if the voting power is in the hands of an aristocracy or a favored class, that cannot uphold or retain that power unto themselves—then we are entertaining a false state of affairs, which is contrary to the fundamental principles of our constitutional government.

All voting at the polls must ultimately feel the pulse of a national and vital force back of it, and women cannot be that force. Men not only *can*, but *must* be that, if they accept the privileges of the franchise. Their allegiance to the state is a guarantee for its safety, its stability, and its maintenance in time of war and of peace.

The reason why men vote in this country is because they can be made *liable* for the continuance of law and order, and can be called upon for state duty and service. Uncle Sam permits a full-grown man of the age of twenty-one years to be a voter, with only a few qualifications such as age, place of residence, etc. Women are within the age and residence qualifications, and they offer morality, intelligence and taxpaying qualifications besides. Government, however, does not impose these qualifications on men, and men do not *vote* because they are moral, intelligent, or taxpayers *only*. Government asks the man to accept the responsibility of maintaining it, of preserving its very existence. Man forms the **ONLY** basis on which any government *can* rest. In a democracy this is, and must be, the keynote of the whole structure. The man is the rock on which the government is built, whatever its form. The woman never was and never will be. Giving the man the vote is nothing more than a recognition of this fact. Giving women the vote would be to deny it. To illustrate this truth, from a suffrage point of view, a quotation from the *New York Times*, April 7th, will suffice:

"If women had the franchise, and then all the women should vote on one side and the men on the other, and the women should cast the biggest vote, would the men, with their greater physical force, go to arms? And would the women have to give in? That was the question which Mrs. Florence Masterton proposed at the meeting of the 'William Lloyd Garrison Equal Franchise League' at its annual meeting at the house of Miss Florence Guernsey, No. 2 West 86th Street. 'Not at all,' said one of the women present; 'majority rules in this country, and if the women were in the majority *then* the *government* would come to their assistance, and *force* the acceptance of their vote.'"

As to the service to the state or government, given by women in bearing sons, the men work not only to support the sons, but support also their mothers and wives, and that far beyond the child-bearing age. Motherhood is unquestionably a great service to the human race, but it is neither a state duty nor a state service. The state gives the franchise when it makes men "liable." Motherhood it cannot command. And motherhood would still continue were all government abolished.

A voice in government is given to men ONLY, because they alone can be made "liable" for the safety of life and property in the state they live in, and they alone can make our national force. Government is like a bank. Men are its reserve national force. A bank has its reserve capital, and it may not use it in a generation. But it must be there in time of trouble or panic. Just so with government. It may not call upon its citizens in a generation, but the principle of government must be such, that a national force exists, and can be called upon when needed. At present every voter can be drafted and used as a national force when we need to protect our state, life and property; and what is more important, while we maintain our Peace.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny" is the cry of many Suffragists. "Taxation with representation is tyranny" is the cry of the Anti-Suffragists, because it would lead back to the well tried but discarded rule of the privileged rich having more voting power than the poor and the weak. Property qualifications were necessary in our earlier history, but it was found to be undemocratic, and the "voters" of the states were granted universal manhood suffrage. Suffragists ask tax-paying suffrage as a wedge to full suffrage. They say "equal rights to all, and special privileges to none." Yet they ask for this *special* privilege to tax-paying women.

Taxation without representation is tyranny, but we must be very careful to define what we mean by the phrase. If we adopt the suffrage attitude, "I pay taxes, therefore I should vote," the natural conclu-

sion is that *everybody* who pays taxes should vote, and we have a tyrannical form of government. This argument is used in an unqualified way. We have a "tyranny" here, we are told, because some women pay taxes, yet do not vote. If this be true without any qualifications, it must be true not only of women, but of *everybody*. Accordingly this government is tyrannical if corporations pay taxes, but do not vote; if aliens pay taxes, but do not vote; if minors pay taxes, but do not vote; if anybody pays taxes, but does not vote. The only correct conclusion is, not that women should vote because some of them pay taxes, but that every taxpayer should be given the privilege of the ballot. Under our system of indirect taxation it is almost impossible to say that anybody is not a taxpayer—therefore it would seem that *every* man, woman and child, naturalized or alien, and every corporation, should vote. The absurdity of this is evident. Even if Woman Suffrage were granted, 50 per cent. of the population would still be without the ballot, and every one of these could stand up and say, as the Suffragists are saying now, "‘Taxation without representation is tyranny.’ I am taxed, but unrepresented, therefore I am being tyrannized over."

It is clear that the phrase is distorted. The distortion lies in the fact that the Suffragists are trying to make an individual right out of a principle of government.

If women *vote* because they pay taxes, many will be enfranchised who never earned a dollar, and who own property wholly through the accident of inheritance. Thousands of women will be discriminated against, in favor of a few. Hundreds of women teachers would never have the advantages that a favored aristocracy of wealth would have. There would be a complete inequality of political privileges for women. Statesmen, lawyers, citizens and the wise men from the North, South, East and West have been consulted, and have conscientiously discussed this question of who should vote, with the result that tax-paying qualifications have been done away with, and universal manhood suffrage has been generally adopted. Voting is not a natural right. It is very singular that women have not found this out by themselves, as it is not an Anti-Suffragist contention but a fact that we all must recognize.

Citizenship is a granted right, not a natural one, derived and regulated by each country or state according to its ideas of government. The argument of the Suffragist that a voter and a citizen should be one and the same is incorrect. Citizens can be and have been disfranchised, but can still remain citizens and have all of a citizen's privileges.

Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court decided

that citizenship carried with it no voting power or right, and the same decision has been handed down by many courts in disposing of other test cases. A citizen of the District of Columbia has all the privileges of citizenship, but he cannot vote, since that is a State right and the District of Columbia is not a State.

Citizenship merely, does not entitle a man to vote. Government grants that privilege and enrolls on its lists of voters those who must be made liable for the State's safety and stability. Government does not let a man vote just to express his viewpoints by dropping a bit of paper in the ballot box. It demands the service and allegiance of a voter to the point of giving his life, as 500,000 men did during the civil war.

Men and women could not enjoy our present civilization if government had not that backing. In time of peace citizens must have a guarantee for life and property; it is just this force of the male voter that can be called upon when needed. This is a part of our strong constitutional, democratic government.

Men and women are both citizens and enjoy exactly the same privileges of governmental administration, such as gas, light, police, schools, sound money, protection of life and property, sewers, paved streets, transportation, hospitals, courts, judges, law and order, and what not?

In no other country, and at no other time has the world seen such material progress, such social and moral advancement, as in our own land during the last 130 years; and investigation shows that woman's progress has been no less marked than that of population, wealth and industry.

We find in the general advancement of women, in the improvement of her economic position, in her social and civic influence, and in her opportunity for culture, a thing without parallel in the history of the world. And we anti-suffragists can say with pride that all this has been accomplished without granting women the ballot.

Women should organize and form associations, as men have done if they intend to command a standard wage. Supply and demand will do the rest. Miss Summer in her book *Equal Suffrage* clearly shows that women and children are no better paid in the four States where women vote, than in the states where they do not vote.

In Suffrage states, taking public employment as a whole, women receive considerably lower remuneration than men. As teachers, women receive lower salaries on the average, than men, as is shown in Table 19 of Miss Summer's book. The conclusion is inevitable that, on the whole, men teachers are better paid in Colorado than women teachers.

"Equal pay for equal work" does not exist in woman suffrage states any more than it does elsewhere. These Suffrage States are not very encouraging as object lessons for us in the east.

Colorado was admitted into the Union in 1876, and great efforts were made by Suffragists to secure the "Centennial" State. This resulted in a submission of the question to the people, who rejected it by a majority of 7,443 in a total vote of 20,665. From the first of the agitation for the free coinage of silver, Colorado has been enthusiastically in favor of that measure. In 1892 her devotion to it caused all parties to unite on that issue and gave the vote of the State to General Weaver, Populist candidate for President, and to David H. Waite, Populist candidate for Governor. The question of woman suffrage was re-submitted to the people at this election, and the constitutional amendment concerning it was carried by a majority of only 5,000 in a total vote of 200,000. Neither that movement nor its results present triumphant democracy.

Colorado is most frequently cited as the banner suffrage state; yet there, the granting of the ballot has not yet purified politics.

The effect upon party politics has been very slight. Politics are as corrupt in Colorado as in any State in the Union. Judge Lindsay has just written an article in *Everybody's Magazine*, entitled "The Beast and the Jungle," which certainly does not indicate either peace or purity in politics.

Probably the Juvenile Court of Colorado has been most often pointed to as a triumph of a woman's ballot.

Yet, in *nineteen* out of the twenty-one states which have juvenile courts to-day, women do not vote. Moreover, in the four in which they do, *two* are without such courts.

Nor was Colorado the *first* to establish such a court, but instead, Massachusetts, where three years before the women of the State had rejected Equal Suffrage.

In other words, it would appear that the Juvenile Court *can be* and *is* achievable *without* the *female ballot*.

In Colorado, divorces are more easily obtained than in our own state, and after a very short period of time.

Suffragists say women should make their own laws—but after forty years of Woman Suffrage in Utah and Wyoming, we find that like all other states men make the laws and women derive many benefits from them. Women do not do jury duty, and are not judged by peers of their own sex, nor is there any demand for such a state of affairs.

Utah was the first territory in this country in which woman suffrage gained a foothold.

Woman Suffrage was co-incident with the establishment of the Mormon church, and it came as a legitimate part of the union of Church and State, of communism, of polygamy.

The *dangers* that especially threaten a Constitutional or *Republican* form of government are *anarchy*, *communism*, and *religious bigotry*; and two of these found their fullest expression in this country, in the Mormon creed and practice.

Fidelity to Mormonism was disloyalty to the United States Government. The Mormon church is the greatest political power in any of the four Suffrage states.

By the very nature of its teachings, and as indicated by Brigham Young himself, the basis of the Mormon church is *woman*.

Thus the introduction of Woman Suffrage within its borders was not only undemocratic,—it was anti-democratic.

Utah has granted its women full suffrage for nearly 40 years, and they have lived openly and defiantly in a state of complete polygamy, until a command for a reform came from outside of this polygamous State.

Anna Shaw says that a woman without the vote has no self-respect. Woman's self-respect did not change *this evil*, and it is said that polygamy will continue in Utah, just because *women* exercise a *political power*.

So much for self-respecting Suffragists and Utah.

Fancy what would be said of Utah were it Anti-Suffrage, and polygamy prevailed!

The Gentiles are heard from at some elections, but the Mormon church is the great political power, and surely asserts itself when it has an axe to grind.

The only form of the Turkish harem found in this country is in this Suffrage state. Here we find woman under the entire control of her priest or elder, and in her religious fervor she does as she is bid. The woman's tendency to hero worship weakens her better judgment. Polygamy was maintained in Utah for these reasons, and conclusively shows how men can make themselves leaders in religious and political matters. It was only when the Federal government stepped in, that these un-American and criminal conditions were forbidden by law. Even now that the Mormon women can again vote, polygamy is not wholly done away with. Authorities say it never will be, until Woman Suffrage ceases, for 60 per cent. of the voters are women, and they keep the Mormon church in power, as the elders dictate. With this state of affairs, do we find women more self-respecting where they vote than where

they do not? Is Utah a model state for women to live in, and are any of the Suffrage states to be compared with New York or Massachusetts?

Martha Cannon was elected State Senator. She was on the ticket against her husband, who was nominated for the same office on the Republican ticket. Here are a few sentences from the *Salt Lake Herald* taken from an interview with Mrs. Cannon, State Senator elect. When asked if she was a strong believer in Woman Suffrage, she answered: "Of course I am. It will help women to purify politics. Women are better than men. Slaves are better than their masters." She was then asked,—“Do you refer to polygamy?” “Indeed I do not,” she answered. “I believe in polygamy,—a plural wife isn’t half as much a slave as a single wife. If her husband has four wives, she has three weeks of freedom every single month. Of course it is all over now, but I think the women of Utah think with me, that we were much better off with polygamy. Sixty per cent. of the voters of Utah are women. We control the state. What am I going to do with my children while I am making laws for the state? The same thing I have done with them, when I have been practicing medicine. They have been left to themselves a good deal. Some day there will be a law compelling people to have no more than a certain amount of children, and then the mothers of this land can live as they ought to live.”—This is the character and opinion presented by the *highest* state official that Woman Suffrage has as yet given to the United States of America. Do we want any more of them? Will not American women express their disapproval and disgust at such sentiments as these? We Anti-Suffragists glory over the fact that Utah is not an “Anti” State. What would Miss Shaw say of us,—“Antis and polygamists!” Yet it has stood for forty years, and still stands, to as great a measure as they dare, Women Suffrage and polygamy! Woman Suffrage and polygamists, men and women with full political power, and religious freedom, were thus working together, and yet Mrs. Cannon and the Woman Suffragists speak of purifying politics! Here is their best example after a test of forty years and more. Why do the Suffragists have so little to say about Utah. And why are there more Mormons in the four Suffrage states than in all of our other states put together? Is it true women will uplift the condition of women? Look at Utah and find the answer,—for there, they have full political power like the men.

Woman Suffrage was secured in Wyoming by means that bring dishonor upon democracy.

Wyoming was organized as a Territory in 1868. Many of its native settlers were from Utah.

The *History of Woman Suffrage* records the fact that the measure was secured in the first Territorial legislature through the political trickery of an illiterate and discredited man, who was in the chair.

Mr. Bryce, in *The American Commonwealth* alludes in a note to the same fact.

Women voted in 1870. In 1871 a bill was passed repealing the Suffrage act, but was vetoed by the Governor, on the ground that, having been admitted, it must be given a fair trial.

An attempt to pass the repeal over his veto was *lost* by a *single vote*.

Certainly, the entrance of Woman Suffrage into Wyoming was not a *triumph of democratic progress and principle*.

In 1894 the Populist party of Idaho put a plank in its platform favoring the submission of a Woman-Suffrage amendment to the people. In 1896 the Free Silver Populist movement swept the State. A majority of the votes cast on the Suffrage question were cast in its favor, but not a majority of all the votes cast at the election. The supreme courts have generally held that, in so important a matter, a complete majority vote was required, but the Supreme Court of Idaho did not so hold, and Woman Suffrage is now established in that State. This, also, is hardly a success of sound democracy.

Woman Suffragists should be severely criticised for the vague way in which they promise the wage-earning women increase of wage, when the ballot is within her power. How this can be accomplished has not yet been demonstrated by the Suffragists, and their promises are neither convincing nor instructive.

Women now compete with men in many industries. The question is: Does such competition mean *advancement* for women? Medical research finds that where married women are forced to work in factories, the birth rate decreases and the death rate of children increases alarmingly. Sociologists and doctors are proving daily that many kinds of work where women compete with men are invariably injurious to women. The demand for more protective legislation for women workers is constant and increasing.

What does this mean? "Emancipation for the women" cry the Suffragists, "another proof that women are equal to men." It is very clear, that in trying to prove the equality of the sexes they are encouraging one of the greatest evils society has to deal with in this twentieth century. The "Antis" realize that some women must always work; but what we deplore is that wage earning women are entering such unsuitable occupations. The Suffragists report with pride that women are

now blacksmiths, undertakers, brakesmen, baggage masters, and what not?

The fact that more women earn their living every year is an evil, and not an advance. Strength tests show that the average woman has less than half the physical strength of the average man. When we remember that the care of the home (if a woman is married) must be carried on besides, we see that the handicap is too great, and that pushing supplementary and unnecessary wage-earners into the field of industry is most unwise. If women are young and unmarried the effect on their nervous system, while working in factories and stores, is well known to be injurious, and only tends to unfit them for the duties of marriage and motherhood. If the result is to discourage marriage it is unquestionably an evil. Men should try to keep women out of our competitive industries. Women under-cut wages, and often push men out of their places, generally absorbing all occupations that require the least physical strength. And do not women keep down the standard of the wage, while the men are constantly trying to uphold it?

The economic "equality of the sexes" cannot be proven, and the "Antis" challenge their opponents to show how the ballot can be used to bring about the remedy in question for the wage earning woman.

It is by instinct rather than by reason that the great American public has remained passive on this subject—our American man feels strongly that he is, and always must be, the protector of his "women folk." He does not ask why—he knows it is true. He also feels dimly that the demand of women for the ballot, "to protect themselves" is inconsistent with the true American spirit.

When men come to feel that they are no longer the protectors of their wives, daughters, mothers and sisters, and when the women look to the ballot for their protection, rather than to their husbands, sons, and fathers, *then* Woman Suffrage will be a necessity and public opinion will be clamoring for it.

Mrs. Gilbert E. Jones.

Chairman "National League for the Civic Education of Women."

MODERN NORWEGIAN LITERATURE

II.

[Editor's note: Not only the extraordinary inherent interest possessed by this contribution, but also Björnson's great age (which renders the appearance of further work from his pen unlikely) brought about the decision to reprint this article from THE FORUM of 1896. Below appears the second and final instalment.]

JONAS LIE gave us his first book about twenty-five years ago, and since then we have had a book every year. They glided into our life quietly, regularly, like a mail steamer laying by, after a long and hard voyage, at a certain hour, in a certain place, saluted with national flags from the custom-house, by friends, and by those who expected something. Among the latter the ladies were always in a great majority, and it is not merely an incident. Not only is every great psychological fact treated in a discreet manner which pleases the lady of culture, but it is principally she he draws, her cause he speaks. As it has been said that the higher culture of a people can be measured by the number of pianos in the country, so it may be said that the deeper feeling of responsibility in a people can be measured by the place which women hold in the homes. In his calm, clear drawings of our grandparents, our parents, and ourselves, up to this very day, the measure is put to rights for us. But we must use it ourselves. He only narrates.

In the times of our grandparents, Norway was a cozy little domain of bureaucracy, boisterous captains, fat parsons, omnivorous jurists, navy officers with hankerings after the nobility, judges and magistrates with the arrogance of small potentates. Down in the sailor's hut and up in the shipowner's house the house-father stood as the representative of the social order of the patriarchs, master by the grace of God. About 1840 a modest movement toward political liberty was begun, but it did not become dangerous to the "establishment" until about 1860. It pushed onward, however, soon touching also the social relations; and when its literature entered the field, providing the politicians with ideas of a dissolving and expansive character, a storm burst over the country, with calumnies and backbitings, with social ostracism and ecclesiastical excommunications. But was it to be wondered at? All those people were suddenly awakened from the firm belief that the "establishment" was founded, socially and politically, on solid Bible-ground not to be shaken. But while this battle was still raging, Jonas Lie went to the doors in the rear and into the houses, apparently without any particular aim—at

least he told no one what he wanted there. But when he came out again he brought with him the habits, the customs, the ideas of the "establishment" from its golden days. It was not the worst homes but the best he had searched, and when we saw what he had found, we asked involuntarily, "But is that worth keeping?" Next moment, however, we added, "Yes, there is something in it which must be spared," and that is the glory of his authorship. In one of his later books he chastises with great dignity that small part of the Norwegian youth which has been unpatriotic enough to become boisterous agents for the Parisian decadence. But even here he is perfectly impartial; he gives them their due. He also does justice in his representation of woman. How is she looked upon? And what is she herself looking after? The measurement is not altogether in her favor, consequently not altogether in favor of society either. But in the ruin and devastation one feels the work of spring and not of fall; it is health casting off disease.

His latest book, *When the Sun Sets*, is as excellent as those preceding it, though without adding anything new. The subject is an unfaithful wife who keeps the whole family in deadly suspense until the husband, a physician, gets rid of her by poison. Thus peace is restored in his home and no outsider suspects what has been done. Psychologically this picture is undoubtedly true; at any rate it is interesting. But it may be questioned whether the plot is not derived from French literature rather than from Scandinavian life. In France the sexual relations play a much larger rôle than in Norway, and consequently marriage stands somewhat lower. With us woman is not the property of man any more, and, even when caught sinning, she cannot righteously be shot, stabbed, or poisoned to death. We begin to understand that it is better to let an unfaithful wife follow him she loves than to slay her. She belongs more to him than to the husband she does not love, and under no circumstances can a human being become a piece of property. Those few cases—always in the big cities—in which a husband takes so frightful and, I may add, so cowardly a vengeance because his love is no longer returned, but secretly betrayed—are not those few cases also a fruit of the reading of French novels and criminal stories? That sense of honor which cannot feel satisfied with less than an expiation in blood has begun to look somewhat antiquated and pharisaical to most of us. But by what he paints the poet prepares the way for something else, consciously or unconsciously; his finer conception of man, his higher view of the race, compel him to do so. We shall probably live to see Scandinavian literature separate itself entirely from Romanic literature in the chapter of adultery. In another novel Jonas Lie introduces us to a family of dis-

tion. After many futile starts the children turn out to be good-for-nothing; miserable, and in her wrath, the proud mother blows up herself and them with dynamite. But this startling finale—isn't that too an imp of French contagion? Would it not have been truer to northern character if she had taken them to the potato-field and begun digging?

Jonas Lie's art has no side-shows. It is concentrated with strong directness on the task in hand. In such a case one should expect to find the plot very elaborate; but it is not so. Large prominent pictures of strongly concentrated scenes are also rare. The narrative moves along smoothly through minor details of characterization, often exquisitely fine, through every-day events, more or less plastically represented, and by the aid of connecting remarks, always from the lips of one of the characters. Often we meet with a droll but nevertheless winning inaptitude; we see at once the line sought for and the means applied to find it. But those difficulties never appear at points where even a master might feel embarrassed, but on the contrary just at points over which the bungler skips easily. The greater the difficulty, the easier to him; he is embarrassed only when handling that which is easy. Nor does the language flow redundantly from his pen, though it is always sufficient for the demand. When the narrative begins to gather around the decision, the reader notices with admiration how much has been quietly prepared and how free and clear the characters stand in the perspective. This is to some degree the result of his method of narrating—always placing the objects in the calm light of a shaded lamp. He may stand by and look down between the lines with a roguish smile; but the lines themselves are not allowed to laugh. His soul may be trembling with indignation or exultation, but the moment the feeling begins to make the picture unsteady, some indifferent words are dropped in, and everything is smooth again. The heat is there, but mildly distributed through the whole. Year after year, always at the same time—just before Christmas—those novels come home to us from across the sea (for Jonas Lie always lives abroad), visiting every harbor along our coast and received with steadily increasing gratitude by large and growing numbers of readers. But what a surprise and disappointment, when one Christmas there came, instead of those homespun stories which we used to read while the apples were baking on the stove, a book full of the wildest, weirdest tales—trolls, phantomships, and huge birds with human reason, reflections of ourselves immensely magnified by the air, the sun, and the earth! And next Christmas came another book of the same kind.

These tales are the outlines of powerful poetical conceptions, by themselves grand and marvellous. None who read and understood them could

doubt any more that in one way or another some external pressure had for years kept Jonas Lie fettered by work which was too small for his powers and consequently toilsome; for it was evident that he was born to hunt over the heights, where the wide survey can be taken, where life is always healthy and dreams always nearer to the heart of nature. What vigor in that which had been forced down, since late in years it could still break forth with such luxuriance! And what sadness in knowing that with a small people it is always mere chance whether a great creative genius ever reaches to its true poetical sphere! That form of narrative which Jonas Lie has been compelled to work out for himself has certainly the bright gleam and the free breath from the heights toward which his longings were drawn. But how powerfully would that brightness and that freedom have swung around us, if from his youth he had taken us along with him up those romantic heights!

Here comes the most elegant or—to tell the truth—the only elegant vessel in the whole Norwegian fleet. Two long, glittering steel tubes show in front and tell that the vessel is not sailing for pleasure. But as the quick-firing cannons are the very best, so is everything aboard—new, shapely, elaborate, though not according to fashion, only according to the master's own ideas, in spite of fashion, proudly challenging it.

In the fall of 1878, I was present at the celebrated ball which the French president, Marshal McMahon, gave in the palace of Versailles. I had made the round of the grand gallery of mirrors together with the Norwegian giant—the painter Fritz Thaulow—when I discovered a young man still more striking than Thaulow himself. He was the tallest and handsomest man of all the thousands present. I met him in the glamour of the place, the pomp, the music; still he looked like a revelation of a taller and stronger race. Everybody looked at him, only they could not understand why he wore none of his grand crosses, for certainly he was at least a royal prince from some far-off snowland in whose people the power of race is still felt. And I shall not deny that I was proud when he addressed me in Norwegian. It was Alexander Kjel-land. Complete and finished, this favorite of the gods stepped into our literature with new subjects, a new style, and a splendor over his works as over his person when in the Versailles gallery of mirrors. If he had devoted himself to fashion, he would certainly have become the favorite of all. Every quality, external or internal, which is demanded in order to become the choice of the drawing-rooms, or the *enfant gaté* of a whole people, was his, and no doubt he was tempted by that energetic vitality which bubbles in every sentence he has written. Nevertheless, Alexander Kjelland is the most manly character in our literature.

If style is understood to be the power of an intellectually interesting personality to make itself felt solely in the expression and through the form, regardless of the matter treated; and again, with respect to the form, regardless of its polish, its dexterity, its harmony, and simply as the self-revelation of one soul to other souls—well! then Alexander Kjel-land's style is, since the time of Ludwig Holberg, the most perfect in the literature common to Denmark and Norway, certainly in the Norwegian part of it, and I think also in the Danish. No other style is at once so witty and so weighty, so simple and so manly; it reminds one of a young animal sporting; it is a tiger's spring, but graceful. And it has yet another power. When his deep intimacy with nature or his truly fraternal love for his kind is allowed full play, he finds colors so delicate as otherwise are met with only in sentimental art. But in all he has written, there is not one drop of sentimentalism. With him everything is sharp, fresh, radiant; and whenever the expression becomes ingratiating, beware!—it is covering an attack.

I wish to give a quotation, the only one I shall use. It may lose a great deal by being translated, but I am nevertheless sure it will take the reader. I have selected it from his most aggressive novel *Arbeids-folk* ("Laboringmen"). He goes into a house of the veriest bureaucracy, not quietly, like Jonas Lie, in order to dust off and save, but in order to throw every bit and bundle out into the street. There are tears in his laughter while he is at the work, but he is too furious to be a looker-on while such homes play havoc among the people and push numbers of them into the emigration boat. Suddenly he stops working and rests awhile in an idyl like this:

The banks of the Nile were packed with birds, broiling in the glowing sun. They picked at their feathers and smoothed them, and then flapped their wings to try them, and lazily snatched one of the worms or lizards swarming in the swamps. Food was indeed too plentiful, it was too hot, too quiet; they longed for cold rain, cloudy weather and a spanking breeze. Innumerable flocks of wild geese swam about in the pools between the rushes and out to the far-reaching swamps. Here and there, rising above the others, the storks and the herons stood on one leg, crouching and hanging their heads; they felt bored, frightfully bored. All kinds of snipes and water-fowls, lapwings, ruffs, brent-geese, water-hens, quails, swallows—yes, even the common starling,—all bored!

The ibis felt scandalized by the presence of that foreign, shabbily dressed trash, and went even so far as to lower itself by complaining to the ridiculous flamingoes which otherwise it so utterly despised. The crocodiles blinked their slimy pale-green eyes, now and then snatching a fat goose, that raised a cry and a clatter which were answered up and down the river, at last dying away in the distance—far away. And again the stillness of the desert reigned throughout the glowing landscape and among that host of drowsy birds, sitting and waiting

for—they didn't quite know what they were waiting for. Then a little gray bird flew straight up in the air, hung quiet there for one moment and, flapping its wings with great rapidity, poured forth a tiny bit of a twitter; then it descended and hid itself in the grass.

All the birds had raised their heads and listened. And at once there was a jabbering and a gabbling and a great bustle in every nook. Young foppy snipes flew up making cartwheels in the air, to show what expert flyers they were. But the cranes were more sensible; they held a general meeting to consider the lark's proposal to break up. All of them had recognized the lark by its notes, although it had but two or three, the full power of song not being in its throat yet. But while the cranes held council a terrible splash was heard and the sky darkened. The wild geese were breaking up. Divided in huge flocks they began circling in the air; then, forming a line, they started northward, and soon their cries were lost in the distance. In black throngs the starlings rose, the lapwings followed, in couples the storks screwed themselves up in the air, high up, and, becoming almost invisible, they winged their way toward the North. The great noise and uproar, of course, upset the cranes' meeting; all the world was bent on getting away, there was no time left for considering. Every moment new flocks of birds passed over North Africa, and, looking down, each with its beak greeted the merry, blue Mediterranean. The nightingales tarried the longest; but when the Danish birds started they, too, for old friendship's sake, went away. The travelling fever had spread to such an extent that even the swallow and the cuckoos went along; at all events they would cross the Mediterranean, and in the meantime they could make up their minds what to do next. The ibis had regained its composure and, like an archbishop, strutted with gravity along the beach, the rosy flamingoes making way for his Grace, while with a solemn air they drooped their foolish heads with the broken bill.

It grew quieter and hotter along the Nile, and the crocodiles had now to be content with nigger-beef and, on rare occasions, with that of a tough English tourist.

But day and night the birds of passage were on their way to the North. And as a flock reached well-known places and recognized their homes, they descended, crying "good-by" to those who were bound for a longer journey. And so they spread life and merriment throughout old frozen Europe—in woods, on fields, around the houses of the people, far out among the rushes and on the big quiet lakes. In Italy they shimmered with clusters of tiny rosebuds, up toward Southern France. The apple-trees were snowed over with pinky blossoms, and on the Parisian boulevards the leaves of the chestnut-tree were about to burst their glossy, tenacious covers. The good people of Dresden stood on the "Brühlsche" Terrace, basking in the sun and watching blocks of ice drifting down the river and piling up before the massive pillars of the bridge. But farther north it was cold, with patches of snow here and there, and a cutting wind from the North Sea. On their way the larks had decreased in number, many of them having their homes on the fields near Leipzig, others on the heath of Lüneburg. When the remainder reached Slesvig, the Danish larks asked the Norwegians whether it would not be advisable for them to wait there awhile and see how the weather turned out. In Jutland the snow still lay in the ditches and on the fences, and the northwest wind shook the beeches of old Denmark, their rolled-up leaves snugly wrapped in their brown covers. Behind rocks and under

the heather birds crouched, a few of them venturing near the farm houses, where the sparrows kicked up as if they were masters there.

All agreed that they had started too early, and if they had caught the scapegrace who had lured them away from the flesh-pots of Egypt, they would have plucked his feathers. At last a southerly wind sprang up, the Norwegian birds bade "good-by" and across the sea they flew. When they reached home, Norway looked dreary enough. On the mountain slopes there still was snow, and in the dense forests it lay a yard high. But with the south wind came rain and soon everything was changed—not gradually and peaceably, but in a trice—with snow-slides crashing, and torrents roaring, so that the land looked like a giant washing himself, the ice-cold water streaming down his sinewy limbs. Delicate green veils hung over the birches on the mountain slopes, along the bays, the fjords, over the western plains facing the sea, the cloudberry-bogs, along the ridges, clefts and crevices and the narrow valleys among the mountains. But the mountain peaks remained snow-covered, as if the old rocks did not think it worth while to raise their caps to such a flighty madcap of a summer. The sun shone with warmth and cheerfulness, and the wind coming from the south was fraught with more warmth, and at last the cuckoo arrived, as grand master of ceremonies, to see that everything was in order; hither and thither he flew, then seated himself in a snug nook in the innermost depths of the thicket and crowed, Spring has come!—at last old Norway was complete. And there she lay—radiant and beautiful in the blue sea—so lean and poor, so fresh and sound, smiling like a clean-washed child.

In the havens along the coast were life and bustle, and the white sails glided out from among the rocks and made their way across the sea. The snow-shoes were stuck up under the rafters in the ceiling, the fur-coats well powdered with camphor and hung away; and, just like the bear when he comes out of his lair and shakes his shaggy coat, so the people shook their heavy limbs, spat in their hands and started their spring work. Down the river went the rafts, paddled through the cold snow-water, and in the broad, fertile parts of the country the ploughs were cutting long, black furrows; up north the people were busy with the salted cod, spread out upon the bare mountains; on the western plains near the sea came wagon-loads of seaweed to be strewn on the fields, while on a hill stood a little bleary-eyed man looking after a fallow horse."

Is there any people that has a more beautiful national hymn, although this is not written in verse? But how did it happen that a writer who is the proudest character in Norwegian literature, who has drawn portraits—"Else" for instance—which belong to the finest art our time has produced, and who has exalted his native country, as it is done in the above quotation—how did it happen that such a writer was compelled to abandon literature? that the Storting repeatedly refused to grant him the pension which all his colleagues enjoy? that not only "the right" to the last man agreed in that refusal, but a large part of "the left" too, and that at a time when "the left" was in power? It happened during a heavy political disturbance. Politics can be the noblest part of the life of a people, and ought always to be so,

for it is the highest form our time knows for love to one's neighbor; but sometimes, and not so rarely either, it is the very essence of national crudity. Every people has something which makes one proud of belonging to it, but every people has also something which is humiliating. If we have powers ourselves, it is the humiliation and not the pride which strengthens our love. Alexander Kjelland proved it—and that was his crime. The situation was critical. Around his noble ship closely gathered all the anxiety and pious despondency of scared conservatism, with a great deal of vulgarity and stupidity on the outskirts. By "vulgarity" I do not refer to the poor outcasts clamoring and fighting around the heaps of refuse, the only things left them; I think of the rabble in the service of hypocrisy, popular infatuation, and royal favoritism; I think of the unclean instincts germinating both in art and business. On the bridge of the gallant vessel stood a man who had pursued them all without mercy. Now it was their turn. The greatest politician Norway ever had—Johan Sverdrup—was the president of the cabinet, and he gathered where Alexander Kjelland had sowed. But, in the critical moment and for the sake of political gain, he too forsook the knight of our literature, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. How many more Alexander Kjellands shall fall before political morals become a clean thing?

I also mentioned "stupidity." Well, we are still a young people with no artistic tradition; even his admiring friends did not fully comprehend what Kjelland was. At that moment Naturalism reigned supreme, and he bewildered many a mind, slow to comprehend, when by a few strokes, as in the foreshortening of the caricaturist, he gave more than the most arduous pencilling could yield. But the style? Was his style not duly appreciated? Yes and no! Set the most exquisite Chinese porcelain before an average Norwegian who has had no opportunity of studying and comparing, and he will find the design somewhat flimsy and the colors a little weak. How can he understand why the French place the letters of Madame de Sévigné among their most precious book-treasures? Even the letters of Alexander Kjelland, though as yet mostly private, would be enough to make his name cherished; anything like them is hardly written nowadays. It was my purpose to use only one quotation from Norwegian literature and, because he has been ill-treated, I selected from Kjelland's writings the above quotation, which will make every reader suspect what an amount of homely, spirited mirth there is in his nature, mirth of that kind which can be enjoyed only when we look down from above, and at which we often laugh in order not to weep. With joy I hear just as I am finishing these lines that something new may be expected from him.

But life must be seen from all sides. Here comes a great writer from the Westland. The family lived in plain circumstances, tossed about by the sea and ill-used by pietism and narrow fanaticism. Such a family shall certainly not teach us to look at life from above. Personally Arne Garborg began as an anxious believer who doubted; then he became a doubter who believed, that is, he doubted his own doubt; and finally he found refuge in the fashion of the day, in mysticism; making, so to speak, life's voyage with a round-trip ticket. This easily-impressible, everlastingly-searching character can most aptly be likened to a commander of a swift, dark-striped cruiser. Anything up—he is there, suspicious, sharp-tongued. His form is the "remark" falling naturally, calmly, and well-expressed. An uncommonly sharp eye looks satirically up from it, but in the next moment the glance becomes kind, even warm. He is the "artist of the remark," as perfect as no one else is in our language. His business is to give advice, counsel, judgment, concerning anything passing by. His verdict may be and probably often is wrong, because he is nervously uncertain and passionately predisposed, and has any amount of outside errands to do. But it comes so strongly that it clings to the popular mind. One has to carry it along until it wears off and falls away, if, in the meantime, it has not grown up to be a new energy within us.

Garborg's remarks are generally short, but they may develop into treatises, novels, poems, as the occasion may demand. His verses are melodious and his narrative is firm. But neither one nor the other is born of that enthusiasm and that agony which create and transport. They are imitations masoned-up with fine critical sense, and Garborg is consequently not an original genius. Nevertheless, the purpose, the effect, the form of his writings have secured them a place in literature, at least so far. Voltaire himself is, in literature proper, nothing but an artist of remarks. We have in Norway another writer of high rank, and of the same artistic character, Mrs. Camilla Collet, the talented and energetic champion of woman's emancipation. She has written novels in which, with eloquent appeal and fiery accent, she has put her finger on the sore spot, and done so with good effect. But the special result of Arne Garborg's novels is a break made into the pietism of the Westland peasants, for in Norway the well-to-do peasant is a reader of literature. Those lively people of the Westland, who for so long a time have been betrayed by their own imagination, Arne Garborg has helped to look beyond the Bible-bars. But perhaps it is necessary to be a Norwegian in order to appreciate the importance of what he has done, and, alas! it is as yet only a beginning.

A modest and unpretentious woman once said that the female sex is only a frame to which man adds the picture; that, as a poet, she wants to imitate man, but ought to restrain herself to her own particular views. If such a thing had been said to "George Eliot" or "George Sand," those two writers would certainly have felt embarrassed, for where is the boundary-line between their views of life and man's? The readers too would be at sea. Now and then they might say, "This is due to the finer sense of a woman; that is her particular experience." But with respect to the great bulk of their writings nothing of this kind could be said. And should all that be stricken out, though it belongs to the highest art the century has produced?

Once I received an anonymous letter speaking of a new book just published. The address was given and I answered, finishing by saying that the letter was written by a woman. Another anonymous letter arrived. It was rather sharp and sought to prove by the form and contents of the first that I was mistaken and a poor psychologist. But it had a postscript, and the postscript ran thus: "I will confess to you, however, that it was written by a woman." The anonymous writer was Amalie Skram, afterward married to the Danish author, Erik Skram.

She did not begin writing until at a mature age, but most of what she first wrote was unsavory on account of its outspoken Naturalism, and it took some time before she became what "respectable" people call "readable." This circumstance, however, proves better than anything else how original she is. The hard road she had before her she had herself broken and levelled, inch by inch. But that power of will and endurance she obtained from her husband—or from any other man—as little as she obtained her natural powers and the art she has developed. How many of her works are studies and nothing more, has now become an unimportant question. The important thing is that she succeeded in producing a great novel like *Forraadt* ("Betrayed,") a masterpiece of psychological depth and powerful painting, leaving an impression as if you were out on the sea, looking down into the waters and meeting there a pair of eyes, though no face could be seen—large eyes, opening and shutting, opening and shutting, but as cold as the sea itself. She paints secular people or the secular side of them, that is, our lifelong slavery and more or less useless contest with passions and external circumstances. She rarely paints the holiday side of people and never holiday people themselves with the power to rise above surroundings, partly or altogether. And, because she chiefly paints the secular part of life, the sky in her pictures is low and gray. They resemble the pieces of Gerhard Hauptmann, whose singularly hypnotizing art lures us farther

and farther into a long bottle, and hearing it being corked, we exclaim, "Gracious! how are we to get out again!" Amalie Skram's art is nimbler; we are carried along more briskly and through a greater variety, but not without a similar feeling of oppression. She likes best to portray life in the Westland, people from Bergen and its vicinity—her birthplace and the scene of her youth. True to nature she paints the every-day life of these people—their sins, their illusions, their stubborn perseverance—and no one has done it better, no one is so rich in original studies. It is not possible to look at a photograph of Bergen or its surroundings without peopling it with the lively and striking figures from her pen.

Yet Alexander Kjelland, in his novel *Fortuna*, has drawn a lady from Bergen "Mrs. Wencke," in whom the good traditions of the old commercial city unite with the enlightened wish for progress characteristic of our time. Even to-day it may be said of Bergen—which still maintains a steady communication across the sea with England, Germany, France, and Spain—that its inhabitants are more eager travellers and possessed of a livelier aptitude for business than those of any other city in Norway, probably in Scandinavia. The best part of the population, much mixed up and always fanciful, has in its old civilization a safe foundation for the new. "Mrs. Wencke" is a lovely type of a lady from Bergen with all her characteristics curiously blended together. Thus she becomes—I shall not say more Bergensian than those in the gallery of Amalie Skram, for that would be wrong; but I dare say that only when Alexander Kjelland's portrait of "Mrs. Wencke" is hung in the hall we have to pass through when entering into and returning from the gallery of Amalie Skram—only then has the latter obtained its necessary supplement.

I should be very much mistaken if Amalie Skram—she and nobody else, or, at least, she before anybody else—has not stood as a model for Alexander Kjelland's "Mrs. Wencke." For that character compels us to think of Amalie Skram as she is when beaming with sympathy and combativeness, and this leads us to believe that not all in her rich nature has been worked out yet. Her last book is an event. She entered a hospital for mental diseases, seeking rest and wanting nursing under nervous sufferings. Thus she found an opportunity to study one of those alienists who are too much inclined to see a token of alienation in any contradiction, and who in the vanity of their infallibility commit grave errors. Of him, the patients, the nurses, of the whole establishment, she gives a picture so clear in its lines and so interesting by its contents that it takes its place beside the best novels: its title is *Professor Hieronymus*. To those who in the name of humanity attack

the often misused, not sufficiently controlled power of the insane asylums, this masterly representation of the interior of such an establishment has become a weapon superior in strength to any other, it being the first time in literature that a great writer, with mental faculties perfectly sound, has had an opportunity to make such a study. But in another respect also the book is most interesting, for here her art shows itself with the greatest distinctness. What is its secret? Simply that she describes only what she has seen and studied to the very core; until then she says not a word about it, and consequently she needs so very few words to explain it. In that respect she is the very opposite to Zola, to whom she is often compared. He starts from a loose outline, and only as the pen runs on and one sentence pushes forth the other the picture takes form, swelling with the incidents met with on the way.

There are still several modern Norwegian poets who should be mentioned here, but those of them who are really kings in their own realms, those who by the indisputable right of true personality are masters of their subjects and of form, could not be introduced here in a long list without doing them injustice; and the readers of magazines have only a certain amount of patience defined by tradition. I shall therefore select from among them only two representatives, my choice to be determined simply by a consideration of who may appear as the most characteristic to a foreign public.

Norway too has become a tourist-land; I am sorry to say so. Thus it may happen that some of my readers have been up on those high rocky table-lands and felt their overwhelming loneliness while gazing on the eternal glaciers far off. As you have gone on, you may have met one other human being: one—only one. He or she suddenly rose like a vision, came nearer, looked around, said a couple of words in greeting, passed by and vanished. But, in the loneliness, the impression of that one human being—its gait, figure, eyes, voice—becomes so strong that whenever afterwards yonder waste of land is recalled to your mind, that human being follows along with it, passes by you, looks at you, says a few words and vanishes, always surrounded by a peculiar coolness from the place. Now imagine a poet who takes this passer-by into your very room in the city and does it in such a manner that, in looking at the stranger, you see again the waste of the plain and the glitter of the glacier, feel again the coolness of the place and the sweet aroma of the heather, remember the freshness of the water from the brook, and hear his voice and yours, not as if it were you and he who spoke but somebody else from behind.

Such a poet is Hans Rinck. In order to attain this power of illu-

sion he has made the strip of neutral ground stretching between the land of the tale and the land of the novel a domain of his own. But the buffer state is not neutral any more, for he makes inroads across the frontiers on both sides. Language he treats in the same manner. He uses both the current speech and the peasant's tongue, and between the two he has fabricated an intermediate dialect which shall give musical form to the primitive impression. But this last attempt is certainly a mistake; it is fancy on a wrong track. Any peculiarity must be worked through until it finds a form intelligible to all who are familiar with art, otherwise it is not art at all. He can, however, weave the flower-gleams of the slope and the evening mists of the moor so deftly into the love-longings of the young girl that, when on Sundays she goes down to the church in the valley, the flower-gleams of the slope and the evening mists of the moor go to church too, and, while there, play her such tricks that the sermon of nature in the presence of the sermon of the minister causes her the sweetest anxiety. At least she is no more conscious of self than is the balm-breathing heather she passes returning to the heights. To speak plainly: his peasants are the lyrical incarnation of the spirit of valley, mountain, sea, etc.; the many-voiced expression of the nature in which they live and with which they work; and in his conception of the relation between figure and landscape—I must repeat it here in its right place—he is certainly superior to all the poets of the peasant's tongue taken together.

As surely are Knut Hamsun's descriptions of nature in the sonorous use of the current Danish-Norwegian speech the best, the grandest in Norwegian literature. I would beg all who have read the beginning of *Pan* in a translation to consider well before undertaking to state where the like of it can be found. He is tall, light, and handsome; he sprang from an old peasant stock in Gudbrandsdalen, which moved to the Nordlands near the sea. The family showed a natural turn for art; his grandfather on the paternal side was a silversmith. He himself has been a working-man and emigrant. In literature he began by committing about all the follies which it is possible for a talented boar to do in a civilized society. It seems quite Norwegian for a young author to believe that he cannot find room for himself without first trying to oust all the others; one proof among others that our civilization is still in its apprenticeship. I should not have mentioned this if it had not been so strikingly apparent that with him these and other pranks of rudeness originated from a feeling of uneasiness in the new company, a feeling which—vain and defiant as he was in the consciousness of his powers—led him to attack others simply to conceal

his own weakness; perhaps he at last considered himself a reformer. But behind that appearance a good-natured face is laughing and catches your eye, and in his last works he has shown the most painstaking discretion in building up his plots and conducting their events. To that period, however, during which he committed his follies, our literature is indebted for a full-grown character of world-wide fame.

One day there appeared a tall, handsome fellow in a small town on the coast. Nobody knew him and nobody could make him out. Gifted externally and internally he filled the town with admiration, but also with amazement. He began by everywhere making the best impression, which, however, he immediately took the greatest pains to blot out again, was arrogant though by no means egotistic, loved those who did not like him and bit those who loved him; bragged in the grandest of style and told the worst lies about himself; he ended, a conundrum to himself and to everybody else, by jumping into the sea during an attack of fever, while a storm of twaddle was gathering over him from all points of the world, from the drawing-rooms too. The looker-on stood in danger of becoming as crazy as he himself was. The same surprises are plentiful in his style. He piles up thick layers of hypotheses one upon the other, higher and higher, with paradoxical boldness, while we retire farther and farther back for fear of the whole heap coming down upon our head, and, suddenly, he strikes the edifice with a witticism and down it comes tumbling, with noise and dust. Nevertheless, his *Mysteries* is one of the great books of our literature. What a strength in that hailstorm! What a stirring-up of the bog-waters of village conventionality!

And here I will stop. With this portrait of something powerful, though still unfinished, I will stop. Thus the future seems richer to my eyes.

But—in the whole Norwegian literature-fleet there is not one pleasure craft; even this last perplexing construction has an errand of its own. There is always something Knut Hamsun wants to free us from, always something he wants us to reach. With each day that passes he feels himself more and more strongly enlisted in the service of the fatherland. By its works Norwegian literature acknowledges that it shall take a part, and the greater part, of the common responsibility; that a book which does not clear away or build up in such a way that it tends to increase our power, enhance our courage, and make life easier to us, is a proper book, however perfect its art may be. Simply to get an opportunity to say this to the world, I have undertaken to write this sketch, the only one of the kind I have ever written or shall write.

This distinguishing mark of wholesome responsibility, characteristic of Norwegian literature as a whole (the exceptions are always set aright by general consent), is partly due, I believe, to the fact that it is the conscience of a plain democratic people, and partly to the circumstance that most of the poets were children or grandchildren of peasants, as Ludwig Holberg, Peder Dass, Henrik Wergeland, Camilla Collet, Aasmund Vinje, Ivar Aasen, Jonas Lie, Arne Garborg, Amalie Skram, Knut Hamsun, indeed almost all of those I have mentioned and nearly all of those I have not mentioned. This holds good of the artists too, and no other people, so far as I know, shows this peculiarity. It explains why, though the artistic talent may be great and many details marvellous, the whole work is, nevertheless, not always perfect. Artistic talent is an inheritance. It must be remembered that "art" reaches far beyond the studies and writing-desks. When a young girl attracts the sympathy of all, the reason generally is that she has an understanding of herself and of others which she applies in her address. That application is art. When a person is said to have a knack for getting anything to fit, he has already the rudiments of the sculptor's hand. With the artisan this often becomes very apparent. But it is no wonder that a turn, a talent, for art very frequently develops in a people settled among grand natural surroundings and under circumstances which compel to self-help and self-confidence. They do not live close together, but each family on its farm; there are always dangers around them, and always sharp eyes upon those dangers.

Inherited artistic aptitudes, however, are not culture. Culture means appreciation of any one and everything according to true worth. The power of fine and sure discrimination may suffice for the peasant, the artisan, the official, and yet fail—when higher up and farther out. However, it can be conquered by study. But that refined sense of harmony which is found in families of old culture, is, so to speak, a privilege. It is hard to acquire, and it is often missed in the works of artists of peasant stock, if that stock has not received blood from the families which through long times have carried the national civilization onward. It is true that such a mixture of blood has taken place in many of those peasant families from which our poets and artists sprung, but then Norway is poor and lonely situated. What has its people seen and heard? What has it been able to gather of art treasures? Nevertheless, we can be proud, I dare say, of what we have achieved in literature and art.

Björnstjerne Björnson.

CELT AND SAXON

CHAPTER X

THE BROTHERS

"CON has learnt one secret," said Philip, quitting his chair.

Patrick went up to him, and, "Give me a hug," he said, and the hug was given.

They were of an equal height, tall young men, alert, nervously braced from head to foot, with the differences between soldier and civilian marked by the succinctly military bearing of the elder brother, whose movements were precise and prompt, and whose frame was leopard-like in indolence. Beside him Patrick seemed cubbish, though beside another he would not have appeared so. His features were not so brilliantly regular, but were a fanciful sketch of the same design, showing a wider pattern of the long square head and the forehead, a wavering at the dip of the nose, livelier nostrils: the nostrils dilated and contracted, and were exceedingly alive. His eyelids had to do with the look of his eyes, and were often seen cutting the ball. Philip's eyes were large on the pent of his brows, open, liquid, and quick with the fire in him. Eyes of that quality are the visible mind, animated both to speak it and to render it what comes within their scope. They were full, unshaded, direct, the man himself, in action. Patrick's mouth had to be studied for an additional index to the character. To symbolize them, they were as a sword blade lying beside a book.

Men would have thought Patrick the slippery one of the two; women would have inclined to confide in him the more thoroughly; they bring feeling to the test, and do not so much read a print as read the imprinting on themselves; and the report that a certain one of us is true as steel, must be unanimous at a propitious hour to assure them completely that the steel is not two-edged in the fully formed nature of a man whom they have not tried. They are more at home with the unformed, which lends itself to feeling and imagination. Besides, Patrick came nearer to them; he showed sensibility. They have it, and they deem it auspicious of goodness, or of the gentleness acceptable as an equivalent. Not the less was Philip the one to inspire the deeper and the wilder passion.

"So you've been down there?" said Philip. "Tell us of your welcome. Never mind why you went: I think I see. You're the Patrick of fourteen, who tramped across Connaught for young Dermot to have a sight of you before he died, poor lad. How did Mr. Adister receive you?"

Patrick described the first interview.

Philip mused over it. "Yes, those are some of his ideas: gentlemen are to excel in the knightly exercises. He used to fence excellently, and he was a good horseman. The Jesuit seminary would have been hard for him to swallow once. The house is a fine old house; lonely, I suppose."

Patrick spoke of Caroline Adister and pursued his narrative. Philip was lost in thought. At the conclusion, relating to South America, he raised his head and said: "Not so foolish as it struck you, Patrick. You and I might do that—without the design upon the original owner of the soil! Irishmen are better out of Europe, unless they enter one of the Continental services."

"What is it Con O'Donnell proposes to you?" Patrick asked him earnestly.

"To be a speaking trumpet in Parliament. And to put it first among the objections, I haven't an independence; not above two hundred a year."

"I'll make it a thousand," said Patrick, "that is, if my people can pay."

"Secondly, I don't want to give up my profession. Thirdly, fourthly, fifthly, once there, I should be boiling with the rest. I never could go half way. This idea of a commencement gives me a view of the finish. Would you care to try it?"

"If I'm no wiser after two or three years of the world I mean to make a better acquaintance with," Patrick replied. "Over there at home one catches the fever, you know. They have my feelings, and part of my judgment, and whether that's the weaker part I can't at present decide. My taste is for quiet farming and breeding."

"Friendship, as far as possible; union, if the terms are fair," said Philip. "It's only the name of union now; supposing it a concession that is asked of them; say, sacrifice; it might be made for the sake of what our people would do to strengthen the nation. But they won't try to understand our people. Their laws, and their rules, their systems are forced on a race of an opposite temper, who would get on well enough, and thrive, if they were properly consulted. Ireland's the sore place of England, and I'm sorry for it. We ought to be a solid square, with Europe in this pickle. So I say sitting here. What should I be saying in Parliament?"

"Is Con at all likely, do you think, Philip?"

"He might: and become the burlesque Irishman of the House. There must be one, and the lot would be safe to fall on him."

"Isn't he serious about it?"

"Quite, I fancy; and that will be the fun. A serious fellow talking nonsense with lively illustrations, is just the man for House of Commons clown. Your humorous rogue is not half so taking. Con would

be the porpoise in a fish-tank there, inscrutably busy on his errand and watched for his tumblings. Better I than he; and I should make a worse mess of it—at least for myself.”

“Wouldn’t the secret of his happiness interfere?”

“If he has the secret inside his common sense. The bulk of it I suspect to be, that he enjoys his luxuries and is ashamed of his laziness; and so the secret pulls both ways. One day a fit of pride may have him, or one of his warm impulses, and if he’s taken in the tide of it, I shall grieve for the secret.”

“You like his wife, Philip?”

“I respect her. They came together, I suppose, because they were near together, like the two islands, in spite of the rolling waves between. I would not willingly see the union disturbed. He warms her, and she houses him. And he has to control the hot blood that does the warming, and she to moderate the severity of her principles, which are an essential part of the housing. Oh! shiver politics, Patrice. I wish I had been bred in France: a couple of years with your Père Clément, and I could have met Irishmen and felt to them as an Irishman, whether they were disaffected or not. I wish I did. When I landed the other day, I thought myself passably cured, and could have said that rhetoric is the fire-water of our country, and claptrap the spring-board to send us diving into it. I like my comrades-in-arms. I like the character of British officers, and the men too—I get on well with them. I declare to you, Patrice, I burn to live in brotherhood with them, not a rift of division at heart! I never show them that there is one. But our early training has us; it comes on us again; three or four days with Con have stirred me; I don’t let him see it, but they always do: these tales of starvation and shooting, all the old work just as when I left, act on me like a smell of powder. I was dipped in ‘Ireland for the Irish’; and a contented Irishman scarcely seems my countryman.”

“I suppose it’s like what I hear of as digesting with difficulty,” Patrick referred to the state described by his brother.

“And not the most agreeable of food,” Philip added.

“It would be the secret of our happiness to discover how to make the best of it, if we had to pay penance for the discovery by living in an Esquimaux shanty,” said Patrick.

“With a frozen fish of admirable principles for wife,” said Philip.

“Ah, you give me shudders!”

“And it’s her guest who talks of her in that style! and I hope to be thought a gentleman!” Philip pulled himself up. “We may be all in the wrong. The way to begin to think so, is to do them an injury and forget it. The sensation’s not unpleasant when it’s other than a ques-

tion of good taste. But politics to bed, Patrice. My chief is right——soldiers have nothing to do with them. What are you fiddling at in your coat there?”

“Something for you, my dear Philip.” Patrick brought out the miniature. He held it for his brother to look. “It was the only thing I could get. Mr. Adister sends it. The young lady, Miss Caroline, seconded me. They think more of the big portrait: I don’t. And it’s to be kept carefully, in case of the other one getting damaged. That’s only fair.”

Philip drank in the face upon a swift shot of his eyes.

“Mr. Adister sends it?” His tone implied wonder at such a change in Adriante’s father.

“And an invitation to you to visit him when you please.”

“That he might do,” said Philip; it was a lesser thing than to send her likeness to him.

Patrick could not help dropping his voice: “Isn’t it very like?” For an answer the miniature had to be inspected closely.

Philip was a Spartan for keeping his feelings under.

“Yes,” he said, after an interval quick with fiery touches on the history of that face and his life. “Older, of course. They are the features, of course. The likeness is not bad. I suppose it resembles her as she is now, or when it was painted. You’re an odd fellow to have asked for it.”

“I thought you would wish to have it, Philip.”

“You’re a good boy, Patrice. Light those candles; we’ll go to bed. I want a cool head for such brains as I have, and bumping the pillow all night is not exactly wholesome. We’ll cross the Channel in a few days, and see the nest, and the mother, and the girls.”

“Not St. George’s Channel. Mother would rather you would go to France and visit the De Reuils. She and the girls hope you will keep out of Ireland for a time, it’s hot. Judge if they’re anxious, when it’s to stop them from seeing you, Philip!”

“Good-night, dear boy.” Philip checked the departing Patrick. “You can leave that.” He made a sign for a miniature to be left on the table.

Patrick laid it there. His brother had not touched it, and he could have defended himself for having forgotten to leave it, on the plea that it might prevent his brother from having his proper share of sleep; and also, that Philip had no great pleasure in the possession of it. The two pleas, however, did not make one harmonious apology, and he went straight to the door in an odd silence, with the step of a decorous office-clerk, keeping his shoulder turned on Philip to conceal his look of destitution.

George Meredith

(To be continued)

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

CONCERNING A BOOK THAT WAS NEVER WRITTEN.

I

Since I came to this place I have been very restless, wasting my energies in the futile beginning of ill conceived books. One does not settle down very readily at two and forty to a new way of living, and I have found myself with the teeming interests of the life I have abandoned still buzzing like a swarm of homeless bees in my head. My mind has been full of confused protests and justifications. In any case I should have found difficulties enough in expressing the complex thing I have to tell, but it has added greatly to my trouble that I have a great analogue, that a certain Niccolo Machiavelli chanced to fall out of politics at very much the age I have reached, and wrote a book to engage the restlessness of his mind, very much as I have wanted to do. He wrote about the relation of the great constructive spirit in politics to individual character and weaknesses, and so far his achievement lies like a deep rut in the road of my intention. It has taken me far astray. It is a matter of many weeks now—diversified indeed by some long drives into the mountains behind us and a memorable sail to Genoa across the blue and purple waters that drowned Shelley—since I began a laboured and futile imitation of “The Prince.” I sat up late last night with the jumbled accumulation; and at last made a little fire of twigs and burnt it all, sheet by sheet—to begin again clear this morning.

But incidentally I have re-read most of Machiavelli, not excepting those scandalous letters of his to Vettori, and it seems to me, now that I have released myself altogether from his literary precedent, that he still has his use for me. In spite of his vast prestige I claim kindred with him and set his name upon my title page, in partial intimation of the matter of my story. He takes me with sympathy not only by reason of the dream he pursued and the humanity of his politics, but

by the mixture of his nature. His vices come in, essential to my issue. He is dead and gone, all his immediate correlations to party and faction have faded to insignificance, leaving only on the one hand his broad method and conceptions and upon the other his intimate living personality, exposed down to its salacious corners, as the soul of no contemporary can ever be exposed. Of those double strands it is I have to write, of the subtle protesting perplexing play of instinctive passion and desire against too abstract a dream of statesmanship. But things that seemed to lie very far apart in Machiavelli's time have come near to one another; it is no simple story of white passions struggling against the red that I have to tell.

The state-making dream is a very old dream indeed in the world's history. It plays too small a part in novels. Plato and Confucius are but the highest of a great host of minds that have had a kindred aspiration, have dreamt of a world of men better ordered, happier, finer, securer. They imagined cities grown more powerful and peoples made rich and multitudinous by their efforts, they thought in terms of harbours and shining navies, great roads engineered marvellously, jungles cleared and deserts conquered, the ending of muddle and diseases and dirt and misery; the ending of confusions that waste human possibilities; they thought of these things with passion and desire as other men think of the soft lines and tender beauty of women. Thousands of men there are to-day almost mastered by this white passion of statescraft, and in nearly everyone who reads and thinks you could find I suspect some sort of answering response. But in everyone it presents itself extraordinarily entangled and mixed up with other, more intimate things.

It was so with Machiavelli. I picture him at San Casciano as he lived in retirement upon his property after the fall of the Republic, perhaps with a twinge of the torture that punished his conspiracy still lurking in his limbs. Such twinges could not stop his dreaming. Then it was the "Prince" was written. All day he went about his personal affairs, saw homely neighbours, dealt with his family, gave vent to everyday passions. He would sit in the shop of Donato del Corno gossiping curiously among vicious company, or pace the lonely woods of his estate, book in hand, full of bitter meditations. In the evening he returned home and went to his study. At the entrance, he says, he pulled off his peasant clothes covered with the dust and dirt of that immediate life, washed himself, put on his "noble court dress," closed the door on the world of toiling and getting, private loving, private hating and personal regrets, sat down with a sigh of contentment to those wider dreams.

I like to think of him so, with brown books before him lit by the light of candles in silver candlesticks, or heading some new chapter of *The Prince*, with a choicely pointed quill in his clean fine hand.

So writing, he becomes a symbol for me, and none the less so because of his animal humour, his queer indecent side, and because of such lapses into utter meanness as that which made him sound the note of the begging-letter writer even in his "Dedication," reminding His Magnificence very urgently, as if it were the gist of his matter, of the continued malignity of fortune in his affairs. These flaws complete him. They are my reason for preferring him as a symbol to Plato, of whose indelicate side we know nothing; and whose correspondence with Dionysius of Syracuse has perished, or to Confucius who travelled China in search of a Prince he might instruct, with lapses and indignities now lost in the mists of ages. They have achieved the apotheosis of individual forgetfulness, and Plato has the added glory of that acquired beauty, that bust of the Indian Bacchus which is now indissolubly mingled with his tradition. They have passed into the world of the ideal, and every humbug takes his freedoms with their names. But Machiavelli, more recent and less popular, is still all human and earthly, a fallen brother—and at the same time that nobly dressed and nobly dreaming writer at the desk.

That vision of the strengthened and perfected state is protagonist in my story. But as I re-read *The Prince* and thought out the manner of my now abandoned project, I came to perceive how that stir and whirl of human thought one calls by way of embodiment the French Revolution, has altered absolutely the approach of such a question. Machiavelli, like Plato and Pythagoras and Confucius two hundred odd decades before him, saw only one method by which a thinking man, himself not powerful, might do the work of state-building, and that was by seizing the imagination of a Prince. Directly these men turned their thoughts towards realization, their attitude became—what shall I call it?—secretarial. Machiavelli, it is true, had some little doubts about the particular Prince he wanted, whether it was Cæsar Borgia or Giuliano or Lorenzo, but a Prince it had to be. Before I saw clearly the differences of our own time I searched my mind for the modern equivalent of a Prince. At various times I redrafted a parallel dedication to the Prince of Wales, to the Emperor William, to Mr. Evesham, to a certain newspaper proprietor who was once my schoolfellow at City Merchants', to Mr. J. D. Rockefeller—all of them men in their several ways and circumstances and possibilities, princely. Yet in every case my pen bent of its own accord towards irony because—because, although

at first I did not realize it, I myself am just as free to be a prince. The appeal was unfair. The old sort of Prince, the old little principality has vanished from the world. The commonweal is one man's absolute estate and responsibility no more. In Machiavelli's time it was indeed to an extreme degree one man's affair. But the days of the Prince who planned and directed and was the source and centre of all power are ended. We are in a condition of affairs infinitely more complex, in which every prince and statesman is something of a servant and every intelligent human being something of a Prince. No magnificent pensive Lorenzos remain any more in this world for secretarial hopes.

In a sense it is wonderful how power has vanished, in a sense wonderful how it has increased. I sit here, an unarmed discredited man, at a small writing table in a little defenceless dwelling among the vines, and no human being can stop my pen, except by the deliberate self-immolation of murdering me, nor destroy its fruits except by theft and crime. No king, no council, can seize and torture me; no Church, no nation silence me. Such powers of ruthless and complete suppression have vanished. But that is not because power has diminished but because it has increased and become multitudinous, because it has dispersed itself and specialized. It is no longer a negative power we have, but positive; we cannot prevent, but we can do. This age, far beyond all previous ages, is full of powerful men, men who might if they had the will for it, achieve stupendous things.

The things that might be done to-day! The things indeed that are being done! It is the latter that give one so vast a sense of the former. When I think of the progress of physical and mechanical science, of medicine and sanitation during the last century, when I measure the increase in general education and average efficiency, the power now available for human service, the merely physical increment, and compare it with anything that has ever been at man's disposal before, and when I think of what a little straggling, incidental, undisciplined and uncoördinate minority of inventors, experimenters, educators, writers and organizers has achieved this development of human possibilities, achieved it in spite of the disregard and aimlessness of the huge majority, and the passionate resistance of the active dull, my imagination grows giddy with dazzling intimations of the human splendours the justly organized state may yet attain. I glimpse for a bewildering instant the heights that may be scaled, the splendid enterprises made possible. . . .

But the appeal goes out now in other forms, in a book that catches

at thousands of readers for the eye of a Prince diffused. It is the old appeal indeed for the unification of human effort, the ending of confusions, but instead of the Machiavellian deference to a flattered lord, a man cries out of his heart to the unseen fellowship about him. The last written dedication of all those I burnt last night, was to no single man, but to the socially constructive passion—in any man. . . .

There is moreover a second great difference in kind between my world and Machiavelli's. We are discovering women. It is as if they had come across a vast interval since his time, into the very chamber of the statesman.

In Machiavelli's outlook the interest of womanhood was in a region of life almost infinitely remote from his statescraft. There were the vehicle of children, but only Imperial Rome and the new world of to-day have ever had an inkling of the significance that might be given them in the state. They did their work, he thought, as the ploughed earth bears its crops. Apart from their function of fertility they gave a humorous twist to life, stimulated worthy men to toil, and wasted the hours of Princes. He left the thought of women outside with his other dusty things when he went into his study to write, dismissed them from his mind. But our modern world is burthened with its sense of the immense now half articulate, significance of women. They stand now as it were, close beside the silver candlesticks, speaking as Machiavelli writes, until he stays his pen and turns to discuss his writing with them.

It is this gradual discovery of sex as a thing collectively portentous that I have to mingle with my statescraft if my picture is to be true, which has turned me at length from a treatise to the telling of my own story. In my life I have paralleled very closely the slow realizations that are going on in the world about me. I began life ignoring women, they came to me at first perplexing and dishonouring; only very slowly and very late in my life and after misadventure, did I gauge the power and beauty of the love of man and woman and learnt how it must needs frame a justifiable vision of the ordered world. That last love of mine brought me to disaster, because my career had been planned regardless of its possibility and value. But Machiavelli, it seems to me, when he went into his study, left not only the earth of life outside but its unsuspected soul. . . .

Like Machiavelli too at San Casciano, if I may take this analogy one step further, I also am an exile. Office and leading are closed to me. The political career that promised so much for me is shattered and ended by my own free choice and act.

If Isabel and I had to go through all the events of the past two years again, very probably we should arrive very much at the point at which we are. I do not know. An impulse seized us—how tremendous only those who have known it can tell. Let me be meticulously honest in this and confess, with my soul full of regrets, that I do not know whether or not to call myself penitent. That I am full of regrets is another matter altogether. I grudge very bitterly the heavy price in utility destroyed that social institutions exact from us. We pay, but we complain—that others perhaps someday may not have to pay in this manner. It is idle to pretend we do not suffer intense regret for that other broader, if less vital, half of life we have abandoned to be together with our child. I look under the branches of a stone pine out from this vine-wreathed veranda; I see wide and far across a purple valley whose sides are terraced and set with houses of pink and ivory, the Gulf of Liguria gleaming sapphire blue, and cloud-like baseless mountains hanging in the sky, and I think of lank and coaly steam-ships heaving on the grey rollers of the English Channel and darkling streets wet with rain, I see again as if I were back there the busy exit from Charing Cross, the cross and the money-changers' offices, the splendid grime of giant London and the crowds going perpetually to and fro, the lights by night and the urgency and eventfulness of that great rain-swept heart of the modern world.

It is difficult to think we have left that—for many years if not for ever. In thought I walk once more in Palace Yard and hear the clink and clatter of hansoms and the quick quiet whirr of motors; I go in vivid recent memories through the stir in the lobbies, I sit again at eventful dinners in those old dining-rooms like cellars below the House—dinners that ended with shrill division bells, I think of huge clubs swarming and excited by the bulletins of that electoral battle that was for me the opening opportunity. I see the stencilled names and numbers go upon the green baize, constituency after constituency amidst murmurs of loud shouting. . . .

It is over now for me and vanished. That opportunity will come no more. We have been too public, so public that a thousand who do not condemn us in their hearts will for the fear of inconvenience pass us with averted faces. We are outcast. Very probably you have heard already some crude inaccurate version of our story and why I did not take office, and have formed your partial judgment on me. And so it is I sit now at my stone table, half out of life already, in a warm, large shadowy leisure, splashed with sun gleams and hung with vine tendrils, with paper before me to distil such wisdom as I can, as Machiavelli in

his exile sought to do, from the things I have learnt and felt during the career that has ended now in my divorce.

I climbed high and fast from small beginnings. I had the mind of my party. I do not know where I might not have ended, but for this red blaze that came out of my unguarded nature and closed my career for ever.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

BROMSTEAD AND MY FATHER

I

I dreamt first of states and cities and political things when I was a little boy in knickerbockers.

When I think of how such things began in my mind, there comes back to me the memory of an enormous bleak room with its ceiling going up to heaven and its floor covered irregularly with patched and defective oilcloth and a dingy mat or so and a 'surround' as they called it, of dark stained wood. Here and there against the wall are trunks and boxes. There are cupboards on either side of the fireplace and bookshelves with books above them, and on the wall and rather tattered is a large yellow-varnished geological map of the South of England. Over the mantle is a huge lump of white coral rock and several big fossil bones, and above that hangs the portrait of a brainy gentleman, sliced in half and displaying an interior of intricate detail and much vigour of colouring. It is the floor I think of chiefly; over the oilcloth of which, assumed to be land, spread towns and villages and sorts of wooden bricks; there are steep square hills (geologically, volumes of Orr's *Cyclopaedia of the Sciences*) and the cracks and spaces of the floor and the bare brown surround were the water channels and open sea of that continent of mine.

I still remember with infinite gratitude the great-uncle to whom I owe my bricks. He must have been one of those rare adults who have not forgotten the chagrins and dreams of childhood. He was a prosperous west of England builder; including my father he had three nephews, and for each of them he caused a box of bricks to be made by an out-of-work carpenter, not the insufficient supply of the toyshops, you understand but a really adequate quantity of bricks made out of oak and

shaped and smoothed, bricks about five inches by two and a half by one, and half-bricks and quarter-bricks to correspond. There were hundreds of them, many hundreds. I could build six towers as high as myself with them, and there seemed enough, quite enough, for every engineering project I could undertake. I could build whole towns with streets of houses and churches and citadels; I could bridge every gap in the oilcloth and make causeways over the crumpled spaces (which I feigned to be morasses) and on a keel of whole bricks it was possible to construct ships to push over the high seas to the remotest port in the room. And a disciplined population, that rose at last by sedulous begging on birthdays and all convenient occasions to well over two hundred, of lead sailors and soldiers, horse, foot and artillery, inhabited this world.

Justice has never been done to bricks and soldiers by those who write about toys. The praises of the toy theatre have been a common theme for essayists, the planning of the scenes, the painting and cutting out of the caste, penny plain twopence coloured, the stink and glory of the performance and the final conflagration. I had such a theatre once but I never loved it nor hoped for much from it; my bricks and soldiers were my perpetual drama. I recall an incessant variety of interests. There was the mystery and the charm of the complicated buildings one could make, with long passages and steps and windows through which one peeped into their intricacies, and by means of slips of card one could make slanting ways in them and send marbles rolling from top to base and thence out into the hold of a waiting ship. Then there were the fortresses and gun emplacements and covered ways in which one's soldiers went. And there was commerce; the shops and markets and store-rooms full of nasturtium seed, thrift seed, lupin beans and such-like provender from the garden, such stuff one stored in match boxes and pill boxes or packed in sacks of old glove fingers tied up with thread and sent off by wagons along the great military road to the beleaguered fortress on the Indian frontier beyond the worn places that were dismal swamps. And there were battles on the way.

That great road is still clear in my memory. I was given, I forgot by what benefactor, certain particularly fierce red Indians of lead—I have never seen such soldiers since—and for these my father helped me to make tepees of brown paper, and I settled them in a hitherto desolate country under the frowning nail-studded cliffs of an ancient trunk. Then I conquered them and garrisoned their land. (Alas! they died, no doubt through contact with civilization—one my mother trod on—and their land became a wilderness again and was ravaged for a time by

a clockwork crocodile of vast proportions.) And out towards the coal-scuttle was a region near the impassable thickets of the ragged hearth-rug where lived certain china Zulus brandishing spears, and a mountain country of rudely piled bricks concealing the most devious and enchanting caves and several mines of gold and silver paper. Among these rocks a number of survivors from a Noah's Ark made a various, dangerous albeit frequently invalid and crippled fauna, and I was wont to increase the uncultivated wildness of this region further by trees of privet-twigs from the garden hedge and box from the garden borders. By these territories went my Imperial Road carrying produce to and from bridging gaps in the oilcloth, tunnelling through Encyclopaedic hills—one tunnel was three volumes long—defended as occasion required by camps of paper tents or brick block-houses and ending at last in a magnificently engineered ascent to a fortress on the cliffs commanding the Indian reservation.

My games upon the floor must have spread over several years and developed from small beginnings, incorporating now this suggestion and now that. They stretch I suppose from seven to eleven or twelve. I played them intermittently, and no doubt they bulk now in the retrospect far more significantly than they did at the time. I played them in bursts, and then forgot them for long periods; through the spring and summer I was mostly out of doors, and school and classes caught me early. And in the retrospect I see them all not only magnified and transfigured but foreshortened and confused together. A clockwork railway, I seem to remember, came and went; one or two clockwork boats, toy sailing ships that, being keeled, would do nothing but lie on their beam ends on the floor; a detestable lot of cavalry men, undersized and gilt all over, given me by a maiden aunt and very much what one might expect from an aunt, that I used as Nero used his Christians to ornament my public buildings and finally melted some into fratricidal bullets and therewith blew the rest to flat splashes of lead by means of a brass cannon in the garden.

I find this empire of the floor much more vivid and detailed in my memory now than many of the owners of the skirts and legs and boots that went gingerly across its territories. Occasionally, alas! they stooped to scrub, abolishing in one universal destruction the slow growth of whole days of civilized development. I still remember the hatred and disgust of these catastrophes. Like Noah I was given warnings. Did I disregard them, coarse red hands would descend, plucking garrisons from fortresses and sailors from ships, jumbling them up in their wrong boxes, clumsily so that their rifles and swords were broken, sweeping the

splendid curves of the Imperial Road into heaps of ruins, casting the jungle growth of Zululand into the fire.

"Well, Master Dick," the voice of this cosmic calamity would say, "you ought to have put them away last night. No! I can't wait until you've sailed them all away in ships. I got my work to do and do it I will."

And in no time all my continents and lands were swirling water and swiping strokes of house-flannel.

That was the worst of my giant visitants, but my mother too, dear lady, was something of a terror to this microcosm. She wore spring-sided boots, a kind of boot now vanished I believe from the world, with dull bodies and shiny toes, and a silk dress with flounces that were very destructive to the more hazardous viaducts of the Imperial Road. She was always, I seem to remember, fetching me, fetching me for a meal, fetching me for a walk or, detestable absurdity! fetching me for a wash and brush up, and she never seemed to understand anything whatever of the political systems across which she came to me. Also she forbade all toys on Sundays except the bricks for church-building and the soldiers for church parade or a Scriptural use of the remains of the Noah's Ark mixed up with a wooden Swiss dairy farm. But she really did not know whether a thing was a church or not unless it positively bristled with cannon, and many a Sunday afternoon have I played Chicago (with the fear of God in my heart) under an infidel pretence that it was a new sort of ark rather elaborately done.

Chicago, I must explain, was based upon my father's description of the pig slaughterings in that city and certain pictures I had seen. You made your beasts—which were all the ark lot really, provisionally conceived as pigs—go up elaborate approaches to a central pen from which they went down a cardboard slide four at a time and dropped most satisfyingly down a brick shaft and pitter litter over some steep steps to where a head slaughterman (né Noah) strung a cotton loop round their legs and sent them by pin hooks along a wire to a second slaughterman with a chipped foot (formerly Mrs. Noah) who, if I remember rightly, converted them into Army sausage by means of a portion of the inside of an old alarum clock.

My mother did not understand my games but my father did. He wore bright coloured socks and carpet slippers when he was indoors—my mother disliked boots in the house—and he would sit himself down on my little chair and survey the microcosm on the floor with admirable understanding and sympathy.

It was he gave me most of my toys and, I more than suspect, most of my ideas. "Here's some corrugated iron," he would say, "suitable

for roofs and fencing,” and hand me a lump of that stiff crinkled paper that is used for packing medicine bottles. Or, “Dick, do you see the tiger loose near the Imperial Road?—won’t do for your cattle ranch.” And I would find a bright new lead tiger like a special creation at large in the world and demanding a hunting expedition and much elaborate effort to get him safely housed in the city menagerie beside the captured dragon crocodile, tamed now and his key lost and the heart and spring gone out of him.

And to the various irregular leading of my father I owe the inestimable blessing of never having a boy’s book in my boyhood except those of Jules Verne. But my father used to get books for himself and me from the Bromstead Institute, Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid and illustrated histories; one of the Russo-Turkish war and one of Napier’s expedition to Abyssinia I read from end to end; Stanley and Livingstone, lives of Wellington, Napoleon and Garibaldi, and back volumes of *Punch*, from which I derived conceptions of foreign and domestic politics it has taken years of adult reflection to correct. And at home permanently we had Wood’s *Natural History*, a brand new illustrated Green’s *History of the English People*, Irving’s *Companions of Columbus*, a great number of unbound parts of some geographical work, *A Voyage round the World* I think it was called, with pictures of foreign places, and Clarke’s *New Testament* with a map of Palestine and a variety of other informing books bought at sales. There was a Sowerby’s *Botany* also with thousands of carefully tinted pictures of British plants, and one or two other important works in the sitting room. I was allowed to turn these over and even lie on the floor with them on Sundays and other occasions of exceptional cleanliness.

And in the attic I found one day a very old forgotten map after the fashion of a bird’s-eye view, representing the Crimea, that fascinated me and kept me for hours navigating its waters with a pin.

II

My father was a lank-limbed man in easy shabby tweed clothes and with his hands in his trouser pockets. He was a science teacher taking a number of classes at the Bromstead Institute in Kent under the old Science and Art Department and “visiting” various schools; and our resources were eked out by my mother’s income of nearly a hundred pounds a year and by his inheritance of a terrace of three palatial but structurally unsound stucco houses near Bromstead Station.

They were big clumsy residences in the earliest Victorian style, in-

terminably high and with deep damp basements and down-stairs coal cellars and kitchens that suggested an architect vindictively devoted to the discomfort of the servant class. If so he had overreached himself and defeated his end for no servant would stay in them except for exceptional wages or exceptional tolerance of inefficiency or exceptional freedom in repartee. Every story in the house was from fifteen to twelve feet high (which would have been cool and pleasant in a hot climate) and the stairs went steeply up to end at last in attics too inaccessible for occupation. The ceilings had vast plaster cornices of classical design, fragments of which would sometimes fall unexpectedly, and the wall-papers were bold and gigantic in pattern and much variegated by damp and ill-mended rents.

As my father was quite unable to let more than one of these houses at a time and that for the most part to eccentric and undesirable tenants, he thought it extremely politic to live in one of the two others and devote the rent he received from the let one when it was let, to the incessant necessary repairing of all three. He also did some of the repairing himself and smoking a bull-dog pipe the while, which my mother would not allow him to do in the house, he cultivated vegetables in a sketchy, unpunctual and not always successful manner in the unoccupied gardens. The three houses faced north, and the back of the one we occupied was covered by a grape vine that yielded, I remember, small green grapes for pies in the spring and imperfectly ripe black grapes in favourable autumns for the purposes of dessert. That grape vine played an important part in my life, for my father broke his neck while he was pruning it when I was thirteen.

My father was what is called a man of ideas, but they were not always good ideas. My grandfather had been a private schoolmaster and one of the founders of the College of Preceptors, and my father had assisted him in his school until increasing competition and diminishing attendances had made it evident that the days of small private schools kept by unqualified persons were numbered. Thereupon my father had roused himself and had qualified as a science teacher under the Science and Art Department, which in those days had charge of the scientific and artistic education of them as of the English population, and had thrown himself into science teaching and the earning of government grants therefor with great if transitory zeal and success.

I do not remember anything of my father's earlier and more energetic phase. I was the child of my parents' middle years; they married when my father was thirty-five and my mother past forty, and I saw only the last decadent phase of his educational career.

The Science and Art Department has vanished altogether from the world and people are forgetting it now with the utmost readiness and generosity. Part of its substance and staff and spirit survive, more or less completely digested into the Board of Education. . . . The world does move on, even in its government. It is wonderful how many of the clumsy and limited governing bodies of my youth and early manhood have given place now to more scientific and efficient machinery. When I was a boy, Bromstead, which is now a Borough, was ruled by a strange body called a Local Board—it was the Age of Boards—and I still remember indistinctly my father rejoicing at the breakfast table over the liberation of London from the corrupt and devastating control of a Metropolitan Board of Works. Then there were also School Boards; I was already practically in politics before the London School Board was absorbed by the spreading tentacles of the London County Council. Of all these consolidations and how the fashion for Councils came in I may however write later; I am telling now of my father and how he taught under the Science and Art Department.

It gives a measure of the newness of our modern ideas of the State to remember that the very beginnings of public education lie within my father's lifetime, and that many most intelligent and patriotic people were shocked beyond measure at the State doing anything of the sort. When he was born, totally illiterate people who could neither read a book nor write more than perhaps a clumsy signature were to be found everywhere in England; and great masses of the population were getting no instruction at all. Only a few schools flourished upon the patronage of exceptional parents; all over the country the old endowed grammar-schools were to be found sinking and dwindling; many of them had closed altogether. In the new great centres of population multitudes of children were sweated in the factories, darkly ignorant and wretched, and the under-equipped and under-staffed National and British schools supported by voluntary contributions and sectarian rivalries, made an ineffectual fight against this festering darkness. It was a condition of affairs clamouring for remedies, but there was an immense amount of indifference and prejudice to be overcome before any remedies were possible. Perhaps some day some industrious and lucid historian will disentangle all the muddle of impulses and antagonisms, the commercialism, utilitarianism, obstinate conservatism, humanitarian enthusiasm, out of which our present educational organization arose. I have long since come to believe it necessary that all new social institutions should be born in confusion and that at first they should present chiefly crude and ridiculous aspects. The distrust of government in the Victor-

ian days was far too great and the general intelligence far too low to permit the State to go about the new business it was taking up in a business-like way to train teachers, build and equip schools, endow pedagogic research and provide properly written schoolbooks. These things it was felt *must* be provided by individual and local effort, and since it was manifest that it was individual and local effort that were in default, it was reluctantly agreed to stimulate them by money payments. The State set up a machinery of examination both in Science and Art and for the elementary schools, and payments, known technically as grants, were made in accordance with the examination results attained, to such schools as Providence might see fit to send into the world. In this way it was felt the Demand would be established that would according to the beliefs of that time, inevitably ensure the Supply. An industry of "Grant earning" was created and this would give education as a necessary by-product.

In the end this belief was found to need qualification, but Grant-earning was still in full activity when I was a small boy. So far as the Science and Art Department and my father are concerned, the task of examination was entrusted to eminent scientific men, for the most part quite unaccustomed to such teaching as these classes had to undertake. You see, if they also were teaching similar classes to those they examined, it was feared that injustice might be done. Year after year these eminent persons set questions and employed subordinates to read and mark the increasing thousands of answers that ensued, and having no doubt the national ideal of fairness well developed in their minds, they were careful each year to re-read the preceding papers before composing the current one in order to see what it was usual to ask. As a result of this in the course of a few years the recurrence and permutation of questions became almost calculable, and since the practical object of the teaching was to teach people not science but how to write answers to these questions, the industry of Grant-earning assumed a form easily distinguished from any kind of genuine education whatever.

Other remarkable compromises had also to be made with the spirit of the age. The unfortunate conflict between Religion and Science prevalent at this time was mitigated, if I remember rightly, by making graduates in arts and priests in the established church Science Teachers *ex officio*, and leaving local and private enterprise to provide schools, diagrams, books, material, according to the conceptions of efficiency prevalent in the district. Private enterprise made a particularly good thing of the books. A number of competing firms of publishers sprang into existence specializing in Science and Art Department work; they

set themselves to produce text books that should supply exactly the quantity and quality of knowledge necessary for every stage of each of five and twenty subjects into which desirable science was divided and copies and models and instructions that should give precisely the method and gestures esteemed as proficiency in art. Every section of each book was written in the idiom found to be most satisfactory to the examiners, and test questions extracted from papers set in former years were appended to every chapter. By means of these last the teacher was able to train his class to the very highest level of grant-earning efficiency and very naturally he cast all other methods of exposition aside. First he posed his pupils with questions and then dictated model replies.

That was my father's method of instruction. I attended his classes as an elementary grant-earner from the age of ten until his death, and it is so I remember him, sitting on the edge of a table, smothering a yawn occasionally and giving out the infallible formulae to the industriously scribbling class sitting in rows of desks before him. Occasionally he would slide to his feet and go to a blackboard on an easel and draw on that, very slowly and deliberately in coloured chalks, a diagram for the class to copy in coloured pencils, and sometimes he would display a specimen or arrange an experiment for them to see. The room in the Institute in which he taught was equipped with a certain amount of apparatus prescribed as necessary for subject this and subject that by the Science and Art Department, and this my father would supplement with maps and diagrams and drawings of his own.

But he never really did experiments, except that in the class in systematic botany he sometimes made us tease common flowers to pieces. He did not do experiments if he could possibly help it because in the first place they used up time and gas for the Bunsen burner and good material in a ruinous fashion, and in the second they were, in his rather careless and sketchy hands, apt to endanger the apparatus of the Institute and even the lives of his students. Then thirdly, real experiments involved washing up. And moreover they always turned out wrong and sometimes misled the too observant learner very seriously and opened demoralizing controversies. Quite early in life I acquired an almost ineradicable sense of the unscientific perversity of Nature and the impassable gulf that is fixed between systematic science and elusive fact. I knew for example that in science, whether it be subject XII Organic Chemistry or subject XVII Animal Physiology, when you blow into a glass of lime water it instantly becomes cloudy and if you continue to blow it clears again, whereas in truth you may blow into the stuff from this lime water bottle until you are crimson in the face and pain-

ful under the ears and it never becomes cloudy at all. And I knew too that in science if you put potassium chlorate into a retort and heat it over a Bunsen burner, oxygen is disengaged and may be collected over water, whereas in real life if you do anything of the sort the vessel cracks with a loud report, the potassium chlorate descends sizzling upon the flame, the experimenter says "Oh! Damn!" with astonishing heartiness and distinctness, and a lady student in the back seats gets up and leaves the room.

Science is the organized conquest of Nature and I can quite understand that ancient libertine refusing to co-operate in her own undoing. And I can quite understand too my father's preference for what he called illustrative experiments, which was simply an arrangement of the apparatus in front of the class with nothing whatever by way of material, and the Bunsen burner clean and cool, and then a slow luminous description of just what you did put in it when you were so ill advised as to carry the affair beyond illustration, and just exactly what ought anyhow to happen when you did. He had considerable powers of vivid expression so that in this way he could make us see all he described. The class, freed from any unpleasant nervous tension, could draw this still life without flinching, and if any part was too difficult, to draw, then my father would produce a simplified version on the blackboard to be copied instead. And he would also write on the blackboard any exceptionally difficult but grant-earning words, such as "empyreumatic" or "botryodal."

Some words in constant use he rarely explained. I remember once sticking up my hand and asking him in the full flow of description, "Please Sir, what is flocculent?"

"The precipitate is."

"Yes, Sir, but what does it mean?"

"Oh! flocculent!" said my father, "flocculent! Why—" he extended his hand and arm and twiddled his fingers for a second in the air. "Like that," he said.

I thought the explanation sufficient but he paused for a moment after giving it. "As in a flock bed, you know," he added and resumed his discourse.

H. G. Wells.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANNELS THAT GREAT MINDS RUN IN

“Has anything great and lasting been done? Who did it? Plainly not any man, but all men; it was the prevalence and inundation of an idea.”

—EMERSON: *The Method of Nature*.

SEVERAL times every year we have occasion to celebrate great achievement in Man's upward struggle toward light and mastery. And every achievement that we celebrate is associated in our minds as well as in our ceremonies with some distinguished man, some demigod who embodies for us those virtues that made the particular achievement possible. To most of us history is still a record of disconnected events, like the paragraphs of a newspaper—children of chance and heroes' whims. But even the casual reader of things historical must be at least occasionally impressed by the fact that very important discoveries—discoveries that have turned the succeeding course of events—have often been made simultaneously by two or more workers.

We do indeed speak of the “spirit of the times”; but this expression is generally used figuratively, and few of us think of the spirit as an objective reality. Few of us commonly realize to what an extent great, epoch-making achievements are the logical and necessary products of their age rather than the accidental products of chance genius. Nothing better illustrates the dependence of our thoughts upon the period in which we live than the apparently independent arrival of many minds at the same idea in a given time.

How much truth is there in the half-jocular remark we often hear, to the effect that “great minds run in the same channels”? The history of science and the history of invention are full of instances of a discovery being made simultaneously by different men. Without disparagement to the great services of the truly great men of all ages, it may be worth while to enumerate some special instances.

A year ago scientists in all parts of the world began to hold a remarkable series of special meetings in commemoration of the birth of Charles Darwin, and of the publication of his great book, *The Origin of Species*, which appeared in November, 1849. This book has been credited with having worked a complete revolution in the thought of two generations; and the name of Darwin and the ideas known as “Darwinism” have become commonplace possessions of the race. Every one recognizes that by putting his thoughts into permanent form Darwin made a great and lasting contribution to the progress of the human

spirit. It is not commonly recognized how near we came to having these ideas of Darwin under the name of another man.

In 1858 Alfred Russell Wallace, having travelled about the world as a naturalist, and having explored especially the Malay Archipelago, had come to certain conclusions as to the manner in which different kinds of plants and animals might have originated in this interesting world of ours. About the same time, Charles Darwin, also having travelled about the world as a naturalist, and having explored especially South America, had also come to certain conclusions as to the origin of plant and animal forms upon the earth. Darwin was in England at the time, busy putting into shape his material for demonstrating his theory. Wallace was at the other end of the earth, and wrote a letter to an acquaintance in England about his theory. This acquaintance happened to be Darwin himself—but the two had never communicated with each other on the subject before. Darwin read his paper before the Linnæan Society of London on the 1st of July, 1858; the same session heard the reading of Wallace's paper. The two theories, developed in two minds, working away unknown to each other, thousands of miles apart for several years, proved on comparison to be one theory. Darwin was in a position to finish his work and to get his book published before Wallace came home; he had also collected more data in support of his theory than had Wallace; but it is not straining the doctrine of probabilities to say that if Darwin had not given us the theory of "natural selection," Wallace would have done so. As it was, Wallace has remained the strongest supporter of the original theory, failing to adopt modifications that even Darwin himself accepted, and that other scientists, on account of our increased knowledge about plants and animals, thought logically necessary.

It may be said that there is nothing remarkable about this coincidence, since both men occupied themselves with the same problems, had behind them the same foundations in the culture of the ages and the enlightenment of their generation, and used in the study of living forms practically the same methods. But this instance is made more interesting as well as more complex by the further fact that during the six or seven years preceding the publication of *The Origin of Species* another Englishman, Herbert Spencer, was thinking out what was essentially the same answer to the question, from an entirely different point of attack. Having made a study of the population question, having a habit of mind which sought for general principles rather than for particular facts, he had concluded that the struggle for existence among individuals of different grades, or the "pressure of population," as it was called, operated to eliminate the weak or "unfit" and to perpetuate the

“fit,” with a tendency to increased fitness or adaptation to the environment. This thought was eventually assimilated into the author’s general theory of organic evolution, and one can hardly doubt that it would have had in Spencer’s subsequent system of philosophy essentially the same form even if the latter had never heard of Darwin’s theory.

We could not have had Darwinism before Malthus had written his famous *Essay on the Principles of Population*. We could not have had Malthus theories of population before Napoleon began to feed the population to the cannon. But we could have had the same ideas from Wallace and from Spencer. Many lines of thought led to the same conclusions; these lines converged about the middle of the last century.

About two hundred years earlier the Royal Society of London had an experience somewhat similar to that of the Linnæan Society. At one of the sessions in 1670 there were presented two memoirs that had been worked up independently by two men, Nehemiah Grew (1641-1712; *Anatomy of Vegetables*), and Marcello Malpighi (1628-94; *Anatomæ Plantarum*), the man who first saw the circulation of the blood in the capillaries. Both papers treat of the minute anatomy of plants, and both record the earliest systematic work done upon plants with the aid of the microscope.

During the same period (1661) an Englishman and a Frenchman, Boyle (1627-91) and Mariotte (1620-84) had worked out independently the laws of the compressibility of gases. About a century and a half later (1802) another Englishman and another Frenchman, John Dalton (1766-1844) and Joseph Louis Gay-Lussac (1778-1850) determined mathematically the dependence of volumes of gases upon variations in temperature. This law had been previously discovered by Charles, the inventor of the hydrogen balloon; but no adequate record or publication of the discovery had been made. In both cases the workers were unknown to each other.

Again, during the middle of the seventeenth century Isaac Newton (1642-1727) worked out the “method of fluxions,” or the differential calculus in England. And over on the continent, the German philosopher Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz (1646-1716) worked out—exactly the same thing.

To take an instance from astronomy. A few old men with good memories will still recall the amazement with which was received the practically simultaneous announcement (October-November, 1845) from England and from France that astronomers had discovered a new planet which neither they nor any one else had ever seen. John Couch Adams (1819-92) had allowed himself to be puzzled by the perturbations in the

orbit of Uranus. Across the Channel the French astronomer Urbain Jean Joseph Leverrier (1811-77) also stayed up many a night on account of the irregularities in the movements of that planet. Both men used up many sheets of paper trying to figure out the causes of those irregularities, and both came to the same conclusions, namely, that there must be another planet, not yet described, so located, moving about so fast in such a direction, and being about so large. Other astronomers looked in the direction indicated—and sure enough there was this planet, now called Neptune—old in the solar system, but new in the knowledge of men. As further evidence that these two great minds at any rate moved in parallel, if not identical channels, it may be remarked that both men calculated and announced about twenty years later the orbits of the November meteors.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century two other men, Dominique Cassini (1625-1712) and Olaus Römer (1644-1710) independently hit upon the same scheme for measuring the velocity of light: they made use of accurate observations on the movements of the moons of Jupiter as seen simultaneously from different points on the surface of the earth. Nearly two hundred years later two men devised mechanical methods for solving the same problem. In 1849 Hippolyte Fizeau (1819-96) used the method of the toothed wheel, and in 1854 Jean Bernard Foucault (1819-68) used a revolving mirror.

From the time of Newton physicists had accepted the corpuscular theory of light; that is, the theory that light is made up of tiny particles shooting rapidly from the light-giving surface. This theory seemed to explain what was then known about the properties of light better than did the theory of Huyghens (1629-95), who supposed the light to consist of longitudinal waves through the air. At the close of the eighteenth century (1798-99) the anglicized American, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford (1753-1814), and the Englishman, Humphrey Davy (1778-1829), afterwards Sir Humphrey, published their ideas on the subject. Thompson believed that light is to be considered as a form of motion, that is, as being made up of transverse waves of the “ether”; and Davy had the same theory. Christian Huyghens also anticipated, without attempting to prove, some of the laws of gravitation determined by Newton.

About a hundred years ago the scientists were very much interested in the spectroscope, as they are to-day in radium. A German, Joseph Fraunhofer (1787-1826), and an Englishman, William Hyde Wollaston (1766-1828), by refining their methods of experimenting, independently discovered and charted the “dark lines” of the spectrum, which are now known by the name of the German physicist. In 1868 Norman Lockyer,

the English astronomer, communicated to the Royal Society of London and to the French Academy a report of his "successful observations of the solar prominences in broad daylight by the aid of the spectroscope." During the eclipse of the sun in August of the same year Pierre César Janssen, the French astronomer, made a spectroscopic study of that luminary and later devised a method for studying the sun whenever it is visible, thus obviating the necessity of waiting for eclipses or other special conditions. His communication reached Paris from India only a few days after Lockyer's, and the two papers were read at the same meeting of the Academy. To commemorate these twin discoveries the French Government had struck, in 1872, a medal upon which the names of both astronomers appear. It may be said in passing that essentially the same method of observing the sun was also thought out by several other astronomers, almost simultaneously, and independently.

Our knowledge of oxygen as an element is two years older than the independence of the United States. In 1774 an English chemist, Joseph Priestly (1733-1804), and a Swedish chemist, Karl Wilhelm Scheele (1742-86), each in ignorance of the other, separated this important element from the air and described its properties. Over a hundred years later (1877) Raoul Pictet in Geneva and Louis Paul Cailletet in Chatillon succeeded in liquefying this oxygen independently of each other and only a few days apart.

The art of photography is based upon a fact discovered by Josiah Wedgewood (1730-95), the founder of the stoneware factory that bears his name, and later independently by Sir Humphrey Davy, previously mentioned in connection with the undulatory theory of light. They found that light has upon chloride of silver the peculiar effect of turning it dark, and each suggested that advantage might be taken of this fact for making pictures: but it was left to others to perfect the practical methods for applying this suggestion.

Aniline, a substance that has occasioned the establishment of large industries for the manufacture of dyes, drugs and other products, was separated from coal tar by four different chemists working independently. Each gave the substance a different name, but the identity of the four discoveries was later (1843) established by a fifth chemist, Hoffman, who had also succeeded in isolating it.

In the field of inventions such coincidences are far from rare. The sewing machine must have been invented at least three times, if indeed it may be said to have been invented at all: it was rather the outgrowth of hundreds of trials and devices. We shall probably never hear the last word on the "real original" electric telegraph. In our own time the

wireless telegraph has had several inventors, though the lead in the development of the ideas soon narrowed down to a few men. The use of the spiral balance-spring in watches had at least two originators, the Dane Huyghens and the Frenchman Hautefeuille, in 1673; and Huyghens shares with three others the credit for being the "first" to apply the pendulum to the clock.

The envelope machine was invented in England, in 1844, by Edwin Hill and by Warren de la Rue; in America a short time later by J. K. Park and by C. S. Watson. Gun-cotton was the subject of two independent origins, Christian Friedrich Schönbein being responsible for the one and Rudolph Christian Böttger, in the same year (1846), for the other. Böttger was also the first inventor of the "safety" match, in 1848; this style of match did not come into general use, however, until 1855, when it was put upon the market through the independent inventions of Lundström. The electro-plating process, stearic candles, cobalt blue, the Argand burner, the electrolysis of water—not to mention any of the countless others—each has had at least two inventors or discoverers.

Herbert Spencer tells us in his autobiography that during his engineering days he devised a little instrument for drawing small arcs of large radius, which he used for several years. When it occurred to him to see about getting it patented and manufactured, he found that the identical thing had been on the market for several years under the name of the "Cyclograph," patented by a Mr. Nicholson. He repeated the experience with another device some time later, and parallel experiences have befallen numberless inventors.

The mechanism of these coincidences is not very obscure with regard to many kinds of inventions, especially in modern times. At any given stage of social or industrial development, certain problems arise that could not have arisen earlier. For example, there could be no demand for automatic car-couplers or switch signals before we had railroads. After we had railroads even, there could be no demand for car-couplers or other safety devices until the process of coupling cars and signalling trains by hand had resulted in so much damage as to direct many people's attention to the need for more economical methods—more economical, that is, in terms of human life and welfare. After a problem has presented itself the resources for solving it are limited by the earlier development of technology, the previous experience of organized human beings; but all the workers who attack the problem have practically the same stock of race experience to draw upon. That the patent office should receive constantly a flood of conflicting applications and interfering claims is just what we should expect from these considerations.

It is rather remarkable that a Mr. Bell of Massachusetts and a Mr. Gray of Illinois should file their applications for patents on a telephone on the same day (February 15, 1876); but it is not remarkable that these two, and countless unknown others, were working on the problem for the years preceding that date, and that they were working toward practically the same solution.

The current problems direct the thoughts of men to their solution. Many minds attack the same problem; many knights set out to find their Grail. The accumulated experience of the race supplies the means for the solution of the problem, and it at the same time practically limits the paths by which the solution may be reached. These paths constitute the channels through which the great minds run on their way to the goal of desire. The important thing to Man is that the problem shall be solved as speedily as may be. The important thing to the individual is that he shall solve it before the others do, for only to the first in the race come glory and honor—and the material compensations.

We find that on the whole such similarities and coincidences are much more common in the realm of science and invention than in the field of fine arts; and the reason is not hard to find. The *form* in which an individual expresses himself, notwithstanding the uniformity in our schooling and in our circumstances, is always unique; and it is distinct just in proportion that the individual has that subtle quality called "personality." Now in the work of the scientist or the philosopher the attainment of truth is the major end, and the form of the expression is a secondary matter; whereas in the arts each piece of work must stand pretty well by itself and it must submit to different kinds of tests. A poem, a picture, a sonata should be unique. Even where the several poets or painters or composers occupy themselves with the same theme, each product is individual. What is common to all is the truth of an idea, the adequacy of a figure, the appropriateness of a symbol; what is distinctive in each is just what the artist strives for, the details that will all unconsciously spell Browning rather than Tennyson.

There are many Madonnas, but only one Sistine Madonna; there are many Sonatas, but only one Moonlight Sonata. On the other hand, there are many types of locomotives or sailboats or killing machines, of which no one is the best, but all of which adequately meet the common purpose. The problem of the artist is different from the problem of the scientist or inventor. When artists attack a problem there will be many individual results; when scientists attack a problem, there can be but one solution in the end: but many different men may reach it.

Nor need we postulate any mystic doctrine of thought transference

or telepathy. In newspaper offices it is common to receive a number of letters from several writers, on a single topic suggested by some news item; and several of the letters will express identical ideas or points of view. The editor comes to accept such coincidences as a matter of course; but the inexperienced writer of "letters to the editor" is occasionally impressed by the appearance of his own letter, with perhaps a few insignificant changes, over the wrong signature! To the suspicious temperament there will at once arise thoughts of "plagiarism"—and, indeed, there is such a thing. But so many of us have been brought up with the same public-school and newspaper education that it should not appear incredible that it has occurred to some other good citizen—pretending to be "Pro Bono" instead of "Vox Populi" to comment upon the high price of food or to protest against the inefficiency of the street-cleaning department. Nor is it very strange that this other good citizen should word his protest essentially as would you or I. To the extent that the writings are similar there is indicated the common thought of the day, and the common form of expression; to the extent that the letters differ there is expressed the individual divergence from absolute mediocrity.

From the few cases cited one would hardly be warranted in concluding that all, or even most, great thoughts could have been duplicated; or that the great bringers of gifts to human progress and civilization gave us things that we should have had just as certainly without them. Such a conclusion has about it an air of fatalism that is very depressing to most minds. Nevertheless it must be admitted that, human nature being what it is, and the surrounding conditions being what they are, and the past history of the race being what it was, the number of "original" thoughts possible at any moment is strictly limited; though for all practical purposes the limit will doubtless never be reached. And for the same reasons there must be an indefinite repetition of each "new" thought. We may think of each new discovery as a step in the advance of the common intelligence of the race; and this human spirit expressing itself in these forms may crop out, as it were, on different parts of the earth's surface.

It is true that not every great discovery or invention has shown its shadow in the way those mentioned and many others have done; but just as there are many buds on a tree that remain dormant unless stimulated to development by injury, or by the destruction of the dominant buds, so many great human ideas will remain in embryo for lack of suitable opportunity or incentive to growth. Many discoveries are completed, but never see the light of publication because their contemporary counterparts have preceded them by a few days, or weeks, or months; while

others are discouraged by the loud shouting of rivals. At the present time the common thought of the race may show more unity than it did in past centuries, on account of the rapid intercommunication of ideas made possible by telegraphy and the complex development of the periodical press; but the same forces apprise a possible investigator or experimenter that some one else is engaged on his problem, either stimulating him to greater haste, or inducing him to give up the quest. It is the special function of certain technical periodicals to keep the world informed of the work that is being done, thus avoiding useless and wasteful duplication of effort. To be sure, many a good thing is hit upon that was never looked for; but the same good thing may be hit upon by persons travelling in different directions.

According to the teachings of modern evolutionary ideas, which Darwin himself accepted as a basis for his generalizations, all things change in agreement with fixed laws. Not only the branches of the plant and animal kingdoms, but human institutions and ideas, the fashions in clothes and in architecture, languages and tools, theories and faiths—all are subject to the same laws of change. It is the business of the thinkers to discover these laws. While we may not expect that history will ever become an exact science, it may still be worth while to try to trace the actions of some of the forces at work in human affairs. We have been filled with the notion that man makes his age, and to a large extent this is true; but the converse is also true to a degree, and we may properly inquire, without prejudice to individual worth and personal dignity, "to what extent does the age make the man?"

To those who accept the hero theory of history—the theory that history is made up of the lives of the great men—the fact that many "great and lasting things" have each been done not by any man, but by several men (not to say all men) will no doubt appear as merely a curious coincidence. But the difficulty, in the present stage of our knowledge, of explaining the genesis of the great man should not betray us into thinking of him as arising without determining causes. When we consider history as merely a matter of record, the life of the hero is certainly not to be omitted; but when we consider history as an orderly process—"gesetz-mässig" as the Germans say—we must go back of the great man to some unknown factors in his day and generation as more fundamental than his formal schooling, or even his parentage. In the long stretches of retrospect it must seem only an incident that John did this thing rather than Robert; the lasting and essential fact is that the great thing was done *when* it was done.

From this point of view the abolition of chattel slavery and the doc-

trine of "natural selection" were due about the middle of the nineteenth century, just as wireless telephony and practicable aviation are due about the first quarter of the twentieth century. We do not know to-day what types of flying machine will prevail in twenty years, nor whose name will become a common noun by virtue of this prevalence. But we may be quite confident that *we* shall have flying machines hovering about before very long. The making of these machines will be due to the doings not of any man, but of all men, like the making of language or of commerce. *Darwinism* is the name we give to that interpretation of organic evolution which became prevalent in the latter part of the last century. Such an interpretation was destined to develop at this time, and it was largely a matter of chance that it was first formulated and published by Darwin rather than by some one else. This interpretation was as essential and as inevitable a part of the period in which it appeared as is a treaty of peace at the conclusion of a war.

When the minds of men shall have become generally inundated with the idea of evolution and rid of superstition, there will be possible intellectual performances that have been hitherto impossible—and these performances will be inevitable. When the hearts of men shall have become generally inundated with the passion for democracy and rid of petty vanity, there will be possible social achievements that have been hitherto impossible—and these achievements will be inevitable. We cannot give the credit for the tide of evolution ideas to any one man—it results from the doings of generations of men; and we cannot attribute the inundation of democratic ideals to any one man—that, too, is the product of generations of men. The mind of the great man runs in the channels that have been prepared not only by his parents, but by the parents of all his contemporaries. And we are preparing to-day the channels in which will run the great minds of to-morrow: and many minds will run in the same channels.

At one stage of the world's development men build cosmologies or discover continents; at another they build cathedrals or Super-invincibles. The paintings of the sixteenth century differ from those of the nineteenth, and they have a family resemblance among themselves; the family resemblance in the thoughts of an age is even closer. The spirit of the age is the thought and the feeling of the voiceless, and it finds its expression in a multitude of ways. The great man teaches the generations that follow, but it is not unreasonable to think that he does this by acting as the spokesman of his own generation. His voice speaks in the language taught by the past and it directs the youth into the channels wherein they will run.

Benjamin C. Gruenberg.

BOOKS AND MEN

THE YOUNGEST OF THE EPICS

The twenty years that have elapsed since the death of Browning and of Tennyson may be set apart as a distinct period in the history of English poetry. It is a period in which many minor tasks have been accomplished perfectly, but in which no major tasks of any ultimate consequence have even been attempted. Mr. William Watson has composed with patient care the most perfect quatrains in English, not even excepting those of Landor; he has shown himself a master of the sonnet, and of the lyric that restrains itself in rectitude of form; but his poetry has never broken away from the bounds of his art and run forth singing into the morning. The virile and sardonic Henley remained similarly held in leash by a too self-conscious sense of form. By his poignancy of feeling and his plangency of phrase he indicated depths unplummeted before in merely minor poetry; but he spent all his days casting the lead and taking soundings, and never broke sail and raced before the wind over league-long billows of unbottomed seas. No verse was ever finer in mere texture than Mr. Austin Dobson's: it is as exquisite as lace, and just as thin in substance. Dowson fluted luringly of the viol, the violet, and the vine: but his work was all done delicately, with the fingertips; there was no swing of arm and push of shoulder in his gesture. The fervid woman who called herself Laurence Hope decked the nakedness of passion in warm jewels gathered from the gorgeous east: but her poetry remains a record of isolated hectic moments; it lacks the sustained power of the woman-soul resurgent. Mr. Kipling's poetry has been felt and written with more amplitude and freedom; he has done the dashing and the eager deed: but his verse has been always incidental to his prose,—the off-shoot and by-product of a career dedicated to more sustained endeavors in a different art. Mr. Stephen Phillips stirred us at the outset with the promise of a larger poetry. He led us to the banks of a land-locked cove, where we listened to the murmur of the tide and felt far out beyond it the deep heave of all the sea; but since then he has allowed the inlet to be silted up with sand, and the cove has become tideless, stagnant,—a melancholy waste.

For twenty years we have lived without a major poet; but yet it would not be sound criticism to dismiss this period as wholly unpoetic. It has been, in fact, a very remarkable age of minor poetry,—the most

remarkable since the age of Herrick and Lovelace and Carew. That such a phenomenon should have occurred at such a time is entirely in accord with the laws of literary evolution. In the history of literature, just as in the temporal process of the seasons, a period of expansion is always followed by a period of contraction. After the great Elizabethans came the tuneful Cavaliers; and after the great Victorians came the minor singers we have just enumerated. Both the major and the minor groups have their exits and their entrances, and contribute to the general spectacle by playing properly their allotted parts. It is not wise to regret that Herrick is not Shakespeare or to complain because Henley is not Browning. It is far wiser to recognize that minor poetry is different from major not merely in magnitude but also in kind. When Marvell and Emerson saw the universe globed in a drop of dew, the fact that the dew-drop was a smaller object than the ocean must have seemed to them irrelevant. The major poet is the bigger man; but the minor poet is frequently the finer artist. The major poet can afford to be careless; but the minor poet is constrained to write perfectly if he is to write at all. With the major poet mere art is a secondary concern: he may, indeed, be a great artist like Milton; or he may be a reckless and shoddy artist like Byron. But the minor poet loves art for the sake of art: he pursues perfection, and can rest content with nothing less faultless and less fine. This is the reason why, in point of time, the important periods of minor poetry have always come after, and not before, the important periods of major. So long as poetry is large and ample, it has no leisure to worry over imperfection: it is only after art grows conscious of itself that the desire for perfection intervenes to contract poetry within the compass of control. The major poet feels—like Browning's Andrea regarding Raphael—that a man's reach should exceed his grasp, and attempts big tasks for the sake of their bigness, though his art may falter and fail in the endeavor. But the minor poet never dares to reach above and through his art; he will not, to use the vulgar figure, bite off more than he can chew; and he confines himself to little tasks, so that the thing to do may never strain his competence in doing. In one word, minor poetry is careful; and carefulness may be regarded as a virtue or a fault, according to the point of view. Major poetry arises in ages which regard carefulness as pusillanimous: minor poetry follows in ages which regard it as venerable. Crabbed age and youth cannot live together. Major poetry is the sign of a young and growing age, like the Elizabethan; minor poetry is the indication of an age mature and introspective, like the present.

It is curious to consider how the age of the conscious world varies

from century to century. In the spacious times of great Elizabeth all England was as young as Marlowe. In the eighteenth century it was exceedingly grown-up and mature; it had put behind it all the follies and the ardors of youth. Early in the nineteenth century it suddenly grew young again. It was not a day older than Shelley or Byron; and it rioted anew in glory and extravagance. Throughout the succeeding century it has been gradually growing up, till now it has attained a sedentary and prudential middle age. But surely, surely, before many years, the conscious world will again discard the lean and slippered pantaloon as a garment faded and outworn; and major poetry will spring alive, as it has done so many times before, to be the playmate of the world in its new springtime. For thus the cycles revolve, and humanity turns orderly through its ages.

The great minor poetry of the last twenty years has been the natural expression of an age that has been dominated by the careful and prudential virtues. Before beginning any undertaking, we have developed a habit of counting the cost. We deem it a duty, nowadays, to live always within our means. We have grown afraid to fail. We dare not wrestle with an angel, for fear of being overthrown. We no longer set forth in quest of Eldorado, lest the night should fall and overwhelm us with the dark; and, seated safe at home, we miss the mystery of unexpected stars. All this is in accord with what, in another sphere, is called "sound business method"; and it just this forethoughtful, grown-up, and undaring spirit that has constrained the labors of our poets. They have been unwilling to do anything that they were not sure of doing well. They, too, have been afraid of failure, and have preferred to insure success by attempting only minor tasks. Hence the perfect quatrains, the proverbs in porcelain, the carvings in cameo; but no one has dared like Browning to throw away the enormous labor of a *Sordello* and a *Paracelsus*,—imperfect labor, flung away to waste,—to achieve in the end the vast edifice of *The Ring and the Book*.

No one has dared, that is, except a very recent poet who stands quite apart from those we have been considering, and who in spirit seems to herald that new era of major poetry which shall arise when we grow tired of maturity and are ready to accept once more the heritage of youth. Already there are many signs that the cycle is about to turn; and of these none is more hopeful than the spirit shown by Mr. Alfred Noyes. In his earliest volumes of verse, Mr. Noyes took rank at once with the foremost of his contemporaries in delighted artistry and loving finish of form. Like them, he essayed a multitude of minor tasks; like them, he accomplished little, difficult endeavors with delicate art; but unlike

them, he seemed ever longing for larger labors. There was a spirit in his work that was bigger than the work itself. He was not the sort of man who could rest contented with accomplishment. To have accomplished something is to prove that it was smaller than ourselves; our next concern must be to seek out something larger. What shall it profit us to know that we have wings, if we merely flutter them within the safe enfoldment of the nest; we must be off and up, to beat them against the gates of heaven, for so before us have the world's great larks arisen. It is in this spirit that major poetry is undertaken,—a spirit immature and temerarious, or dauntless and undefeatable, as you choose to look upon it. It was the spirit of Marlowe and of Shelley,—each the morning star of a great poetic day. It is a spirit of which we have grown forgetful in the English poetry of the last twenty years; but it is the spirit of Mr. Alfred Noyes. It sets his work apart from the immediate past, gives it the significance of something strange and new, and turns our eyes forward toward the future with imaginings of dawn.

That Mr. Noyes has written many minor poems well is meritorious but not significant; but that he should have attempted a major poem and done it almost well lifts him above this careful and prudential age and makes him contemporary only with himself. He came early to the parting of the ways and dared the dangerous ascent; he has chosen rather to fail as a major poet than to continue in success among the minors. The choice was audacious; but high endeavor is its own reward. As a result we have *Drake: An English Epic*,¹ in twelve books, finished and published on both sides of the Atlantic before the author attained the age of twenty-nine. The announcement of a complete epic by so young a poet is likely to raise "a smile of wistful incredulity as though one spake of noise unto the dead," and in consequence the poem may lack readers for a time; but it is sure to win its way, little by little, among those whose love for English poetry is not restricted to the past.

Drake is epic not merely in name, but in content and intention; and it can be criticised upon no lower plane of poetry. It demands to be considered beside the elder epics of the world; and when brought into that high company, it shows a great many shortcomings. The purpose of epic poetry is to sum up within a single narrative of necessary magnitude the entire contribution to human progress of a certain race, a certain nation, a certain organized religion; and the epic, therefore, requires for its subject-matter a vast and communal struggle, in which race is pitted against race, nation against nation, religion against re-

¹*Drake: An English Epic*. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1909.

ligion,—a social struggle imagined as so vast that it shakes heaven as well as earth and calls to conflict powers not only human but divine. In theme and in intention, *Drake* falls within this definition. When Philip of Spain glowered over the sea at Elizabeth of England, the future course of European civilization trembled in the balance. Spain represented the ideal of despotism, both temporal and spiritual, and offered a regimen of emperor and pope: England represented the ideal of democracy, of freedom in government and freedom in thought, and offered—to use Virgil's parting words to Dante—that every man should over himself be crowned and mitred. The struggle immanent between them was not merely a war between two nations, but a conflict between two irreconcilable social ideals, one of which was fraught with darkness, the other freighted with enlightenment. The only way in which England could win enfranchisement for civilization was to gain the great commandment of the sea and hurl it forever in the face of papal and imperial aggression. In that desperate hour the idea dawned of England's future naval greatness. Could but the sea be won and held forever, the ideal of democracy could grow and blossom in peace in the island nation and its colonies beyond the surge. The idea of this insurance of the future by dominion of the sea dawned first in the mind of Sir Francis Drake, who became thereby the type of the idea incarnate,—the protagonist of the epic struggle which must be waged to make the idea prevail. Here, surely, is a theme of epic magnitude,—a theme closer to the heart of England than that of *Paradise Lost*,—and a hero resumptive of a nation and representative of a great civilizing cause.

It is not in his subject-matter but in his handling of it that Mr. Noyes shows himself defective. *Drake* was written at least ten years too early in its author's career, and probably ten years too quickly. No poet who ever lived could have written a really great epic in two years and finished it before the age of twenty-nine. The chief defect of *Drake* is unsteadiness of structure. Mr. Noyes has made the mistake of following the historical Sir Francis chronologically through his various and scattering adventures, instead of patterning this narrative material anew in accordance with the epic design. The climax of the whole poem is, of course, the annihilation of the Invincible Armada; but this climax is not led up to logically, step by step, through all the antecedent narrative. After an admirable epic opening, the poem digresses, in the middle books, to mere incidental narrative of adventure. The author has also made the grave mistake of introducing a love story, involving Drake and a girl at home named Bess of Sydenham. A personal love motive has never been used successfully in epic poetry except in the

single instance of Tasso's *Jerusalem Liberated*; and in Tasso's poem the three heroines represent three distinct ideals of love which contribute to advance or to retard the epic cause by strengthening or weakening from within the spirit of the leaders of the great crusade. But the Drake who makes love to Bess ceases at once to be the protagonist of an epic struggle; he discards his resumptive and representative existence as the symbol of a national ideal, and becomes an ordinary individual. The poem, therefore, in the love passages, drops from the epic level to the idyllic; and this mars the continuity and sustainment of the high design.

Many of the episodes in *Drake* are models of vigorous and dashing narrative; but at other moments the narrative become tortuous, involved, and self-defeating. As a whole, the story is deficient not merely in plot but also in the element of character. Drake himself is too individual at certain times and too abstract at others; he is not completely realized as a man. The truest characterization in the story is expended upon transitory and incidental figures, like Thomas Doughty and Admiral Borough. Most of the other people are mere names; and in defect of characters to carry on the action, Mr. Noyes is obliged to conduct a great deal of his narrative on the plane of the abstract. As an emphatic illustration of this, it is curious to notice that in the last great fight of the Armada not a single man is singled out and shown in all the Spanish ships. Oquendo, Recaldé, Sidonia are nothing but words woven into the pattern of the verse; they have no persons attached to them. The ships fight; but no people are realized aboard.

The poem is not only uneven in narrative; it is also unequal in style. Much of it is splendidly and even grandly written; but the poet is unable to hold his language always to the height of his great argument. His sentences are long and loose, and frequently scatter into incoherence. Passages of superb description or lofty eloquence are succeeded by passages of pedestrian and labored prose measured monotonously into lines. Mr. Noyes has not yet mastered the art of an organized blank verse. He depends for variety mainly on the substitution of foot-units of rhythm within the line; he has not yet gained control of the subtler variation of phrase-units within the paragraph. He lacks resource in the arrangement of his pauses, and seems not yet to understand the varied use of major and minor accents, though these technical details might readily have been learned from Tennyson, who is one of Mr. Noyes' acknowledged masters. The lines of *Drake* are often monotonously end-stopped. Because of this, the movement not infrequently resembles Marlowe's; and there are many noble lines which have the martial march of the young Elizabethan. But Marlowe's blank verse, regal as it is, is too regular

to serve as a model for a writer coming after Tennyson; and Mr. Noyes' recollection of it is probably unconscious and results from the fact that he is as yet less accustomed to blank verse than he is to rhyme. In the last great battle, which is the climax of the poem, the Spanish ships are large and stately and slow-moving, while the English ships are small and swift and dashing; and Mr. Noyes therefore decided to narrate the Spanish side of the conflict in Spenserian stanzas, reserving the more rapid movement of blank verse for the narrative of the English side. The experiment was audacious and was probably actuated by the author's realization that his own blank verse was incapable of coping with the dual task; but the end has justified the means, for the Spenserians are magnificently written and roll out the deepest resonance that has been heard in the stanza since Byron. The epic is sprinkled through with incidental lyrics, for Drake is supposed to carry along at sea some skilled musicians who frequently regale the adventurers with song; and many of these lyrics are so exquisite as to justify the shift of mood that is necessitated by their introduction.

But it is only when *Drake* is judged side by side with the elder epics that such defects as we have touched on become manifest. The love episode, which we have condemned as out of place, is very charming when considered merely as an idyll. The very unsteadiness of structure throughout the poem adds somewhat to the reader's interest by keeping before him a constant element of unexpectedness. One wonders what the poet is going to do next, and rushes on to see. The tale is rich in human interest and variety of mood; and it is told with delighted and delightful vigor. What it lacks through immaturity it makes up in glorious youthfulness. It is, in every sense, the youngest of the epics; it is healthy, ardent, fresh, and strong. There need be no apology for saying that it is far more readable than *Paradise Lost*,—more readable, in fact, than any of the greater epics, excepting only the *Odyssey*.

It is only fair, after such a critical examination as we have made, to offer without further comment certain passages from the poem which may speak for themselves. Here are three stanzas from one of the incidental lyrics:—

Sweet, what is love? 'Tis not the crown of kings,
Nay, nor the fire of white seraphic wings!
It is a child's heart laughing while he sings?
Even so say I;
Even so say I.

Love like a child around our world doth run,
Happy, happy, happy for all that God hath done,
Glad of all the little leaves dancing in the sun,
Even so say I;
Even so say I.

Love, love is kind! Can it be far away,
 Lost in a light that blinds our little day?
 Seems it a great thing? Sweetheart, answer nay;
 Even so say I;
 Even so say I.

Here is one of the Spenserian stanzas describing the approach of the great Armada at the vesper hour:—

Bring on the pomp and pride of old Castile,
 Blazon the skies with royal Aragon,
 Beneath Oquendo let old ocean reel,
 The purple pomp of priestly Rome bring on;
 And let her censers dusk the dying sun,
 The thunder of her banners on the breeze
 Following Sidonia's glorious galleon
 Deride the sleeping thunder of the seas,
 While twenty thousand warriors chant her litanies.

Here is a passage of narrative. Thomas Doughty, an intimate friend of Drake's, has proved himself a traitor to the expedition. Evidence is taken before a court-martial convened upon the desolate coast of Patagonia; and Drake leaves Doughty's fate to be decided by the court, with these last words:—

“Judge ye—for see, I cannot. Do not doubt
 I loved this man!
 But now, if ye will let him have his life,
 Oh, speak! But, if ye think it must be death,
 Hold up your hands in silence!” His voice dropped,
 And eagerly he whispered forth one word
 Beyond the scope of Fate— “Yet, oh, my friends,
 I would not have him die!” There was no sound
 Save the long thunder of eternal seas,—
 Drake bowed his head and prayed.
 Then, suddenly,
 One man upheld his hand; and, all at once,
 A brawny forest of brown arms arose
 In silence, and the great sea whispered *Death*.

Here is a passage which needs no announcement:—

And he regained his lost magnificence
 Of faith in that great Harmony which resolves
 Our discords, faith through all the ruthless laws
 Of nature in their lovely pitilessness,
 Faith in that Love which outwardly must wear,
 Through all the sorrows of eternal change,
 The splendour of the indifference of God.

Though *Drake* is not a great epic, and must upon the highest ground of criticism be adjudged a failure, it is the sort of failure that is more meritorious than a myriad of small successes. It is in itself, with all its faults, the greatest single contribution that has been made to English poetry since the death of Tennyson. And in the spirit behind it, the

work is even more significant. It is the first big effort toward a major poem that has been made in our literature for a generation; and the effort has failed only because of the magnitude of the endeavor. Mr. Noyes has dared to attempt the highest, and he has not been afraid to fail. Thereby he shows himself a bigger man than the careful and prudent minor poets whose ranks he left to fare forth on this vast adventure. The promise of a new era of major poetry is now invested in him; and whether that promise shall be fulfilled rests more with him than with any other man. He still has much to learn; but he still has many years before him. Meanwhile, the spirit that he has already shown is in itself a nobler thing than many conquests; for, as Stevenson has said, "Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind."

Clayton Hamilton.

A SYNTHESIS OF DRAMATIC THEORY

"How have you found it possible to accomplish in your life so much more than even those who are accounted "strenuous livers" have managed to do?" one man asked of another.

"I have saved a quarter of my life for better purpose, by refusing to discuss the weather," was the answer.

Perhaps a little overstated, but so true, so universally appealing, that it needs no comment.

It would require little more to name the weather's rival to the honors of conversational popularity. Place together a heterogeneous collection of individuals, assembled without purpose other than sociable, ignorant of each other's hobbies and living in a sufficiently civilized community, and if they are ingenious enough to avoid the atmospheric conditions as a pathfinder to those more intimate topics which form the basis of the only real and valuable conversation, almost inevitably the discussion will turn to the drama.

This phenomenon is, of course, like all other generalities, not the result of chance. It is conditioned by psychological law as surely as is the even more spontaneous choice, if it may be called a choice, of the weather. Conversation is the most generally practised and the least studied of the arts. Indeed as a rule it is so utterly unstudied that the term "the art of conversation" is usually considered a paradox. Yet it is not a paradox. The paradox in regard to this subject lies in the phrase produced by ignorance, "the lost art of conversation." No art is ever lost. Sometimes, when that particular

medium of expression is no longer needed, it is abandoned. Not until conversation has been totally superseded by a more effective medium, as at moments it is now superseded by a look of the eye or a pressure of the hand between friends, will the art of it be abandoned. And not until a perfect, universal understanding of the souls of the world be reached, will the art of conversation or what may take its place, perish with all the other arts, their mission fulfilled. For conversation, like any other art, is the result of the irrepressible striving in each one of us to make ourself understood. And to gain a starting point we must find some topic of common understanding, or interest. The weather, that which first presents itself when we are conversing with a stranger, the wiser of us have discarded as being of too trivial importance to be intrinsically of the slightest value, or, more exactly, as being of too tremendous importance for us to grapple with its true significance. And the passions, the universality of which we all realize, we hold to be too bristling a body to be used as a shuttlecock in this preliminary game. And it is the same with emotions. We avoid emotions. We turn to ideas. And ideas are usually matters of individual interest—except ideas on the drama. "The drama," Professor Matthews has said in his latest book¹, "is the most democratic of all the arts." It deals with the clash of will on will, a clash that each of us experiences to some extent daily, and that each of us will continue to experience until the universal riddle is solved. Moreover it is the art form most easily sensed. A novel, a picture, a piece of sculpture, we must actively exert ourselves to appreciate. And we stand alone, or comparatively alone, before it. At any moment there may come between, the distracting influence of something from without. But in a theatre the danger of this inconvenience is minimized. The spectator has only to remain awake to receive some impression, and he is in the midst of hundreds of others there for the same purpose; he has the social pleasure added to the individual. Of course at a concert conditions are somewhat the same. But there is this important difference: the appeal is to the ear alone, and the eye is left free to wander to distracting stimuli. In drama the visual and the auditory senses are both kept occupied, and of late there has even been a tendency at times to utilize the spectator's sense of smell. It is for these reasons that the play is of such general interest and that a discussion of the play may generally be relied upon as an agreeable topic of conversation.

It is for these reasons, also, no doubt, that an essayist may generally

¹*The Study of the Drama*, by Brander Matthews. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1910. \$1.50 net.

be sure of a reading public, if he produce a book on the drama; and this explains in great part, too, why the present volume, together with the many past and future ones which Professor Matthews has published and certainly will publish, is sure of a degree of popularity.

Oscar Wilde has stated that the real critic is a creator. Judged by this law Professor Matthews cannot be termed a critic. It is true that he has evolved one or two ideas thoroughly his own. But the real creator does not duplicate his creations. In nature there is no identity. Professor Matthews himself has pointed out in this work that when Molière, for example, attempted to reproduce Sganarelle in one play after another, in reality he created each time a different being. Professor Matthews however has given us the children of his own dramatic thinking in one book after another. The volumes bear different titles, but the children do not wear very different clothes. "Oh! there you are, my friend," we say instinctively, and our impulse is to turn away to the study of what we do not already thoroughly understand.

The author is not ignorant of this quality. In one of his strikingly apt similes he has said that every man's brain is like a barrel-organ. It is supplied with only a limited number of tunes, and when they are played, he must perforce repeat them. Of course he might cease performing—but that is a matter not in the simile. This theory is undoubtedly true. Undoubtedly we receive much of the old in the new works of an artist. But the reason we accept it with pleasure and not with fatigue is that we view the truth from a new and unexpected angle. It is like seeing a friend acting in an unforeseen situation. For a moment we hold our breath in suspense, and then when we see the character we known and love assert itself, as we *tell* ourselves we knew it would, then we are filled with a great joy, which is the real joy of repetition. But Professor Matthews has lost to us this pleasure. And the defect is caused by preceding excellence. The first time that he produced tunes, he executed them so adequately, so thoroughly, that at repetition there was no new variation he could give them. His statement of his theory, his explanation, his illustration, all were so apt and full that we understood entirely at the first, and there remains no new point from which he can show us the old truth.

But this is not adverse judgment. It is merely that essential department of criticism known as classification. No one more than the author of this book himself has stood for the just principle of the injustice of condemning a water-color because it is not a painting in oil. Each medium is subject to its own standards of criticism. And that necessitates our determining the medium before applying the standards.

The Study of the Drama is not meant, probably, to be a new word in the theory of dramatic art. Rather is it aimed to be an orderly eclectic synthesis of the result of the theory and experience of dramatic craftsmanship in the past. Starting with the posit that a real play "is composed to be performed by actors, in a theatre, and before an audience," the volume undertakes to evaluate all the rules of playmaking according to that posit, and to relate all those rules thus found necessary to the divisions of that posit. It is not designed as an intensive study to aid the actual process of playwriting, as the author carefully states in his preface, but for the help of "those who wish to learn how plays are written now, and how they have been written in the past." Those who wish to obtain some definite knowledge—form standards of the craftsmanship of the theatre, that they may know not only *what* they like, but *why* they like it, that they may intelligently demand what they want, and "accept no substitute." The author believes that in spite of evolution, involving change, there are certain general dramatic laws underlying all plays from Aeschylus to Ibsen; that, in spite of variety of content and its import, these laws hold, from Shakespeare to Scribe. And it is these laws which he attempts to set forth, order and explain, for the benefit of the amateur critic.

That there is room for such a work cannot be questioned. That the end has been attained is equally true. In an orderly way, which simplifies comprehension and attests to the successful teaching power arising from a long and helpful pedagogic career, Professor Matthews has set forth these laws of play-making as they are conditioned by each influence in the threefold posit mentioned above. Then he proceeds to the exposition of the one prime law: the assertion of the human will against strenuous opposition. From this point on individual problems are more carefully dissected, all in the light of what has been explained before. It is hopeless to attempt to quote. It is too large and compact a work to submit to that sort of treatment. For the reader who has not entered these fields before, alone or under the guiding protection of one of the author's earlier works, there will be found a wealth of critical aid; for him who has previously adventured therein illuminating order will be found where before there may have been chaos, or at least lack of correlation.

And yet, in spite of the well-built structure of the work and its comprehensiveness, the hopeful point about it is that it is not the final word, so destructive of subsequent effort. In the first place there is so much crowded into so little space that for the total novice, he who will find most in the book, more leisurely and independent treatment of the

several subjects will be needed before they become really part of his own critical equipment. One cannot digest an encyclopedia, no matter how lucid nor how compact. In the second place, there is a "Chapter of Definitions" which begins with an exposition of the utter lack of a scientific precision in the definitions of art, and especially dramatic art; proceeds with an unsupported statement as to how necessary such precision is; plays a little with poor definitions and explains fully some precise ones from the French, which needed only to be translated; and finally leaves the whole matter as indefinite as ever. It seems to be a chapter not yet ready for print, but rushed in because the rest of the book could not wait. It is unfortunate for the volume, otherwise so clearly sure of its points; but fortunate for its inspiration to those who do not care to leave any ground untilled.

And finally there is encouragement for the unwritten in the manner in which certain modern products are left unaccounted for. *Peter Pan* is rightly praised as a great poetic play. But *Peter Pan* will not submit to all the rules. Yet his trespass is allowed to pass, unpunished and unjustified. It is a significant point, since he is not considered a genius, subject to no rule—indeed the particularly sane attitude that the author takes throughout is that there are certain rules that no genius *can* escape, that the real genius does not *want* to escape. On the contrary, Peter is admitted into the rank of the law-conformers without comment. But no matter how noiselessly we may smuggle him in, and those like him, they will not be safe until we have made a home for them. And it is just exactly there that the work stops short. What has been, is all comfortably housed. But the rooms are all occupied. There are left no spacious, inviting spare-rooms for the stranger guest who is already knocking at our gates. One chapter in the book, for instance, is devoted, and devoted very sanely, to the Elizabethan dramatists. But inasmuch as the work embraces all drama, why was that selection made? It would seem to have been better to devote such detailed treatment, if it was to be made at all, to the drama of to-day, and the outlook for to-morrow. There is one clear-visioned prophecy at the end of the chapter on *The Dramatic Poem and the Poetic Drama*, but it is all too brief and fleeting. What is the use of all this analysis of the past, without its application to the present and the future? Is it not more vital to our needs to attempt to evaluate to-day, than it is to be sure of evaluating a part of yesterday?

Still, one should not demand too much. And "work yet to be done" is a healthy cry. For the experienced student and the reader of the author's previous work, there is the help of order to be received from this

volume. For the novice, who does not object to a style intent always on the thought and never on the flow or the glow of the words, there is a clear compilation of theory that will lead him on to further investigation, if he is not overwhelmed by the mass of the material. It is not new. It is too definite to be suggestive. Its style is neither boldly brilliant nor softly beautiful. It is a gathering of the wheat into sheaves. It will serve as an excellent text-book. Indeed that is exactly what it is, supplied as it is with plan, index, bibliography, and question exercises at the back. Like all text-books, it would be better as an aid to a teacher than alone. Perhaps, with a view of the impending founding of schools of dramaturgy, this may prove its ultimate goal of success. In the meantime it will probably arouse in careful readers a desire to investigate further. And what more can be desired of such a work than that it lead on?

Edward Goodman.

OUR PEOPLE IN THE FORTIES

I

The self-imposed task of John Bach McMaster of the University of Pennsylvania is drawing near now to its appointed goal. The seventh volume of *A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War*,¹ has just issued from the press. It contains the story of the House soon to be divided against itself—or, rather, the story of the building of that House—the life-story of the people of the United States in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century.

It is now thirty years ago that the first volume of this monumental work was given to the public, to be immediately recognized by discerning critics as a new and important asset of English-speaking civilization. The declared end and purpose of the venture was, to evolve United States history out of the every-day life, the economic and social actualities and the previously unheard-of opportunities of a new people. This end and purpose the author—a young man then of untried literary fortunes—set forth in the following introductory pronouncement:

“The subject of my narrative is the history of the people of the United States of America from the close of the war for independence down to the opening of the war between the States. In the course of this narrative much indeed must be written of wars, conspiracies and rebellions; of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties, of the ambition of political leaders in the senate-house, and of the rise of great parties in the nation. Yet the history of the people shall be the chief theme. At every stage of the splendid progress which separates the America of Washington and Adams from the America in which we

¹*A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War*, by John Bach McMaster; New York: D. Appleton & Co, 1910.

live, it shall be my purpose to describe the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canons of the times; to note the changes of manners and morals; to trace the growth of that humane spirit which abolished punishment for debt, which reformed the discipline of prisons and of jails, and which has, in our own time, destroyed slavery and lessened the miseries of dumb brutes. Nor shall it be less my aim to recount the manifold improvements, which, in a thousand ways, have multiplied the conveniences of life and ministered to the happiness of our race; to describe the rise and progress of that long series of mechanical inventions and discoveries which is now the admiration of the world and our just pride and boast; to tell, how under the benign influence of liberty and peace, there sprang up, in the course of a single century, a prosperity unparalleled in the annals of human affairs; how, from a state of great poverty and feebleness, our country grew rapidly to one of opulence and power; how her agriculture and her manufacture flourished together; how, by a wise system of free education and a free press, Knowledge was disseminated, and the arts and sciences advanced; how the ingenuity of her people became fruitful of wonders far more astonishing than any of which the alchymists had ever dreamed.

"Such mingling of social with political history is necessary to a correct understanding of the peculiar circumstances under which our nation was formed and grew up. Other people in other times have become weary of their rulers, have thrown off the yoke, have come out of the house of bondage and set up that form of government which always has been thought the freest and most perfect. But our ancestors were indeed a highly favored people. They were descended from the most persevering, the most energetic, the most thrifty of races. They enjoyed the highest form of civilization; their climate was salubrious; their soil rich; their country boundless; they were hampered by no traditions; they were surrounded by no nations of whom they stood in fear. Almost alone, in a new land, they were free to work out their own form of government in accordance with their own will. The consequence has been such a moral and social advancement as the world has never seen before. The Americans who toward the close of 1783, celebrated with bonfires, with cannon, and with bell-ringing, the acknowledgment of independence and the return of peace, lived in a very different country from that with which their descendants are familiar. Indeed, could we, under the potent influence of some magician's drugs, be carried back through one hundred years, *we should find ourselves in a country utterly new to us.*"

II

In default of that "potent influence of some magician's drugs," the historian has to reconstruct for us that "new country" of a hundred, of seventy-five, of fifty years ago out of a mountainous material of old newspaper files, court-records, fashion plates, pamphlets, stage bills, advertisements, posters, magazine articles and books of travel—a welter of contemporary evidence, both American and alien, which has to be collected, sifted, compared and carefully estimated as to its proper evidential value. Every economic, social or political contention ever fought over on American soil, has left, its spirit past and gone, a dead sediment of ephemeral literature, scattered throughout the country and partly buried in far-away local archives and libraries. To piece this evidence together and out of it to reconstruct American society in its various stages of development throughout the ante-bellum days, the author had to go through the titanic task of examining tens of thou-

sands of human documents, to co-ordinate and subordinate them in the right order of their interdependencies, and to look for the illuminating word amid a mass of written and printed verbiage on almost every topic under the sun—Currency, Repudiation, Slavery, Banking, Tariff-Laws, Railroads, Inventions, Postage, Lotteries, Capital Punishment, Suffrage, Fourierism, Mormonism, Immigration, Nativism, Annexation, Free Soil, Foreign Relations—the above are just a few of the topics treated in the seventh volume of John Bach McMaster's *opus magnum*, and on each of these topics literally thousands of contemporary utterances had to be examined before the author could lay the first stone in his effort to reconstruct the edifice of that by-gone culture whose heirs we are to this day. Small wonder then, that it took the writer three decades to erect his vast historical structure. With that admirable single-heartedness of purpose which is characteristic of the best American scholarship, he set about to make of his work a veritable *Kulturgeschichte*—an enduring exhibition—half of all the industrial, social and political activities of his people during the first seventy-five years of their national existence.

III

What an Elizabethan dramatist would call "the argument" of this seventh of eight projected volumes, runs in the main as follows:

A nation without settled frontiers to the North, West and Southwest, without a currency worthy of the name, with a literature that for the most part did not stand the test of transmission to another generation, without effective means of transportation and inter-communication and with the malignant growth of slave-holding interests gnawing at its vitals, anticipates in the consciousness of its citizens its own magnificent future and savagely resents all European—and more especially, for obvious reasons, all British—criticism. Such criticism, short-sightedly enough, hinges mostly around three topics: Repudiation, Slavery, and the provincial rusticity of a thinly populated commonwealth proud of its own material opulence as contrasted with the beggarly pretensions of older and more niggardly civilizations.

Repudiation is to us, the *Epigoni*, a gruesome legend of anarchic times. Prof. McMaster, with his unfailing sense for the truly significant and the characteristic voices in a contemporary tumult of utterance, succeeds completely in an interesting chapter on repudiated obligations in giving us a picture of that now legendary time, when "a mere United States security" was to Uncle Scrooge a synonym for all that is unfit to be depended upon. A further circumstance of American

civilization of the Forties which lends to it the far-off effect of remote ages, is the prohibitive height of postage. "Kentucky," we read, "declared that the present exorbitant rates of postage had resulted in a practical closure of the mails to a large part of the people. New York believed that the high rates . . . prevented the use of the mails as a medium of communication. . . . Alabama urged that rates of postage be made to conform to the coin of the United States, and that, instead of six and a quarter, twelve and a half, eighteen and three-quarter cents, they be five, ten and fifteen cents. The petition from Illinois likewise complained of the high rates of letter postage. . . . Illinois was a young State, her citizens were widely separated from their early friends and found the rates of postage so burdensome as to cause practically a disuse of the mails." A passage like this gives the present-day American a striking idea of the vast lonesomeness and isolation of frontier communities in the days antedating railroads, telegraphs and cheap postage. With such food for retrospective imagination the whole volume of 641 pages is replete. This merit of easily marshalling an array of suggestive facts is especially conspicuous in the chapters on Slavery and the Status of Free Negroes in the South, and likewise in those pages dealing with Nativism, Mormonism and the Mexican War. Chapter LXXIII, entitled "The East in the Forties" is a particularly rich specimen of the author's craftsmanship in reconstructing out of skillfully selected contemporary evidence our own past. It treats of the streets and shops of New York in the Forties, its hotels and clubs, its street-scenes, its police, of the characteristics of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, of popular amusements in our cities, of theatres and actors, phrenology, mesmerism, Italian opera, magazines, popular writers and a score of kindred topics, always quoting chapter and verse in support of statement, opinion or descriptive features—a method which unfailingly produces in the reader a feeling of safe guidance through a world forever vanished. An eagerly expectant host of readers look forward to the publication of the final volume which is to bring us to the very threshold of the Civil War. In the meantime, a true mirror is held up to the nation of its own past in peace and war, and our citizens may read, with a smile of proud satisfaction, of that uncouth Elijah Pogram defiance to the earth in the Forties, which later decades, despite its apparent *naïveté*, has shown to be more than a mere boast of the young chanticleer among the nations.

J. Fuchs.

The Forum

JUNE, 1910

AN ARISTOCRACY OF GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA

Any visitor to the city of Washington since the beginning of the present century, must have been struck by a certain similarity of type, social if not physical, in all of the white population of the capital. Since the United States has come to be governed more directly from Washington, and less directly from the individual states which form this Union, it seems worth while to look into the governing class which is developing at the national center. For if they are today a social type, tending to live and think and move in their specially developed plane; in another generation or two, when their tendencies have become compacted and refined, they may naturally require recognition as an exceedingly important body.

The Government of which George Washington was president was a marvellously different mechanism from the American Commonwealth of the twentieth century. The transformations which have occurred in every department are interesting illustrations of how the external structure of a constitutional government may remain very strikingly like the original or practically the original itself; while the internal apparatus of propulsion and administration may be gradually rebuilt into a complicated machine such as would have puzzled the most ingenious, and terrified the most courageous, of its founders. It is not so easy for the casual observer to realize these alterations at Washington. Most of the processes of departmental vitality go on as in the past, excepting the multiplicity of hands through which everything must move toward its conclusion. A pathetically ample remnant of the public business is still transacted on lines most decidedly ante-bellum in date of origin. There are armies more of people to do the work; but the work, in all the old departments at any rate, is about the same. The bureau chief of 1909

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intends to think and act as nearly as possible in the line marked out for him by his predecessors of a century ago. That, in the Government, means good organization. All successful governments are conducted so. It is a necessity, and it is also the reason why governmental enterprises invariably cost more, under equal conditions, than the undertakings of private effort, and are frequently of better quality.

Clear down to the Civil War the pace was quite uniform. Essential democracy was still the dominating theory in America. The "spoils system" (which was then not recognized at all as such), was the accepted method of defeating the natural tendency to monopoly in public office. "He has done good work, but he has had it long enough," was the almost unbroken rule for securing efficiency in service. Long before the day of "turn the rascals out," even intelligent political theorists saw no lack of logic in removing men accustomed to a duty, to make room for unlearned strangers who, though clumsy at the trade of government were gifted with the divine advantage of an innocuous inexperience. There is no better tribute to the native capability of the average American than the remarkable success which, as must be admitted, attended the efforts of these rotative workers in the vineyard.

Indeed, this politically dictated rotation in office played its part, and a vital one, in the development of a Governing Class in the United States; for it served to take periodically from private life successive groups of selected persons, pass them through a term or two of administrative experience at Washington, and send them back again when their turns ended with a much wider knowledge of public affairs than before. It seems to be true that no variety of human employment lends to the individual who has once engaged in it professionally so positive a glamor as the characteristic of government service. This is the basis for the time-worn but still valid saying that at Washington "few die and none resign." Once a man has felt himself moving in step with the vast procession, he finds the freer life of the country at large a little dull. Even in the most obscure corner of the greatest department buildings there is always sensed a certain flavor of excitement, and the "feel" of the touching elbows of the long line that reaches down and around and out and up until it comes to the very Executive Mansion itself. That is why men of large earning power abandon private opportunities to serve the State; and it is the real feeder of the Civil Service.

Senator Depew recently said while addressing the upper chamber of Congress upon the bill providing for civil service examinations in census appointments:

"Ten years ago I received twelve appointments. As soon as it became known, I had eight hundred applications The net result was that I appointed twelve people. When they got in office I discovered that they expected me to keep them there and that when the census work was over I had the twelve on my hands, or at least eleven of them, besieging the various departments to find places in which they could be put with more permanency than they had had during the three years of the census."

Every branch of the Government could tell a similar story—which simply means that to a very large number of people the public service is more attractive than other kinds of labor. That being the case, it is fairly reasonable to suppose that among all the thousands of public servants who went out of office successively before the creating of the Civil Service system of examinations and promotions, a considerable number retained and cultivated among their families and friends something of an appetite for Washington. At all events, inquiries among present-day Civil Service employes at the capital show that a great many of them are sons and daughters of former servants who were dropped from the rolls before the day of protection dawned; while outside the Civil Service it is the most common of all things to find that the servant is the offspring of one of the older régime. In short, there is a tendency to create a certain capacity for public service (or at least a taste for it) from one generation to another.

This is the inevitable result of that comparative permanency of tenure which has been created in recent years. Give the Father a fixed place at Washington, fill his household with the gossip of his department, generate in his children the natural pride in the service where the parent is engaged; and you will find, most probably, that the son will lean as his principal inclined before him. The exigencies of living may prevent the realization of the tendency, but the tendency will generally be there.

If this is true in the lower grades of the public service, it is emphatically more evident as we go higher up. Not every son of a navy officer enters that branch of the service; but the barrier of Annapolis and not a roving heredity is the governing factor there. The families of department workers may not attach themselves to the Government on attaining employment age, but they will naturally possess a peculiar aptitude and intelligence in public matters, simply from what they have absorbed from daily contact with them. It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that a girl, for instance, born into the home of a bureau head in Washington and growing to young womanhood in an

atmosphere of pretty large affairs, would make a better wife for some like officer of a succeeding generation than a provincial high-school graduate plus the ballast of a New England college "education." If we were to take another sort of example, and suppose such a girl to be the daughter of a member of Congress from a state which wisely returned good men from one term to another, we could hardly evade the conclusion that she would be a more useful member of society than the enthusiastic "suffragette." The process of selection being what it is, it is even proper to think that such girls might respond more readily to the attentions of young men of similar breeding, rather than to the sons of merchants. Very possibly the day will come, when we can gather such statistics easier than we can at present, in which it will appear that there is a direct tendency to inter-marriage among the families of government officers.

Among the numerous points of excellence notable in the women of the British Isles, is this capacity for an interest in the administrative work of government, handed down to them in the very blood from Civil-Service and House-of-Parliament fathers. One cause why there is less reason for female suffrage in England than there is said to be in the United States, is that every woman above one certain class and below another is not only intelligently informed on every political program in the Kingdom, but is a positive factor in its development, when she chooses to be so. English women of that class are trained unconsciously from childhood to association with men of affairs. They are accustomed to see their fathers receive the visits of such men, and to listen to what they have to say between them on issues of every variety. As they grow into womanhood they render personal assistance in entertaining, and can sit next one at dinner and sustain an argument on corn laws or the budget which makes the politely termed "small talk" of a certain extremely feminine type in some other countries sound even less profitable than it is. Among the several reasons why English politics are conducted both more sensibly and, as I have hesitated for a mournful interval before saying, more honestly, is that of the more direct and better part taken by the women of the class I have mentioned. As we often say of our very alert American press, no great public evil will ever rise up in England while the women take the part they now do in political discussions. The candidate who finds himself faced with the demand for an accounting at his very board, is not likely to compromise dangerously with iniquity or with any question which cannot meet that test. The superb acuteness of the woman's mind can generally be counted on to find the weak spot in cases where her mere experience is out of its depth.

In a population so large as ours, politics has a different bearing toward society, and probably will have for many generations more. But the close observer of things at Washington, or at any of the capitals of the more aggressive states of the Union, will not overlook the fact that year by year the tendency to keep the business of the government within something like a defined group of individuals and their dependents is making itself more evident. In some of the states, and notably in New England where there is less out-of-party movement from one administration to another, this condition is striking. In many of them it is visible. In Washington it is rapidly getting to be a fact. It is not a question of nepotism, or anything like it. No present-day government is freer from that than ours. In very few other countries is the demand so insistent for the best men in the high places. We are still noteworthy among the nations as that Government with the poorest paid and most efficient servants in the world. It is a question only of the formation of a group of administrative specialists in our population, trained in the work of government, and passing on their genius to succeeding generations. It seems to me to mean that as time advances we shall have not only a larger class of well-trained public servants, but one which will be markedly superior. If the sociologists would agree that in any open test for young men, let us say, to enter the Consular Service, the high men would be either sons of consular officers or of under-officers in the Department of State; we might be getting near to an admission that, by continually raising the exactions under which the whole public business is conducted, we are laying the best possible foundation for the development of a Governing Class in the United States.

"I think," said one of the powerful American Senators not long ago from his place in Congress, "that we have progressed to a point where there is a large degree of efficiency in the civil service, and the best part of it is the relief which Senators and Members of the House have from the duties which were imposed upon them as recently as ten years ago."

All of that applies today to a great deal of the Government which is still outside the actual bearing of the Civil Service laws; and it means nothing more or less than that there has been a gradual closing of the doors to all but highly selected individuals. Not Every Man can get in; and the few who do so must pass the tests which will, it seems to me, be considerably less of a barrier to candidates in whom there has been bred a sense of familiarity with the Government itself. In other words, the more we demand efficiency the larger response we shall get from those possessing the genius for administration. And it is a rule which will

see no limit in its reach. From the White House to the stokeholds of the dreadnaughts there will be the tendency to promote the next-best man,—to pass by the eager but inexperienced multitude and choose him whose preparation and mind appear the most efficient for the need. And the multitude will come to recognize its unfitness in a day when the most of government is an exact profession, and the accepted administrator a specialist.

There we shall have the essential foundation of the "aristocracy," a word which should be used in its proper and historical sense, as "Government by the best citizens," and not at all, of course, in its vulgar and opprobrious application.

II

In any given group of individuals possessing the power to dominate their particular field, that is, among the members of a monopoly, the tendency is for the most efficient to draw together into an inner circle aiming, either consciously or unconsciously, to control the group. It is perfectly obvious that the centralization of the governing instinct in a specially trained class of our population is utterly hostile to the old idea of American democracy. A study of the Congressional Record, and of such notes of committee debates as are readily available, proves that there has been a lively fear among members of Congress in general, and particularly among members of the Opposition party, of the danger of too much permanency in office. It can be said quite truthfully that all the advances in the direction of a public service throughout which efficiency will be invited by a reasonable permanency of tenure, have been made against an amount of vigorous contention which has itself tended to prove the righteousness of the principle. If we are beginning to offer government to young Americans as a career, in order to get a better quality of service; it seems to me that we must expect them to take enough pride in their labor to hand on at least an aptitude for it to their sons and daughters. I do not see how we are going to get one without the other, or how we are going to escape the conclusion that after a while, within the class itself, there will begin to form a slowly intensifying "exclusive" inner group which will more or less be human enough to want to have things their own way. If this should be anywhere near the truth of the case, there would come out of it all after sufficient time a Governing Class of picked individuals, who would not only consider themselves but would actually be, an American Aristocracy of Government. If it comes about one of these days, for instance,

that A's wife, whose husband is a bureau chief and whose father, (a Son of the Revolution), was a fourth assistant secretary of a main department of the Government, declines to sanction the marriage of their daughter to B, whose father is a successful grocer and who is himself an electrical engineer of promise, there will be no doubt that the line has been drawn in the very open. And after that it will be only a step or two to the time when something like similar conditions will prevail as between higher and lower grades of the public itself.

The money compensation of the career of government is comparatively diminutive and insufficient; but it certainly carries with it a compensating sense of personal betterment, which is very possibly one of the reasons that attract the ablest men from private life.

The overwhelming answer given by the Civil Service System to its early critics, however, has barred the way to any sustained argument against permanency of tenure. "Permanency of tenure," in fact, is going out of use as a convenient expression of a bettered management in public affairs, and everywhere one hears the word "career" used as a substitute for it. And it is getting to be evident, not only to the bulk of the population but to a very large portion of Congress, that the young man who learns the science of government in the theoretical method and then goes in for the practical thing as a career to adorn and to support his existence, is very much less an enemy of free institutions than the so-called "old-school" specimen who was literally nothing but an "office-holder" and whose noblest conception of his duty was to prolong his grip upon the pay of it until the next relief appeared. Just why it ever was that the well-trained man, secure in his place and in love with his labor because of the integrity of their union, had to be regarded as dangerous to republican governments, would be hard to explain excepting on the theory that republicanism does not imply knowledge of scientific government. The long life of the spoils system in the United States, where it endured anomalously and side by side with the development of our magnificent trade organizations in which merit plus results was the sole formula for holding place, is remarkable. And it is interesting to note that its rapid destruction is being accomplished by those devoted members of the Governing Class who have enjoyed the encouragement and endorsement of the business interests. As our trade has grown to a point where it touches the Government almost continuously both at home and in foreign countries, it has learned to demand that the Government servant be trained and ordered like its own. Judging him by his fruits alone, it will have to be said that the career man in the Government is too valuable to be displaced. The worth of his

results are no more related to party politics than the carefully prepared expert in a great railroad system is related to the club memberships of the company's president.

A United States Senator said a few months since: "Up to ten years ago the Marble Room kept me out there at least one-half of my time, listening to the appeals of office-seekers, and I never had any leisure at home."

Anyone in the Government, or anyone out of it who has had the opportunity for observation and comparison, can report on the vastly better method in which the public business is now handled, how much higher the aim is, how much more smoothly the departments run, how, where the chairs were formerly filled with what Senator Root termed "the elderly incompetent," (in an address to the Foreign Relations Committee of Congress some years ago) they are now occupied by alert and comparatively young and actively ambitious men, making a career of government and striving to give their part in it the aspect of an exact and orderly profession. So long as the present stage of efficiency is maintained there will be little to fear,—little, I mean by contrast with the now fairly well established merit system. Politics will always play its part in high appointments, just as influence works in trade; but it will be in rivalries between good men, and not between the good man on his merits and the poor stick on his "pull."

But it all comes back to this, That America is developing her Governing Class, not in the way England developed hers by descent and evolution; but by sheer construction. From "government on business principles," we shall probably advance before many years to "government by trained men,"—since that is the first and most important of business principles. Surely it would require many generations to break down, through over-feeding, a system so logically created. With a free press and an amazingly out-spoken public opinion, the attitude of the country would not be the complacent toleration of a parasitic abuse, but the enjoyment and acceptance of a little less directly self-constituted government, on the basis of highest possible efficiency in the governing group. Such a state of things would be a very effective delegation of powers and privileges, always protected by the fundamental right of the people, through their Congress, to withdraw them absolutely. It would place the nation in a different and more dignified position with reference to its government, would separate and relieve the governing mechanism from its present unnatural and expensive participation in the equally necessary but dissimilar mechanism of politics, and would, one might suppose, give the United States a scientifically conceived theory of public

administration which up to the present has been one of our pressing needs.

I think we might very well accomplish all that England, for instance, has done on these lines since 1830, and a great deal more, because of our greater mental agility and the broader physical scope of our affairs. We often speak of the remarkable efficiency of the English system, municipal and otherwise, without due appreciation of the main reason which has made it possible. In saying, as most observers do, that "England is an older country with the consequent length of experience in which to build more perfectly," there is a pretty frank admission of the very point I am discussing here,—that the test of time and approved results has shown that, under most circumstances of government, the best administration will be given a country by men who are both bred and trained thereto. And I think the use of England as an example will be permitted, by even the hostile reader, since, whatever our differences, it is true that the English are more nearly like us than any other people in the intent which inspires their national existence and ambitions. Despite a hundred and thirty-five years of independent political history and a steadily diverging social development, the foundations of America are those brought over in the Mayflower, and we have yet to accomplish anything like a true individuality in either our literature or our law.

Not long ago a high officer of the English civil service, to whom I spoke regarding some development of the political struggle just then going on in the British Isles, interested me by expressing much less concern in the outcome than seemed manifested by his visitor. A polite affirmative, an intelligent non-partisan observation, and the subject of the conversation turned. I was impressed with the conviction that he was an infinitely more useful officer for his freedom from political connections and for being enabled to labor on in the doing of the needful duty of the serene non-combattant outside the fighting lines. If there is anything of advantage in the theory of single-minded devotion to one's work, there was a good example of it.

During this same visit I saw, on a table near the officer's desk, a five-volume work on government bearing the name of my host.

"That was my father's work," he said, handling the books with very pardonable pride. "He collected much of the material while in office under my grandfather, who was also in the public service."

As this paper was then in preparation I asked two other English officers who happened to be present at the moment as to their ancestry, and learned that one of them, the son of a Foreign Office graduate, had

two brothers in the same branch of the service as himself; while the other was the son of a distinguished consular official, who had entered his father's employ as a lad of fifteen and had from there gone on and upward until he was now in charge of one of the most important foreign missions for his sovereign. Here, then, were three men, come upon entirely by chance, bred up in a well-defined and certainly well-entrenched Governing Class as a result of which they were rendering a service which was the more conspicuous on account of the uniformity of their efforts. Surely, there can be no sort of public danger in such men as that, any one of whom could be removed tomorrow for proper cause, but whose capacity for labor, and whose genius for achievement, and whose tact in gaining contested points, and whose conception of departmental organization and discipline, render anything like removal except by retirement or death a weighty disadvantage to the nation.

I hope it will not be felt that I am holding the members of another public service as invariably the superiors of our own. We have a force which, considering its numbers and the circumstances under which it has grown up, and the entire absence of a retirement provision, is doing a perfectly remarkable work and maintaining a notable and lofty *esprit de corps*. But taking our service in all its vast whole, and particularly taking those portions of it which are still imperfectly welded into the fabric of the permanent structure, the student will find that the distinguished things are being done by those men who best divorce themselves from "political connections," and who, (though sometimes with results fatal to their future), think of themselves as servants of the people and not of the party which happened to be in power at the time of their entrance into office. All the best department procedure of the last three or four years is in this direction, and the range is rapidly widening. Both the cabinet members and their Chief, themselves submitted to a test but little dissimilar, are coming to demand, as the vehicle for carrying out Administration policy, the "government of trained men."

III

There will probably be little division of opinion on the proposition that we as a people need a different theory of government, and that the theory which we need is a more exact and scientific one. Just as, in general, most of such political ills as we suffer from in America are due to our extreme youth as a nation and our consequent inexperience in the administration of a country of such immense proportions; in particular some of our most patent difficulties are due to the popular ignorance

of the science of government. A good illustration of this is the pains to which the Washington authorities have been put in fitting men for service in the Panama Canal Zone, in Porto Rico and in the Philippines, through the intense opposition of a great many newspapers and an important section of the public to anything which appeared to imply the "danger" of creating a permanent administrative device for handling that portion of the public business. A study of the Opposition in America since 1898 will show that a great part of it, (not that able, and necessary, and fortunate part which has acted as an intelligent check during this decade of new national fortunes), was directed from the erroneous point of view that the Party System is the Government itself. Instead of thinking of his Party as the means for controlling the movements of the administrative mechanism in Washington and throughout the States, it has been the tendency of the average American man to take the exactly opposite position. "Mugwumpism," evolving through the Expansion Period into "Independence," has done for the education of the voting population in this regard what cabinet ministers like Mr. Root (while secretary of state) did for the enlightenment of Congress.

The moment of moral victory for either wise party action or intelligent independence, is that in which the rank and file begin to comprehend this difference and to accept it. Possibly few of us realize what an advance has been made in this direction in the last quarter of a century,—indeed, in the last six or seven years. And this betterment is expressed most accurately in two comparatively recent developments: The rise of the "insurgent" in our legislative process, and the new political activity of women. It is with the latter only that this paper need concern itself.

If we can assume for the moment the permanency of the Governing Class which has been erecting itself little by little in the background of our Government and which has now come forward into a seemingly fixed position as a part of our larger political equipment, we can scarcely escape the conclusion that its future place with us must depend importantly on the participation of American women. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the women themselves knew this, or rather *felt* it instinctively, before we of the other and dominant sex began to know it.

Senator Root has made the best existing explanation of the underlying fallacy of Woman Suffrage, which is no more a "right" than man's suffrage is and which, like his, if granted, would be only an invention added to the voting mechanism to facilitate its operation and improve its product. No such addition will be made, in America or elsewhere, at the present time; but the political activity of women, (which

we seem to have trouble in comprehending as an entirely different thing from "female suffrage,") is necessary to our best development and may as well be met and accepted cheerfully for the common good. Nowhere in our national life can women be of such service as in maintaining and assisting in the preparation of the Governing Class.

Within half a dozen years the best American universities have been opening schools of government for young men. Convinced of the impracticability of attempting to secure the suffrage, the politically interested women of the United States might with profit provide, through systematic encouragement, similar schools in which young girls could be given a theoretical education. At all events, a conscious effort to give the female legal infant a training in the science of government could not fail to afford, in time, the young man candidate for advancement in that profession a wide choice from which to select a wife who would be something more to his career than the untrained boarding-school product with her post-graduate course of all-night dances and bridge whist. Considering that in the present day Americans do not much think of training their daughters to enter intelligently and usefully into the career of a husband, but prepare them only to be something like the chief ornament of an expensive establishment fitted out as a wedding-gift under the familiar "where-I-left-off" method of the modern indulgent parent,—and contemplating the number of young men who do not marry, or who look on marriage with an utter cynicism, or who postpone matrimony until an unnaturally tardy period in life,—we can hardly say that that would be a disadvantage.

It is a perfectly natural thing that women should wish to share in government. All of recorded history shows their aptitude for it. They can bring to it a quality totally lacking among men. Their uncompromising instinct can be made a valuable corrective force, and one which will labor for better government through its simple existence, rather than by its open expression. Even the extreme opponents of woman's desire to vote will admit that there stands waiting a great place for her,—outside the polls, and not only behind the voter but at the side of the administrative officer in the governing machinery of the country, cultivating the best impulses which inspire him, and ferreting out the dangers in the others. Essentially a "companion" and a "mate" to man, in the American Governing Class the woman can find full opportunity for the exploitation of her peculiar talents, and be a factor in our national existence without in the least exceeding the limits of what I am afraid we shall have to insist, in offensive but convenient pharaseology, is "her proper sphere." It will not be surprising if this is what the

present-day Woman Suffrage movement comes to in the end; and if it happens so, it will have done quite well enough.

IV

All this will lead us, the courageous prophet would declare, in one fairly straight direction. The combination of groups within groups; the development of the "exclusive set" on the basis of permanent high place and larger means imported into the Governing Class through some "outside" marriage; the struggle for influence upon the Appointing Power; the ramification of personal connection through the committees of the Congress; the creation of a social type which will gradually disclose itself, as similar types have disclosed themselves already in the Army and the Navy; the attitude of conscious though not unkindly superiority; the appearance of all this in contemporary American literature; the changed attitude of the public; the amendments to the language to allow the entrance of new phrases coined to express these altered things,—these are to be expected, because we know them to have revealed themselves in like forms elsewhere and in other times.

But the main fact is bound to be, I think, that we shall get a vastly better Government, and not alone a better one, but one which will fully sustain our faith in the wisdom of our Fathers, and in the worth of republican institutions, and in the renewed integrity of that Union which was said to have been certified eternally at Gettysburg, but which since so small a happening as the Battle of Manila Bay has had to face the much more complicated if immeasurably less painful trials of a changing history.

James Edward Dunning.

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THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

[In Chapter the First, Mr. Wells describes the conditions which surrounded Machiavelli himself, and likens the writer of the present book, also an out-cast statesman, to the figure after whom he has been named. Incidentally enter a discussion of modern democracy and the activity of women. In the opening sections of Chapter the Second, the reader is introduced to the author's childhood, his social and political games, his scientific studies under the direction of his father.]

CHAPTER THE SECOND (*Continued*)

BROMSTEAD AND MY FATHER

III

My father, I am afraid, carried a natural incompetence in practical affairs to an exceptionally high level. He combined practical incompetence, practical enterprise and a thoroughly sanguine temperament, in a manner that I have never seen paralleled in any human being. He was always trying to do new things in the briskest manner, under the suggestion of books or papers or his own spontaneous imagination, and as he had never been trained to do anything whatever in his life properly, his futilities were extensive and thorough. At one time he nearly gave up his classes for intensive culture, so enamoured was he of its possibilities; the peculiar pungency of the manure he got, in pursuit of a chemical theory of his own, has scarred my olfactory memories for a life-time. The intensive culture phase is very clear in my memory; it came near the end of his career and when I was between eleven and twelve. I was mobilized to gather caterpillars on several occasions and assisted in nocturnal raids upon the slugs by lantern light that wrecked my preparation work for school next day. My father dug up both lawns and trenched and manured in spasms of immense vigour, alternating with periods of paralyzing distaste for the garden. And for weeks he talked about eight hundred pounds an acre at every meal.

A garden, even when it is not exasperated by intensive methods, is a thing as exacting as a baby, its moods have to be watched; it does not wait upon the cultivator's convenience but has times of its own. Intensive culture greatly increases this disposition to trouble mankind; it makes a garden touchy and hysterical, a drugged and demoralized and over-irrigated garden. My father got at cross purposes with our two patches at an early stage. Everything grew wrong from first to

last and if my father's manures intensified nothing else they certainly intensified the Primordial Curse. The peas were eaten in the night before they were three inches high, the beans bore nothing but blight, the only apparent result of a spraying of the potatoes was to develop a *penchant* in the cat for being ill indoors, the cucumber frames were damaged by the catapulting of boys going down the lane at the back, and all our cucumbers were mysteriously embittered. That lane with its occasional passers-by did much to wreck the intensive scheme because my father always stopped work and went indoors if anyone watched him. His special manure was apt to arouse a troublesome spirit of enquiry in hardy natures.

In digging his rows and shaping his patches he neglected the guiding string and trusted to his eye altogether too much, and the consequent obliquity and the various wind-breaks and scare-crows he erected, and particularly an irrigation contrivance he began and never finished by which everything was to be watered at once by means of pieces of gutter from the roof and outhouses of Number 2, and a large and particularly obstinate clump of elder bushes in the abolished hedge that he had failed to destroy entirely either by axe or fire, combined to give the gardens under intensive culture a singularly desolate and disorderly appearance. He took steps towards the diversion of our house drain under the influence of the Sewage Utilization Society; but happily he stopped in time. He hardly completed any of the operations he began; something else became more urgent or simply he tired; a considerable area of the Number 2 territory was never even dug up.

In the end the affair irritated him beyond endurance. Never was a man less horticulturally-minded. The clamour of those vegetables he had launched into the world, for his service and assistance wore out his patience. He would walk into the garden the happiest of men after a day or so of horticultural disregard, talking to me of history perhaps or social organization, or summarizing some book he had read. He talked to me of anything that interested him, regardless of my limitations. Then he would begin to note the growth of the weeds. "This won't do," he would say and pull up a handful.

More weeding would follow and the talk would become fragmentary. His hands would become earthy, his nails black, weeds would snap off in his careless grip leaving the root behind. The world would darken. He would look at his fingers with disgusted astonishment. "*Curse* these weeds!" he would say from his heart. His discourse was at an end. . . .

I have memories too of his sudden unexpected charges into the

tranquillity of the house, his hands and clothes intensively enriched. He would come in like a whirlwind. "This damned stuff all over me and the Agricultural Chemistry Class at six! Bah! *Aaaaaah!*"

My mother would never learn not to attempt to break him of swearing on such occasions. She would remain standing a little stiffly in the scullery refusing to assist him to the adjectival towel he sought.

"If you say such things—"

He would dance with rage and hurl the soap about. "The towel!" he would cry; "the towel!" flicking suds from his fingers in every direction. "I'll let the blithering class slide if you don't give me a towel! I'll give up everything I tell you—everything!". . . .

At last with the failure of the lettuces came the breaking point. I was in the little arbour learning Latin irregular verbs when it happened. I can see him still, his peculiar tenor voice still echoes in my brain, shouting his opinion of intensive culture for the startled angels of all the world to hear and slashing away at that abominable mockery of a crop with a hoe. We had tied them up with bast only a week or so before and now half were rotten and half had shot up into tall slender growths. He had the hoe in both hands and slogged. Great wipes he made, and at each strike he said, "Take that!"

The air was thick with flying fragments of abortive salad. It was a fantastic massacre. It was the French Revolution of that cold tyranny, the vindictive overthrow of the pampered vegetable aristocrats. After he had assuaged his passion upon them, he turned for other prey; he kicked holes in two of our noblest marrows, flicked off the heads of half a row of artichokes and shied the hoe with a splendid smash into the cucumber frame. Something of the awe of that moment returns to me as I write of it.

"Well, my boy," he said, approaching with an expression of beneficent happiness, "I've done with gardening. Let's go for a walk like reasonable beings. I've had enough of this"—his face was convulsed for an instant with bitter resentment—"pandering to cabbages."

IV

That afternoon's walk sticks in my memory for many reasons. One is that we went further than I had ever been before; far beyond Keston and nearly to Sevenoaks, coming back by train from Dunton Green, and the other is that my father as he went along talked about himself, not so much to me as to himself, and about life and what he had done with

it. He monologued so that at times he produced an effect of weird world forgetfulness. I listened puzzled, and at this time not understanding many things that afterwards became plain to me. It is only in recent years that I have discovered the pathos of that monologue; how friendless my father was and uncompanioned in his thoughts and feelings and what a hunger he may have felt for the sympathy of the undeveloped youngster who trotted by his side.

"I'm no gardener," he said, "I'm no anything. Why the devil did I start gardening?"

"I suppose man was created to mind a garden. . . . But the Fall let us out of that! What was *I* created for? God! what was *I* created for?

"Slaves to matter! Minding inanimate things! It doesn't suit me, you know. I've got no hands and no patience. I've mucked about with life. Mucked about with life." He suddenly addressed himself to me and for an instant I started like an eavesdropper discovered. "Whatever you do, Boy, whatever you do make a Plan. Make a good Plan and stick to it. Find out what life is about, —*I* never have— and set yourself to do—whatever you ought to do. I admit it's a puzzle. . . .

"Those damned houses have been the curse of my life. Stucco white elephants! Beastly cracked stucco with stains of green—black and green. Conferva and soot. . . . Property, they are! . . . Beware of Things, Dick, beware of Things! Before you know where you are you are waiting on them and minding them. They'll eat your life up. Eat up your hours and your blood and energy! When those houses came to me, I ought to have sold them—or fled the country. I ought to have cleared out. Sarcophagi—eaters of men! Oh! the hours and days of work, the nights of anxiety those vile houses have cost me! The painting! It worked up my arms; it got all over me! I stank of it. It made me ill. It isn't living—it's minding. . . .

"Property's the curse of life. Property! Ugh! Look at this country all cut up into silly little parallelograms, look at all those villas we passed just now and those potato patches and that tarred shanty and the hedge! Somebody's minding every bit of it like a dog tied to a cart's tail. Patching it and bothering about it. Bothering! Yapping at every passer-by. Look at that notice board! One rotten worried little beast wants to keep us other rotten little beasts off *his* patch,—God knows why! Look at the weeds in it. Look at the mended fence! . . . There's no property worth having, Dick, but money. That's only good to spend. All these things. Human souls buried under a cartload of blithering rubbish. . . .

"I'm not a fool, Dick. I have qualities, imagination, a sort of go. I ought to have made a better thing of life.

"I'm sure I could have done things. Only the old people pulled my leg. They started me wrong. They never started me at all. I only began to find out what life was like when I was nearly forty.

"If I'd gone to a university; if I'd had any sort of sound training, if I hadn't slipped into the hap-hazard places that came easiest— . . .

"Nobody warned me. Nobody. It isn't a world we live in, Dick; it's a cascade of accidents; it's a chaos exasperated by policemen. *You* be warned in time, Dick. You stick to a plan. Don't wait for anyone to show you the way. Nobody will. There isn't a way till you make one. Get education, get a good education. Fight your way to the top. It's your only chance. I've watched you. You'll do no good at digging and property minding. There isn't a neighbour in Bromstead won't be able to skin you at suchlike games. You and I are the brainy unstable kind, top-side or nothing. And if ever those blithering houses come to you—don't have 'em. Give them away! Dynamite 'em,—and off! *Live*, Dick, I'll get rid of them for you if I can, Dick, but remember what I say." . . .

So it was my father discoursed, if not in those particular words, yet exactly in that manner, as he slouched along the southward road, with restful eyes becoming less resentful as he talked, and flinging out clumsy illustrative motions at the outskirts of Bromstead as we passed along them. That afternoon he hated Bromstead, from its foot-tiring pebbles up. He had no illusions about Bromstead or himself. I have the clearest impression of him in his garden-stained tweeds with a deer-stalker hat on the back of his head and presently a pipe sometimes between his teeth and sometimes in his gesticulating hand, as he became diverted by his talk from his original exasperation. . . .

This particular afternoon is no doubt mixed up in my memory with many other afternoons; all sorts of things my father said and did at different times have got themselves referred to it; it filled me at the time with a great unprecedented sense of fellowship and it has become the symbol now for all our intercourse together. If I didn't understand the things he said, I did the mood he was in. He gave me two very broad ideas in that talk and the talks I have mingled with it; he gave them to me very clearly and they have remained fundamental in my mind; one a sense of the extraordinary confusion and waste and planlessness of the human life that went on all about us; and the other of a great ideal of order and economy which he called variously Science and Civilization, and which, though I do not remember that he ever used

that word, I suppose many people nowadays would identify with Socialism,—as the Fabians expound it.

He was not very definite about this Science, you must understand, but he seemed always to be waving his hand towards it,—just as his contemporary Tennyson seems always to be doing, he belonged to his age and mostly his talk was destructive of the limited beliefs of his time, he led me to infer rather than actually told me that this Science was coming, a spirit of light and order, to the rescue of a world groaning and travailing in muddle for the want of it. . . .

V

When I think of Bromstead nowadays I find it inseparably bound up with the disorders of my father's gardening and the odd patchings and paintings that disfigured his houses. It was all of a piece with that.

Let me try and give something of the quality of Bromstead and something of its history. It is the quality and history of a thousand places round and about London and round and about the other great centres of population in the world. Indeed it is in a measure the quality of the whole of this modern world from which we who have the statesman's passion struggle to evolve and dream still of evolving order.

First then you must think of Bromstead a hundred and fifty years ago, as a narrow irregular little street of thatched houses strung out on the London and Dover Road, a little mellow sample unit of a social order that had a kind of completeness, at its level, of its own. At that time its population numbered a little under two thousand people, mostly engaged in agricultural work or in trades serving agriculture. There was a blacksmith, a saddler, a chemist, a doctor, a barber, a linen draper (who brewed his own beer) a veterinary surgeon, a hardware shop and two capacious inns. Round and about it were a number of pleasant gentlemen's seats, whose owners went frequently to London town in their coaches along the very tolerable high road. The church was big enough to hold the whole population, were people minded to go to church, and indeed a large proportion did go, and all who married were married in it and everybody, to begin with, was christened at its font and buried at last in its yew-shaded graveyard. Everybody knew everybody in the place. It was in fact a definite place and a real human community in those days. There was a pleasant old market-house in the middle of the town with a weekly market and an annual fair at

which much cheerful merry-making and homely intoxication occurred; there was a pack of hounds which hunted within five miles of London Bridge, and the local gentry would occasionally enliven the place with valiant cricket matches for a hundred guineas a side, to the vast excitement of the entire population. It was very much the same sort of place that it had been for three or four centuries. A Bromstead Rip van Winkle from 1550 returning in 1750 would have found most of the old houses still as he had known them, the same trades a little improved and differentiated one from the other, the same roads rather more carefully tended, the Inns not very much altered, the ancient familiar market-house. The occasional wheeled traffic would have struck him as the most remarkable difference, next perhaps to the swaggering painted stone monuments instead of brasses and the protestant severity of the communion-table in the parish church,—both from the material point of view very little things. A Rip van Winkle from 1350 again, would have noticed scarcely greater changes; fewer clergy, more people, and particularly more people of the middling sort; the glass in the windows of many of the houses, the stylish chimneys springing up everywhere would have impressed him, and suchlike details. The place would have had the same boundaries, the same broad essential features, would have been still itself in this way that a man is still himself after he has “filled out” a little and grown a longer beard and changed his clothes.

But after 1750 something got hold of the world, something that was destined to alter the scale of every human affair.

That something was machinery and a vague energetic disposition to improve material things. In another part of England ingenious people were beginning to use coal in smelting iron and were producing metal in abundance and metal castings in sizes that had hitherto been unattainable. Without warning or preparation, increment involving countless possibilities of further increment was coming to the strength of horses and men. “Power,” all unsuspected, was flowing like a drug into the veins of the social body.

Nobody seems to have perceived this coming of power and nobody had calculated its probable consequences. Suddenly, almost inadvertently, people found themselves doing things that would have amazed their ancestors. They began to construct wheeled vehicles much more easily and cheaply than they had ever done before, to make-up roads and move things about that had formerly been esteemed too heavy for locomotion, to join woodwork with iron nails instead of wooden pegs, to achieve all sorts of mechanical possibilities, to trade more freely and manufacture on a larger scale, to send goods abroad in a wholesale and systematic

way, to bring back commodities from overseas, not simply spices and fine commodities, but goods in the bulk. New influence spread to agriculture, iron appliances replaced wooden, breeding of stock became systematic, paper-making and printing increased and cheapened. Roofs of slate and tile appeared amidst and presently prevailed over the original Bromstead thatch, the huge space of Common to the south was extensively enclosed and what had been an ill-defined horse-track to Dover, only passable by adventurous coaches in dry weather, became the Dover Road and was presently the route first of one and then of several daily coaches. The High Street was discovered to be too tortuous for these awakening energies and a new road cut off its worst contortions. Residential villas appeared occupied by retired tradesmen and widows who esteemed the place healthy, and by others of a strange new unoccupied class of people who had money invested in joint-stock enterprises. First one and then several boys' boarding-schools came, drawing their pupils from London,—my grandfather's was one of these. London, twelve miles to the north-west, was making itself felt more and more.

But this was only the beginning of the growth period, the first trickle of the coming flood of mechanical power. Away in the north they were casting iron in bigger and bigger forms, working their way to the production of steel on a large scale, applying power in factories. Bromstead had almost doubled in size again long before the railway came; there was hardly any thatch left in the High Street, but instead were houses with handsome brass-knockered front doors and several windows, and shops with shop-fronts all of square glass panes, and the place was lighted publicly now by oil lamps—previously only one flickering lamp outside each of the coaching inns had broken the nocturnal darkness. And there was talk, it long remained talk,—of gas. The gasworks came in 1834, and about that date my father's three houses must have been built convenient for the London Road. They mark nearly the beginning of the real suburban quality; they were let at first to City people still engaged in business.

And then hard on the gasworks had come the railway and cheap coal; there was a wild outbreak of brickfields upon the claylands to the east, and the Great Growth had begun in earnest. The agricultural placidities that had formerly come to the very borders of the High Street were broken up north, west and south, by new roads. This enterprising person and then that began to "run up" houses, irrespective of every other enterprising person who was doing the same thing. A Local Board came into existence and with much hesitation and penny-wise economy inaugurated drainage works. Rates became a common

topic, a fact of accumulating importance. Several chapels of zinc and iron appeared and also a white new church in commercial Gothic upon the common, and another of red brick in the residential district out beyond the brickfields towards Chessington.

The population doubled again and doubled again, and became particularly teeming in the prolific "working-class" district about the deep-rutted, muddy, coal-blackened roads between the gasworks, Blodgett's laundries and the railway goods-yard. Weekly properties, that is to say small houses built by small property owners and let by the week, sprang up also in the Cage Fields and presently extended right up the London Road. A single national school in an inconvenient situation set itself inadequately to collect subscriptions and teach the swarming, sniffing, grimy offspring of this dingy new population to read. The villages of Beckington, which used to be three miles to the west, and Blamley four miles to the east of Bromstead, were experiencing similar distensions and proliferations and grew out to meet us. All effect of locality or community had gone from these places long before I was born; hardly anyone knew anyone; there was no general meeting place any more, the old fairs were just common nuisances haunted by gypsies, van showmen, Cheaps Jacks and London roughs, the churches were incapable of a quarter of the population. One or two local papers of shameless veniality reported the proceedings of the local Bench and local Board, compelled tradesmen who were interested in these affairs to advertise, used the epithet "Bromstedian" as one expressing peculiar virtues, and so maintained in the general mind a weak tradition of some local quality that embraced us all. Then the parish graveyard filled up and became a scandal, and an ambitious area with an air of appetite was walled in by a Bromstead Cemetary Company and planted with suitably high-minded and sorrowful varieties of conifer. A stone-mason took one of the earlier villas with a front garden at the end of the High Street and displayed a supply of urns on pillars and headstones and crosses in stone, marble and granite that would have sufficed to commemorate in elaborate detail the entire population of Bromstead as one found it in 1750.

The cemetery was made when I was a little boy of five or six; I was in the full tide of building and growth from the first; the second railway with its station at Bromstead North and the drainage followed when I was ten or eleven, and all my childish memories are of digging and wheeling, of woods invaded by building, roads gashed open and littered with iron pipes amidst a fearful smell of gas, of men peeped at and seen toiling away deep down in excavations, of hedges broken down and

replaced by planks, of wheelbarrows and builders' sheds, of rivulets overtaken and swallowed up by drainpipes. Big trees, and especially elms, cleared of undergrowth and left standing amid such things, acquire a peculiar tattered dinginess rather in the quality of needy widow women who have seen happier days.

The Ravensbrook of my earlier memories was a beautiful stream. It came into my world out of a mysterious Beyond I never penetrated, out of a garden, splashing brightly down a weir which had once been the weir of a mill. (Above the weir and inaccessible there were bulrushes growing in splendid clumps, and beyond that, pampas grass, yellow and crimson spikes of hollyhock and blue suggestions of wonderland.) From the pool at the foot of this initial cascade it flowed in a leisurely fashion beside a footpath,—there were two pretty thatched cottages on the left and here were ducks, and there were willows on the right,—and so came to where great trees grew on high banks on either hand and bowed closer and at last met overhead. This part was difficult to reach because of an old fence, but a little boy might glimpse that long cavern of greenery by wading. Either I have actually seen kingfishers there or my father has described them so accurately to me that he inserted them into my memory. I remember them there anyhow. Most of that overhung part I never penetrated at all but followed the field path with my mother and met the stream again where beyond there was flat meadows, Roper's meadows. The Ravensbrook went meandering across the middle of these, now between steep banks and now with wide shallows at the bends where the cattle waded and drank. Yellow and purple loosestrife and ordinary rushes grew in clumps along the bank and now and then a willow. On rare occasions of rapture one might see a rat cleaning his whiskers at the water's edge. The deep places were mysterious and rich with tangled weeds and in them fishes lurked—to me they were big fishes—water-boatmen and water-beetles traversed the calm surface of these still deeps; in one pool were yellow lillies and water-soldiers, and in the shoaly places hovering fleets of small fry basked in the sunshine—to vanish in a flash at one's shadow. In one place too, were Rapids where the stream woke with a start from a dreamless brooding into foaming panic and babbled and hastened. Well do I remember that half mile of rivulet, all other rivers and cascades have their reference to it for me. And after I was eleven and before we left Bromstead all the delight and beauty of it was destroyed.

The volume of its water decreased abruptly,—I suppose the new drainage works that linked us up with Beckington and made me first acquainted with the geological quality of the London clay, had to do

with that—until only a weak uncleansing trickle remained. That at first did not strike me as a misfortune. An adventurous small boy might walk dryshod in places hitherto inaccessible. But hard upon that came the pegs, the planks and carts and devastation. Roper's meadows being no longer in fear of floods, were now to be slashed out into parallelograms of untidy road and built upon with rows of working-class cottages. The roads came,—horribly; the houses followed. They seemed to arise in the night. People moved into them as soon as the roofs were on, mostly workmen and their young wives, and already in a year some of these raw houses stood empty again from defaulting tenants, with windows broken and woodwork warping and rotting. The Ravensbrook became a dump for old iron, rusty cans, abandoned boots and the like and was a river only when unusual rains filled it for a day or so with an inky flood of surface water. . . .

That indeed was my most striking perception in the growth of Bromstead. The Ravensbrook had been important to my imaginative life; that way had always been my first choice in all my walks with my mother, and its rapid swamping by the new urban growth made it indicative of all the other things that had happened just before my time or were still, at a less dramatic pace, happening. I realized that building was the enemy. I began to understand why in every direction out of Bromstead one walked past scaffold-poles into litter, why fragments of broken brick and cinder mingled in every path, and the significance of the university notice-boards, either white and new or a year old and torn and battered, promising sites, proffering houses to be sold or let, abusing and intimidating passers-by for fancied trespassers, and protecting rights of way.

It is difficult to disentangle now what I understood at this time and what I have since come to understand, but it seems to me that even in those childish days I was acutely aware of an invading and growing disorder. The serene rhythms of the old-established agriculture, I see now, were being replaced by cultivation under notice and snatch crops; hedges ceased to be repaired and were replaced by cheap iron railings or chunks of corrugated iron, more and more hoardings sprang up and contributed more and more to the nomad tribes of filthy paper scraps that flew before the wind and overspread the country. The outskirts of Bromstead were a maze of exploitation roads that led nowhere, that ended in tarred fences studded with nails (I don't remember in those days; I think the *Zeitgeist* did not produce that until later) and in trespass boards that used vehement language. Broken glass, tin cans and ashes and paper abounded. Cheap glass, cheap tin, abundant fuel and a free untaxed

press had rushed upon a world quite unprepared to dispose of these blessings when the fulness of enjoyment was past.

I suppose one might have persuaded oneself that all this was but the replacement of an ancient tranquillity, or at least an ancient balance, by a new order. Only to my eyes, quickened by my father's intimations, it was manifestly no order at all. It was a multitude of uncoördinated fresh starts, each more sweeping and destructive than the last, and none of them ever really worked out to a ripe and satisfactory completion. Each left a legacy of products, houses, humanity, or what not, in its wake. It was a sort of progress that had bolted; it was change out of hand and going at an unprecedented pace nowhere in particular.

No, the Victorian epoch was not the dawn of a new era, it was a hasty, trial experiment, a gigantic experiment of the most slovenly and wasteful kind. I suppose it was necessary; I suppose all things are necessary. I suppose that before men will discipline themselves to learn and plan they must first see in a hundred convincing forms the folly and muddle that come from headlong, aimless and haphazard methods. The nineteenth century was an age of demonstrations, some of them very impressive demonstrations, of the powers that have come to mankind, but of permanent achievement, what will our descendants cherish? It is hard to estimate what grains of precious metal may not be found in a mud torrent of human production on so large a scale, but will anyone, a hundred years from now, consent to live in the houses the Victorians built, travel by their roads or railways, value the furnishings they made to live among, or esteem, except for curious or historical reasons, their prevalent art and the clipped and limited literature that satisfied their souls?

That age which bore me was indeed a world full of restricted and undisciplined people overtaken by power, by possessions and great new freedoms, and unable to make any civilized use of them whatever, stricken now by this idea and now by that, tempted first by one possession and then another to ill-considered attempts; it was my father's exploitation of his villa gardens on the wholesale level. The whole of Bromstead as I remember it, and as I saw it last—it is a year ago now—is a dull useless boiling up of human activities, an immense clustering of futilities. It is as unfinished as ever; the builders' roads still run out and end in mid-field in their old fashion; the various enterprises jumble in the same hopeless contradiction, if anything intensified. Pretentious villas jostle slums, and public house and tin tabernacle glower at one another across the cat-haunted lot that intervenes. Roper's meadows are now quite frankly a slum, back doors and sculleries gape towards

the railway, their yards are hung with tattered washing unashamed; and there seems to be more boards by the railway every time I pass, advertising pills and pickles, tonics and condiments and suchlike solitudes of a people with no natural health nor appetite left in them. . . .

Well, we have to do better. Failure is not failure nor waste wasted if it sweeps away illusion and lights the road to a plan.

VI

Chaotic indiscipline, ill adjusted efforts, spasmodic aims, these give the quality of all my Bromstead memories. The crowning one of them all rises to desolating tragedy. I remember now the wan spring sunshine of that Sunday morning, the stiff feeling of best clothes and aggressive cleanliness and formality, when I and my mother returned from church to find my father dead. He had never had a ladder long enough to reach the sill of the third floor windows—at house-painting times he had borrowed one from the plumber who mixed his paint—and he had in his own happy-go-lucky way contrived a combination of the garden fruit ladder with a battered kitchen table that served all sorts of odd purposes in an outhouse. He had stayed up this arrangement by means of the garden roller and the roller had at the critical moment—rolled. He was lying close by the garden door with his head queerly bent back against a broken and twisted rain-water pipe, an expression of pacific contentment on his face, a bamboo curtain-rod with a table knife tied to the end of it, still gripped in his hand. We had been rapping for some time at the front door unable to make him hear and then we came round by the door in the side trellis into the garden and so discovered him.

“Arthur!” I remember my mother crying with the strangest break in her voice, “What are you doing there? Arthur! And—*Sunday!*”

I was coming behind her, musing remotely, when the quality of her voice roused me. She stood as if she could not go near him. He had always puzzled her so, he and his ways, and this seemed only another enigma. Then the truth dawned on her, she shrieked as if afraid of him, ran a dozen steps back towards the trellis door and stopped and clasped her ineffectual gloved hands, leaving me staring blankly, too astonished for feeling, at the carelessly flung limbs.

The same idea came to me also. I ran to her. “Mother!” I cried, pale to the depths of my spirit, “*Is he dead?*”

I had been thinking two minutes before of the cold fruit pie that

glorified our Sunday dinner-table, and how I might perhaps get into the tree at the end of the garden to read in the afternoon. Now an immense fact had come down like a curtain and blotted out all my childish world. My father was lying dead before my eyes. . . . I perceived that my mother was helpless and that things must be done.

"Mother!" I said, "we must get Doctor Beaseley,—and carry him indoors."

CHAPTER THE THIRD

SCHOLASTIC

I

My formal education began in a small preparatory school in Bromstead. I went there as a day boy and I believe the charge for my instruction was largely set off by the periodic visits of my father with a large bag of battered fossils to lecture to us upon geology. I was one of those fortunate youngsters who take readily to school work, I had a good memory, versatile interests and a considerable appetite for commendation, and when I was barely twelve I got a scholarship at the City Merchants School and was entrusted with a scholar's railway season ticket to Victoria. After my father's death a large and very animated and solidly built uncle in tweeds from Staffordshire, Uncle Minter, my mother's sister's husband, with a remarkable accent and remarkable vowel sounds, who had plunged into the Bromstead home once or twice for the night but who was otherwise unknown to me, came on the scene, sold off the three gaunt houses with the utmost gusto, invested the proceeds and my father's life insurance money, and got us into a small villa at Penge within sight of that immense facade of glass and iron, the Crystal Palace. Then he retired in a mood of good natured contempt to his native habitat again. We stayed at Penge until my mother's death.

School became a large part of the world to me, absorbing my time and interest, and I never acquired that detailed and intimate knowledge of Penge and the hilly villadom round about, that I have of the town and outskirts of Bromstead.

It was a district of very much the same character but it was more completely urbanized and nearer in towards the centre of things; there were the same unfinished roads, the same occasional disconcerted hedges and trees, the same butcher's horse grazing under a builder's notice-

board, the same incidental lapses into slum. The Crystal Palace grounds cut off a large part of my walking radius to the west with impassable fences and forbiddingly expensive turnstiles, but it added to the ordinary spectacle of meteorology a great variety of gratuitous fireworks which banged and flared away of a night after supper and drew me abroad to see them better. Such walks as I took, to Croydon, Wimbledon, West Wickham and Greenwich, impressed upon me the interminable extent of London's residential suburbs; mile after mile one went, between houses, villas, rows of cottages, streets of shops, under railway-arches, over railway bridges. I have forgotten the detailed local characteristics—if there were any—of much of that region altogether. I was only there two years altogether and half my perambulations occurred at dusk or after dark. But with Penge I associate my first realizations of the wonder and beauty of twilight and night, the effect of dark walls reflecting lamplight, and the mystery of blue haze-veiled hillsides of houses, the glare of shops by night, the glowing steam and streaming sparks of railway trains and railway signals lit up in the darkness. My first rambles in the evening occurred at Penge,—I was becoming a big and independent-spirited boy—and I began my experience of smoking with the threepenny packets of American cigarettes then just appearing in the world—during these twilight prowls.

My life centred upon the City Merchants School. Usually I caught the eight eighteen for Victoria, I had a midday meal and tea; four nights a week I stayed for preparation and often I was not back home again until within an hour of my bedtime. I spent my half holidays at school in order to play cricket and football. This, and a pretty voracious appetite for miscellaneous reading which was fostered by the Penge Middleton Library, did not leave me much leisure for local topography. On Sundays also I sang in the choir of St. Martin's Church, and my mother did not like me to walk out alone on the Sabbath afternoon, she herself slumbered, so that I wrote or read at home. I must confess I was at home as little as I could contrive.

H. G. Wells.

(To be continued.)

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

The civilized world, sooner or later, must accept, and must establish woman suffrage for one unanswerably logical reason: the "will of the people," is surely destined to be the future sovereign of the world, and women are people.

The evolution of society, leading unmistakably to governments "of the people, by the people and for the people," has made a steady march forward since the days of the English Magna Charta, and in the eight centuries which lie between that date and this, it has known no pause.

The American Declaration of Independence caught the tendency toward the Rights of the individual Man, which had been elusively evolving through the centuries, crystalized it into immortal words, and thus was inaugurated the modern movement in behalf of self-government. The world had long been making ready for the change. De Tocqueville, in writing of the American Republic, declared that "for seven centuries aristocracies and class privileges had been steadily dissolving," and John Stuart Mill, the great apostle of Democracy, added in comment, "The noble has been gradually going down the social ladder and the commoner has been gradually going up. Every century has brought them nearer to each other." During the centuries in which the enslaving customs of Feudalism were slowly receding into the past, while education was surely substituting enlightened understanding for unquestioning subservience, an independent intelligence was steadily growing up in the minds of men, which sooner or later would ask why some men were born to rule and others to obey. That question chanced to be formulated in clear cut fashion by the American Colonists. Had the pronunciamento not come to America, it would have come elsewhere.

The rumbling sounds and premonitions of the coming change had long been heard beneath the surface of things the whole world round, and the eruption came at the point of least resistance, which happened to be on this side of the Atlantic. From America the idea spread with ever accelerating speed, and within a century it has claimed all civilization as its own. Those Americans who initiated the modern movement, would scarcely have ventured to predict that within a century, "Taxation without representation is tyranny" would have been written into the fundamental law of all the monarchies of Europe, except Russia and Turkey, and that even there self-government for men would obtain in the municipalities. Their wildest imaginings would not have prophesied that before another century should close, Mongolian Japan, then

tightly barring her gates against the commerce of the world, and jealously guarding every ancient custom, would have welcomed Western civilization, and established a nearly universal suffrage for her men. They would not have dreamed that every inch of the great continent of South America, then chiefly an unexplored region over which savages and wild animals roamed at will, would be covered by written constitutions guaranteeing self-government to men, based upon Declarations of Independence similar to their own; that Mexico, Central America and many Islands of the Sea would develop into Republics, and least of all that the unknown wildernesses of Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand would be possessed in the name of Democracy by brave men who would out-Americanize America in the just and unhesitating application of American principles, and in consequence establish equal suffrage for men and women.

Yet all these amazing changes have come about within three generations. The 20th century bids fair to record no less rapid strides onward. Evolution never stands still. Switzerland, France and Norway are the only European countries where universal suffrage for men exists, and in all others, insistent movements demanding further extensions of suffrage to men, are pushing boldly onward. Young Turkey, young Egypt, young Persia, new China, and a reborn India are in the initial stages which in time will lead to constitutional governments. The most intolerant skeptic of democracy will hardly fail to perceive that universal suffrage of men, and the substitution of the "will of the people," for edicts of hereditary kings, or lords, or privileged classes, is unquestionably the goal toward which political evolution, with irresistible force is hastening on.

Pressing forward in the wake of the man suffrage movement, swept onward by its momentum, yet maintaining its own individuality, comes the woman suffrage movement. In twenty-three nations a well organized, consecrated woman suffrage association is energetically educating the public mind. The movement is a part of the world's evolution of democracy. Its reason for existence, is the same as that of each preceding struggle for man suffrage. Its appeal presents no new arguments; it merely repeats the old. Woman are people; and as such consideration is invited to the same claims which have won the vote for other classes of people.

When the ownership of property was deemed a necessary qualification for the vote, as it still is in most lands, "Taxation without representation is tyranny" was the only plea offered for the extension of the suffrage to new classes of men. The colonial battle cry did not mean the

ballot; it meant the collective right of the American settlements to representation. Very soon, however, when the new constitutions were being formulated, it was interpreted to apply to individual men. Upon that basis, and for that reason, the vote was extended to men in the United States, and by that claim they held it until a broader principle eliminated the tax qualification. That argument still holds good; and women are taxed. In the one State of New York, women hold property in total valuation considerably higher than that held by all the Colonists at the time of the Revolution. It is manifestly a tyrannical discrimination to take from citizens that which is theirs for the purpose of creating a common fund to be expended for the common good, when some citizens are permitted to vote upon that expenditure and others are not. Opponents triumphantly exclaim in justification of this difference, that minors and foreigners are taxed. True, but boys vote at twenty-one years, and foreigners may do so after a five years' residence, while the distinction in the case of women is perpetual.

Evidently the Colonists were not equal at the beginning to the enforcement of the second and bolder principle of the Declaration of Independence: "Governments derive their *just* powers from the consent of the governed." Later, under the teachings of Thomas Jefferson, it was interpreted as a workable proposition. Its advocates said in its defense that every man had a stake in the government, and therefore he must have a corresponding ballot's share in the law making and law enforcing power of the nation, in order to defend his stake; that every man must be equally interested with every other to develop the common welfare to the highest degree possible, and therefore he must have his opinion counted.

These arguments won, and for this reason all white men not yet enfranchised received the vote.

A century ago, government by the "will of the people," in this country meant the rule of rich white males over poor white and black males. Later it meant the rule of white males over black and colored males. Now, it means the rule of white, Negro, and Indian males, born or naturalized in the United States, over all women. But women are people; they are taxed, they are governed, and they have an interest in the common good to be defended. Every reason ever urged for the enfranchisement of men speaks as logically for the enfranchisement of women. Manifestly, if the powers of government are only *just* when founded upon the "consent of the governed," and this plea gave the vote to men, the powers of the United States government are not just, since they have been derived from the consent of half the governed. Therefore, women are

asking the old question with the modern application: How does it happen that men are born to govern, and we to obey? Are men divinely ordained to be perpetual hereditary sovereigns, and women to be hereditary subjects? If this is the order, where is the proof? When, where and to whom, did God or Nature reveal the fact? The only answer ever made to this question is: The revelation is found in the instincts of men and women who shrink in natural righteous horror from a change so fundamental. Alas, since the world began, the ignorant, frightened, "natural instincts" of the masses have held back every step of evolution, and have inaugurated many a bloody "reign of terror." "Natural instincts" have been overturned so often by the progress of civilization, that little respect for such authority remains. In fact the source of opposition to woman suffrage lies in the universal distaste for new things and not in instinct at all. It is merely the time-honored fear, which "makes us rather bear these ills we have, than fly to those we know not of."

The fears of the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia tell them as certainly that men have no claim to the suffrage, as those of the American legislator tell him that women have no political rights. The fears of China forbid a woman to walk on natural feet and the fears of the Turk put his womankind in the harem. The fears of Mrs. Humphrey Ward tell her it is consistent with the natural and divine order of things that women should vote in municipal elections, but contrary to God and Nature for them to vote for members of Parliament. An Anti-suffragist not long since made a public plea that the Board of Education in the City of New York should be elective, and that women as well as men should elect its members; yet her fears told her that the highest order of society would be overturned should the same women vote for Mayor. The American would not hesitate to pronounce the fears of China and Turkey which deny personal liberty to woman as expressions of brutal barbarism. The Australian who has yielded to the inevitable, enfranchised women, and recovered from the shock, would declare with as firm conviction that the American who grants the sovereignty of a vote to the immigrants from all quarters of the globe, to Negroes and Indians, and yet denies it to women, is a mere democratic masquerader. Such divergences do not arise from intuition, but from differences in enlightenment.

Under the influence of steady agitation the issue grows simpler every year. Woman suffrage is already an established fact on one fifteenth of the earth's territory; and from Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Norway, Finland, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man,

Denmark, Iceland, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho comes the same overwhelming testimony. With opportunity to do so, women vote as generally as do men. They vote as independently and as intelligently. They do not neglect their husbands, or children, or homes for politics. They do not become unsexed and poor imitations of men. There is no increase of divorces, no falling off in the number of marriages, or the number of births. No harm in any way has come to women, to men, to children, or to the State, while on the contrary, much positive good has been accomplished.

These objections, answered completely by the results of woman suffrage in operation in many lands, were once the chief defenses of those "natural instincts" upon which the opposition is alleged to rest, but are now practically eliminated from the discussion. The controversy has in consequence been reduced to three main points:

1. Women do not want to vote, why thrust the suffrage upon them? The incontrovertible fact is that no class of unenfranchised men in any land ever wanted the ballot in such large proportion to the total number as do women of the United States; nor is there a single instance of a man suffrage movement, so persistent, uncompromising and self-sacrificing as the woman suffrage movement. Sooner or later, just men will answer this excuse for postponing legislative action in the matter by the counter question, why demand of women a test never made of men? Since it is proved that women will vote when they may, is that not sufficient? The suffrage is permissive, not mandatory; those who want to vote, will do so, while those who do not want to vote, will refrain from so doing. It must be remembered, too, that the same type of women who now protest against the extension of the suffrage, have opposed with equal vigor every step of progress in the woman movement. They pronounced the effort to secure to married women the control of their own property, an insult to men. They united their anathemas to those of the press and pulpit in bitter condemnation of the early women college graduates, women physicians and platform speakers. They have never sought any extension in privileges with one exception. Twice New York Anti-suffragists have memorialized the Governor of the State to request that women should be appointed to positions upon all public boards possible, as a suitable method of utilizing the wasting talents of women on the one hand, and to assuage the "growing unrest among women" on the other. As these women have availed themselves of all privileges as soon as established, and are now asking for public office, which is commonly regarded as an adjunct of political power, it is safe to assume, that they will exercise the suffrage when once it is obtained.

2. The benefits arising from woman suffrage in practice are meager, why not let well enough alone? It is true suffrage has not brought the Millenium. Women vote; they do so, not like oracles of infallible wisdom, but like human beings moved by very human motives. The vote in their hands has not made ignorant men intelligent, bad men good, nor eliminated political evils which had developed under man suffrage, as opponents seem to think it should do to justify their enfranchisement. The actual good accomplished by women voters amply warrants the experiment, in the estimate of suffragists, but for the moment, we may grant the claim to the opposition.

Imagine the Shah of Persia making official application to Mr. Taft for proof of the advantages to be gained by the enfranchisement of men. What sort of report would our Government present? Naturally, it would politely avoid any statement to the effect that man suffrage had enabled this country to get on comfortably without Shahs or Autocrats, hereditary or otherwise, however delicately it might be stated. What else remains to be said? Such report, if honest, would freely confess that of many men enfranchised surprisingly large numbers do not exercise the privilege of the vote. It must admit that political machines not infrequently override the "will of the people"; that many men sell their votes, and other men buy them; that the suspicion of bribery rests over the suppression of much legislation and the enactment of other law; that men sometimes buy their way into office, with the expectation that the "steals" will refund to them the price paid; that venality has been known to besmirch the ermine of the judiciary; that graft and corruption all represent something real in American politics. Such report, too, should admit the fact, that many pronounce man suffrage a failure, and government "by the people" a doubtful experiment. On the other hand, the report must show that despite all these flaws in the system, a great nation, respected by all the races of the earth, has been builded and its destinies in the main wisely directed by "the people"; that every period of corruption is followed by protest and a purifying process; that the great indifferent non-voting reserve, largely records its opinion in time of great feeling to the wholesome consternation of the machine; that despite the critical attitude of many toward universal suffrage for men, there is no American who would exchange it for the rule of a Shah, however intelligent, or benevolent he might be. The crowning argument of the report would certainly be an array of evidence to demonstrate the unmeasured educational value the vote has been to the voter. Undoubtedly, it would amplify the declaration of David Starr Jordan: "It is not the mission of democracy to make governments good, but to

make men strong. . . . The purpose of self-government is to intensify individual responsibility, to promote attempts at wisdom through which true wisdom may come at last." When such report would be completed, woman suffragists could write a similar one. They could not claim to have built a nation based upon women's votes, but they could safely invite comparison between those States, in this and other lands, which are based upon the votes of men and women, and those based upon the votes of men alone, and could rest content in the result. While they could truthfully demonstrate that every practical advantage accruing from man suffrage has been exemplified with equal force in woman suffrage, they could easily prove that women have had no part in the origin or maintenance of the political ills which alone compel the conservatives of other lands to question the wisdom of universal suffrage. They could bring convincing testimony to show that the ballot has been as great an educator for women as men and the fitting climax of both reports would be the statement that the man or woman who votes is a broader and better man or woman, a nobler citizen and a more intelligent father or mother than he or she who does not. If the Shah proved to be an impartial judge, he would certainly admit that men and women had presented an equal claim to the ballot.

3. Women cannot fight, and therefore must not vote; the ballot is based on the bullet and in the end government is force. This objection is much effected by clergymen and editors whose occupation exempts them from military service, and by writers and scholars whose physical incompetence would excuse them from the draft. It is curious that this objection should be urged against woman suffrage in peaceful America, since willingness and ability to bear arms have never been made a voting qualification for men. In no land is military service a qualification for the vote, while in some lands soldiers and officers are disfranchised while on duty. Finland has but one disfranchised class and that is its army!

The two fundamental laws of nature, self-preservation, and preservation of the species, are as applicable to nations as to individuals or races. To defend the nation against threatening foes is "self-preservation," but such service would be of small avail if the parallel of the perpetuity of the nation was not rendered. Every woman who bears or rears a child; every woman who takes the man's place on the farm, in the factory or shop, is as much a war power, as the man who actually pulls the trigger. There must be production of food and clothes and equipment to maintain the army, and soldiers must be reared to take the place of the fallen, and that service is as imperative to the safety and perpetuity of the nation as is that of the actual fighters.

No contest is permanently settled by the armitrament of arms, unless "the heavy battalions" happen to be on the side of right. Opponents are fond of putting the question: Suppose all women should vote on one side and all men on the other, and the women should cast the larger vote; would not men compel the women to surrender their views to their greater physical force, and thus defeat the election? If so absurdly impossible a case should rise, this might be the result. So, too, any majority might be forced to yield to the more skillful fighting strength of the minority, even though all were men. Does this prove that the physically weak majority should be disfranchised? A majority group of university men voters might be made to surrender their convictions to a minority group of prize fighters. Does this prove that prize fighters have a clearer right to the vote? The real question involved in this hypothetical case, is not one of physical difference, but one of right. Did all women vote for the right side of a question, and the men for the wrong side, the women would triumph in the end, no matter whether the extraneous influence of physical force was introduced into the contest, or not. Those who argue upon the supposition that physical force is the real arbiter in a democracy, have lost sight of the finest development of civilization, and that is, that reason invariably forms the final jury before which all causes are tried. They forget, too, that in a Republic every righteous influence is bent toward fostering respect for the "will of the majority," as the real sovereign. A defeated minority does not declare war; it bides its time, educates and agitates, and if it is really right it wins ultimately in a battle of ballots.

The woman suffrage movement meets one powerful obstacle, sex-prejudice. It is difficult to interpret the principle, "God created man free and equal," to mean men and women, but let not Americans forget that women are people, and that in a government which is alleged to derive its *just* powers from the consent of the governed (people), the ballot may not consistently be withheld from them.

Carrie Chapman Catt.

ABDUL HAMID AND THE NEW DESPOTISM

In the flood of publications on Abdul Hamid and after, none betrays a deeper insight into the true being of Turkey than Ular's *Waning Crescent: Turkish Revelations*, which appeared in Germany less than a year ago. His dogma of the "unextinguishable enmity of Albania against the actual rulers of the Ottoman Empire" literally has come true; the prophecy that the Albanians will fight with terrible rage against the Young Turk government, has been fulfilled. Army after army is being mobilised for the suppression of the Albanian revolt. Even the remnants of the wretched fleet are being put in readiness to bombard the Albanian coast on the Adriatic. "Much of the fighting is being done hand to hand with knives and bayonets, and the resulting butchery is the most barbaric Turkey has known in many years. Both the rebels and the Turks are putting to death many of their prisoners." The war is conducted along absolutely barbaric lines, scores of villages have been burned, hundreds of farms have been devastated. The Young Turks recognize that their existence is threatened, and, according to Chefketh Pasha, the entire military force of the Empire will be thrown into Albania, if necessary, to put down the rebellion.

What led to such a state of affairs? An Albanian lecturer in Massachusetts relates startling examples of the present lawlessness of the country and of the Young Turks' incapacity to secure property and life. "Under the old rule," he says, "without condoning its abuses, although the absolute monarch was a tyrant, there was at least law and order in some guise, and justice of some form. Under the constitutional government the country has a new tyrant not inferior to the old, and a government unable to restrain pillage;" hence the revolt and the yearning for independence.

The treasurer of the American missions and president of the international relief committee in Constantinople cables: "Twelve thousand people in the Marash and Zeitun region in extreme need, will die, unless helped till harvest, two months hence."

Why did we find both the Greek and Armenian patriarchs absent from the banquet at the celebration of the first anniversary of the constitution? And the party organ *Jeune Turc* itself asserts: "If no radical measures are taken to find a remedy for the insufficiency of our Government our disease will become chronic, and the same problems as those previous to the Constitution will probably be raised. It will then be very difficult to solve them, because formerly the life of Europe pleaded

in our favor against the severity of European diplomacy, alleging that the people of Turkey had no voice in the management of public affairs." Add to this the statement of a most eminent Greek authority from Constantinople: "The order of things was reversed—the bloodthirsty Sultan was deposed, his advisers were condemned and exiled all over the Empire—a new order of things in the name of fraternity and union was established, and all of this had one, and only one result, viz: the same measures as under the old régime and worse, the same corruption in the courts of justice, the same oppression of the Christian element in favor of Mussulman fanaticism—the same system of spies, and generally the same blunderings of Turkish rule, with, in addition, the paraphernalia of impudence, chauvinism, and ignorance pushed to the worst extremes, so that the old and new régimes only offer an historical distinction without any actual difference."

These few brief items taken at random throw a lurid light upon many blasted hopes cherished on that gladsome twenty-fourth of July less than two years ago, when Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Albanians, Slavs, and Jews embraced each other, and wept tears of happiness at the dawn of liberty. Such unfortunate items might be increased a thousand fold throughout the confines of that vast Empire stretching over three Continents. Closer observation would reveal the fact that the decay is not confined to one section or the other but that it is universal, though diversified, and the phosphorescence of decay is variegated in a hundred greenish colors according to climate, topography, and race. In the light of those undisputed facts it may dawn even upon the most unsophisticated minds that the decay of the Ottoman Empire cannot be traced unreservedly, as our Young Turk friends would make us believe, to the malign agency of Abdul Hamid.

Looking closely at the inner situation of the Empire to-day with its loosening seams everywhere, and realising its utter isolation and friendlessness in foreign relations, regardless of some lukewarm and meaningless sympathies conjured up by the magic of a nominal Constitution, Turkey is now at the lowest ebb of its political power. In the instinctive consciousness of these facts, and in spite of the insane horrors and follies to which Abdul Hamid's personal but exceedingly ingenious régime gradually degenerated, millions of the Mohammedan Turks look longingly back to their Padishah who for thirty-three years steered them through cliffs and shallows where any other steersman would have wrecked the ship.

The ex-Sultan is still living in the villa Allatini, near Saloniki, and will probably live until the last instalment of his great personal

fortune hidden away in foreign lands will have flowed back to the coffers of the Young Turk government in Constantinople. Until this is done Abdul Hamid's life is a valuable asset. G. F. Abbot, author of *Turkey in Transition*, London, 1909, an excellent authority, reports that in spite of torrents of abuse and execration by the hysteria of hate, all the threads of criminal trial against the Sultan came to naught, and the accusations leveled against him, were incapable of proof, but when all "the gold was squeezed out of him, what would be the use of keeping an embarrassing ex-Sultan alive." "If he has yielded, I should not be surprised," says Mr. Abbott, an author very friendly to the Young Turks, "to hear one of these days that he has met with a fatal accident, or that he has succumbed to some sudden illness, or perished while trying to escape."

Abdul Hamid was a man of genius, repellent and fascinating, full of contradictions. The psychology which motivated the springs of his actions, will not be laid bare until a new Tacitus arises to unravel the mysteries of this exceptional historical character. And indeed, the rôle which he was destined to play in his vast Empire, and the influence which he exerted, mostly for evil, but also for good, in the world politics of European Christendom and World-Islam is worthy of the pen of a Tacitus. Until now he has been known only as a Tiberius without the latter's personal vices, being sober and abstemious; as the great assassin, a title which since Gladstone's utterance has become a winged word throughout the world; a disorganiser or destroyer under whom the larger heritage was almost torn asunder; a coward who in the hour of trial trembled like an aspen leaf in the fear of the death which he had inflicted mercilessly and irrevocably upon thousands of his subjects. Yet nobody took the trouble to investigate the factors that produced the changes in the soul of the originally affable, kindly, popular *effendi* during the thirty-three years of his terrible reign; or to note that almost from Emperor William II's accession, the two monarchs were close friends; and that, dignified and grave with foreign representatives, he captivated all those that came in contact with him, through his mysterious magnetism. The present writer will never forget the statement made in his presence with sincere bluntness by the soldier, diplomat and great author, Lew Wallace, to Ferrouh Bey, then envoy of the Sultan to Washington, that he had accepted the post of American Minister to Constantinople with all the popular bitter prejudices against Abdul Hamid, and that he had become his staunchest friend and admirer with a deep personal affection for him. Thus Abdul Hamid changed enemies into friends, and then his deep lying suspiciousness deprived him of absolute confidence in any man. Trust-

ing no one entirely he preferred favorites of the basest sort in his entourage whom he could buy body and soul, upon whom he could shower honors and riches, insuring his own safety as long as no one else could outbid him. He knew the venality and baseness of those courtiers but he knew also that his life was their most precious asset.

It is this ruler who destroyed the Ottoman navy which had been the second in Europe under Abdul Aziz, and which under him became the laughing stock of the world; and again he who brought the army to a state of efficiency extraordinary in so disjointed an Empire. It is this man who, from an undefinable psychopathy of distrust pitted race against race, nay, in his own palace, regiment against regiment, nursing their Arab, Albanian, Turkish, Circassian race hatreds, for his personal security, and, on the other hand, united the Islamic world into a Panislamic unit, his secret emissaries wandering over the earth from Morocco to the Moros in the Philippines, from Mohammetan China and India to Nigeria. When the Egyptian nationalists rebel against Roosevelt's plea for submission to the blessings of British rule in Egypt, they are executing merely the ideals of the Abdul Hamid whom they hated and loathed.

Coward as he was, possessed of a mania of fear, and subordinating all the interests of the Empire to his personal safety, Abdul Hamid displayed the courage of the hero, undaunted and social, while during an official solemnity, in the Dolma Bagthe Palace, a sudden earthquake shook the vast structure to its very foundations. When the large assembly of officials and foreign representatives trembled with terror, the Sultan never winced, by his calm restoring order and confidence. This man of paradoxes and contradictions, avaricious and extravagant, mean and magnificent, courageous and cowardly, cruel and tender, proud and domineering, and at times pliant and supple, neuropathic and self-controlled, is indeed a typical example of Goethe's "problematic natures."

The creative forces from within and without before, during, and after his ascension to the throne can alone make his being and character intelligible, as it was, and as it developed.

During the last years of the reign of Abdul Aziz, the situation of Turkey had become desperate, owing to the constant and conflicting interference by the great powers, and the intentional fanaticism of the Christian races which had, heretofore, lived rather peacefully with the ruling Mohammetan class. In August, 1875, the State bankruptcy had been declared through Ignatieff's machinations to deal the English and French capitalists a deadly blow, while at the same time stirring up the

Balkan provinces to a Pan-Slavic revolt. The so-called "hereditary" hatred between Turk and Christian is characterized by the British Colonel Baker, the foremost scholar on the Turkey of his time, in the words that under Abdul Aziz religious liberty and toleration in Turkey was greater than in any other European State, only excepting England. It is true Aziz resisted Midhat's aspirations (strongly backed by England) for a constitution which, according to the Moslem idea of the time, would have taken away liberty from the Sultan, without giving any to the people. Besides, England strongly resisted Aziz's pet idea to change the order of succession in favor of his son Yussuf-Izzeddin (the present heir presumptive), as he considered the legitimate heir Murad (V), an irresolute weakling, unfit for the throne, and unfit to pursue his grandly planned policy. But Murad was just the right tool for Midhat's constitutional plan, making a weak Sultan with a powerful Grand Vezir, while the actual Grand Vezir, Mahmud Nedim, a traitor in Russian pay, and therefore nicknamed "Mahmudoff," associated himself with Midhat and betrayed Sultan Abdul Aziz, who was assassinated June 4, 1876. Murad V, a half crazy romanticist, barbarous at heart, but with a French veneer, succeeded to the throne. The Moslems of Albania, Anatolia, and Arabia at the time were convinced that Midhat wanted a weak Sultan so to take his place later on himself, which, of course, would have necessitated the extermination of the entire house of Osman. Under the stress of the conflicting pressure on the part of the conspirators and the terrible foreign complications Murad's weak mind gave way completely, and the activity of the deep Abdul Hamid, his younger brother and lawful heir, and his preparations to succeed him spurred Murad to fury. August third he sent invitations, in the form of orders, to his male relatives to appear at a banquet at the Imperial castle of Beylerbey on the evening of August fourth. Not one was to leave the palace alive. But Abdul Hamid, the heir presumptive, had already then established a perfect service of information. He knew what awaited him and the other princes at the banquet. Towards noon on that fateful day Hamid's trusted messengers carried to all the palaces of the members of the house of Osman well-sealed notes, containing without signature only the following line: "He who goes to the banquet in Beylerbey will not return living." Murad waited in vain for his guests, saw himself betrayed, and his insanity broke out incurably that very night. Murad's deposition became a necessity, and Abdul Hamid succeeded under circumstances which would have taxed nerves of steel. Surrounded by conspirators, the murderers of his uncle, and ready to murder Murad at his mere nod, he still spared

the latter, who constituted a terrible danger to him until his death a few years ago.¹

Only he who knows the agonies of the soul life of Abdul Hamid during those terrible months can hope to fathom the depths of his fears, the contempt for the mankind with which he came in contact, and it is no wonder if his mind, too, became unbalanced in his constant danger of death, not knowing whence the thunderbolt might strike. No wonder that mistrust and suspicion became the bane of his life, the cause of death for the thousands that incurred, rightly or wrongly, his suspicion, the curse that turned a nation into spies. No wonder that he changed his bed and room constantly, making his bed himself, or snatching a few hours of oppressed sleep resting on some hidden away couch. This most terrible event due to his overwrought nerves was vouched for to the present writer by an absolutely trustworthy officer of the Imperial household: About ten years ago a little twelve year old daughter of the Sultan was admitted, as usual to his office, and childlike went up to the table upon which some models of new revolvers lay for the inspection of the Sultan, who was a great expert in arms, and made it a point to be acquainted by his envoys with every new firearm. While the child was handling the weapon the Sultan accidentally turned about and saw it directed towards himself. With an involuntary movement of fear he shot his own child dead. He expiated, however, the terrible deed with excruciating sorrow and maddening pangs of conscience.

Such was Abdul Hamid, the *man*. When the inner history of his making shall be fully known he will appear as one of the most pathetic and tragical characters in history rather than as the Tiberius, Caligula, or Nero, in which characters he has been painted. The exultation which his final failure aroused, is quite legitimate among those who have suffered innocently at his hands, among them thousands of patriots, and millions of lovers of true liberty, Mohammedans and Christians alike. But the thousands of sycophants, reptiles that have come forth from their holes, who have tried and failed to enlist the Sultan in their private schemes, who have failed to participate in his gold wrested from the sweat and blood of his subjects, and to obtain high positions among the host of official leeches, have no right to complain of Abdul Hamid. The masses still adore him, the true Anabolian Moslems do not recognise, and never will recognize, another Sultan, as long as he lives, and the spirited Albanians are up in arms against the new régime.

Proximus.

¹Those stirring events are graphically described in Ular's above mentioned work, pp. 63-78.

THE IRON PINE-APPLE

(Concluded from May Issue.)

I walked on the cliffs and in the lonely lanes and babbled my problem to the sea-gulls and the wayside flowers. By night I submitted it to the stars of heaven; in sleep I uttered it aloud, as my wife testified too surely on an occasion of my waking.

We slept with a night-lamp, and on suddenly returning to consciousness I perceived Mabel sitting up and regarding my prostrate form in dismay. The extremity of concern marked her features. I recollect how the shadow of her head (decorated with curling pins or some other metal contrivances which hung from it glittering in the mild beam of the night-light) was enormous upon the ceiling, in an outline that suggested the map of the continent of Africa.

"Holy Angels!" she began, "what's the matter with you now? You've been babbling like something out of a child's fairy book—like that there 'Alice in Wonderland' Mrs. Hussey lent you, and you thought was funny, and I couldn't for the life of me laugh over. You keep on 'The pine-apple and the painter—the painter and the pine-apple and quantities of sand!' And if I'm going mad you'd better tell me so; and if I'm not, then, sure as quarter-day, you are. It can't go on—no woman could stand it."

I strove to lead her mind into other channels. I explained that I wanted my sign-board repainted and that I proposed to buy a few West Indian pines from time to time, to add to the attractions of our fruit department. We then discussed the advent of my only sister—an elderly spinster ruined by the recent collapse of certain benevolent societies. Between a home under my roof and the union work-house there was literally no choice for her, and ill as I could afford to support her, my sense of duty left me no alternative but to do so.

It fell out, however, that the forthcoming day was to witness greater matters than the arrival of Susan Noy at Bude. Of late the terrific problem of how to bring the loved pine-apple and the hated painter together had made me more than usually inattentive to business. I wandered much, and chiefly by the sea it was that I passed my time. At low tide I walked upon the sands or sat and brooded among the gaunt rocks, where purple mussels grew in clusters like grapes; at high tide I tramped the cliffs and reclining upon them watched the ships pass by on the horizon of the ocean, or gazed where Lundy, like a blue

cloud, arose from the waves. Here I was in the company of elemental things and from them alone at this season did my tortured spirit win any sort of hope. The breaking billows and the broad pathway of light that fell upon them at sunset; the dark faces of the rocks, that watched from under beetling brows for the coming storm; the passage of wine-coloured cloud shadows on the sea; the anthem of the great west wind, that made the precipice his cymbal and the crag his harp, these things alone brought a measure of peace to my soul. But calm it wholly they could not; solve the grotesque problem, that haunted me like a presence, they could not. I lived only to know how the iron pine-apple and the cliff painter should be brought together into one idea—indivisible, corporate, compact.

It was fitting that the problem of a lunatic should be solved by a madman. For mad I most certainly was upon this day—one of God's chosen, to work His will through the dark machinery of a temporary mental alienation, a man deliberately robbed of his reason through certain terrific moments that the Everlasting Will might be manifested upon earth to the vindication of His all-watchfulness and justice.

The hour was after noon; the day one in late August; and I walked out upon the cliffs at a moment when general exodus from shore began; for the luncheon time approached and a long line of children, mothers and nursemaids began to drift away inland from the pleasures of the beach. At one o'clock cliffs and shore were alike deserted for a season and a pedestrian might also cross the links with safety. The golfers had ceased from troubling.

Now, upon the high cliff north of the bathing places, I wandered, weighted literally as well as mentally by my eternal problem. For in my breast pocket, bulging and dragging me forward at a more acute angle than usual, was the iron pine-apple. Why I know not, but often now I carried it with me and, when hidden from gaze of man, would display it before me as though study of the actual object was likely to help my deliberations.

To-day, at the cliff edge, I dragged it out and laid it down where the short turf was already becoming seared under August suns. A dwarf betony with purple bloom grew at my elbow, and cushions of pink thrift, their blossoms now reduced to mere, empty, silver tufts, clung close at hand on the cliff faces. One crow's feather, fallen on the grass, moved two yards away as the wind touched it and the sun flashed upon its shining black plume; upon the downs a red sheep or two browsed on the sweet, close herbage. Inland rose the low hills with their stunted trees and grey church towers ascending above them. I

was as lonely as man might be. The world had been deserted that our holiday folk might eat, and I realised to the full at this moment how entirely had Bude become a pleasure resort, how absolutely it depended for prosperity upon those who, when their hours of respite came, hastened to North Cornwall for change of air and a place to play in. Not until the eye passed far south to the breakwater and lock and little canal running therefrom, not until it marked the ketches lying there, did one perceive any human enterprises other than those devoted to amusement and relaxation.

The iron pine-apple stood upon the turf at my hand. The lump of iron was polished to brightness by constant handling and it flashed back the sunshine from the planes of the cone.

For a long time I stared at it and revolved my fatuous problem. Then, suddenly, from far below on the beach, there arose the sound of a human voice singing a song. It was a mellow, juicy voice; it was a mellow, juicy song. The first I recognised quickly enough; the second I had never heard before. To this day I cannot say whence came the words or the tune but they served well enough to express the singer's present contentment. To sing such a pæan of joy with such infinite relish and abandonment proved beyond possibility of doubt that the lonely creature below me was happy, hopeful and contented with his life and its possibilities. "He must", said I, "have sold one of his strange pictures at a good profit to himself; or he must have chanced on a kindred spirit and met a heart that beats with his, an eye that sees with him. Life for him has surely brought some fresh beauty or joy, interest or fair promise, else he could not thus warble from his very soul with such birdlike content." Needless to add that it was my big, brown-bearded artist who sang while he painted below.

I crept on my breast to the stark edge of the cliff and looked down at him. He sat immediately beneath me and I had leisure to note the curious perspective of his figure thus seen from high above his head. He wore a great grey wide-awake, and beneath it, strangely fore-shortened, bulged his big body squatted on a camp stool. His legs did not appear: they were tucked under him; but his arms were visible. One hand held a palette and brushes; the other, the brush with which he was engaged. He accentuated the metre and harmony of his music by touches of paint in the drawing before him.

Then it seemed that the necessary inspiration struck me like a blow. Here were painter and pine-apple in juxtaposition. They had approached each other more nearly than had ever happened until that minute; only some two hundred feet of vertical space separated them.

And I felt that these two entities—the one precious in my esteem and the other evil—must now conjoin and complete their predestined state in contact each with other.

It was at this moment that my own volition left me and a Thing-not-myself took the helm of my life and steered me forward. With a power of resolution very different from that possessed by my own; with a decision and grip and masculine vigour remote from my vacillation and fickleness, my brain determined and my hand leapt to obey the order. The crisis swept me like a storm. I felt as a watcher chained and gagged, yet free to mark the action of another close at hand. I took the iron pine-apple, held it perpendicularly above the head of the happy songster below, steadied my arm that no tremor should deflect the missile and dropped it.

The metal fell two hundred feet or more and struck the exact centre of the grey hat beneath me. I heard the sound of impact—a dull thud muffled by the felt of the hat. But the consequences were terrific. Lightning had not destroyed the happy songster more instantly or more absolutely; his arms shot forth; his song was strangled in his head; his big body gave a convulsive jerk in every limb and he fell face forward upon his easel and brought it to the ground beneath him. From the moment that he crashed face down into the sand and shingle he remained motionless. In his hands were still the palette and single brush; his legs were drawn up stiffly in the attitude of a man swimming; as I watched, the blood began to well out of his head and run away into the ground. The iron pine-apple had fallen forward and was now a foot in front of him in the middle of the fallen picture.

I descended to see what I had done. I felt a consciousness of immense relief and satisfaction. I was free; I was sane; the cloud had lifted from my spirit; I knew by an overwhelming conviction that henceforth and forever I should find myself as other men. I hastened down the cliff, stood on the deserted shore and approached the fallen painter. It was not until my foot trampled the blood stained sand at his ear that I began to apprehend the force of the thing that I had committed. The pathos exhibited by the figure of this stricken wretch impressed itself upon me. He was stout and elderly—older than I had guessed. Yet he had been singing of the joys of love; he had chanted the charms of a lady called “Julia” when my iron pine-apple descended, as the bolt of Jove from the sky, and struck him into senseless clay. His beard stuck out at a ridiculous angle from beneath his prone face and my sense of decency led me to touch him, move him and bestow his corpse in a manner more orderly. I determined to turn him over, straighten

out his legs and not leave him thus—humped up on his belly like a frog that a wheel had crushed in the night.

But my purpose was frustrated and that happened that cast me into an untold abyss of horror and sent me flying as one demented from my murdered man. I touched his beard *and the whole mass of it came off in my hand!* This incident, while less terrible indeed than the things that had happened, yet sufficed to upset my jubilant brain. Its quality of weird unexpectedness may have caused my revulsion. I cannot say; but whereas I faced the dead without a tremor and prepared reverently to bestow his palpitating dust, so that no feeling of the indecent or grotesque should grate upon the minds of his discoverers, now this outrageous and bizarre surrender of his beard at a touch struck upon me like the departing shadow of the madness I had dropped away for ever with the dropping of the stolen iron. I shivered and I screamed aloud. My voice echoed along the cliff-face and climbed it, rang over the rocks and floated sea-ward, where the broad foam-belts broke upon the shore. But none heard me save a hawk hovering aloft; none saw my frenzied acts as I flung the great mass of hair from me and ran away.

Once in that retreat I turned and saw the hair, like some living amorphous monster—a creature of the deep sea and darkness rather than of the earth and light—creeping over the level sands after me. And then indeed I shrieked amain and sped for the cliffs and climbed a gully with such haste that my knees and knuckles were dripping blood before I reached the downs. Once there I looked below in time to see the mass of hair caught up by the wind and blown afar into the sea.

That night I regained my peace, returned home and slept as I had not slept for many years,

On the following day a West country journal contained the following item of news:—

“An occurrence fraught with the profoundest horror is reported from the holiday resort of Bude and a spot associated with innocent pleasure, the happiness of children and the rest and recuperation of jaded men of business, has suddenly become the sinister focus of an extraordinary and inexplicable crime. For the past six months, a gentleman, named Walter Grant has been residing in Victoria Road, at No. 9. The unfortunate artist, for such was his calling, devoted his attention to cliff scenery and spent most of his time on Bude sands or in the immediate neighbourhood. And here he has mysteriously perished.”

The crime was then recorded and the theory advanced that an iron pine-apple found beside the dead man was responsible for his destruc-

tion. The fact that he had gone to paint with a beard and been discovered a clean-shaven corpse was also noted. It was added that the man had displayed a kindly and courteous nature and become popular among the few who had made his acquaintance. Inquiry established the fact that he was quite unknown in art circles and that he had proposed to leave Bude on the Saturday that followed his death.

The incident of the recent robbery of the iron pine-apple and this, its sensational reappearance, also served to make easy and exciting "copy" for the papers; but a discovery which cast these trifles into the shade was destined next morning to fill not only our local journals. Then the English-speaking world discovered to its amazement that Bolsover Barbellion, the run-away rascal responsible for such wide-spread misery among the poor and needy, had been traced and discovered on the eve of his flight from England, and on the day after his flight from life. Not only the beard but also the hair of the slain artist were discovered to be false and investigations among his private papers established his identity beyond doubt. A woman also came forward to testify it—a distinguished person named Julia Dalby. She and he were to have left England in a steamer from Plymouth on the Saturday after his departure from Bude, and she alone in the whole world knew his secret hiding-place. Their passages were already secured in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Grant and they were about to sail for South America.

Not one shadow of suspicion ever fell upon me, but while my health was enormously improved and my mind continued clear, my conscience was ill at ease, and the fact that my wife simply refused to credit the truth did not serve to lessen my unrest. A week after the actual event I visited our minister and designed to place the facts before him and invite his criticism and direction, but on the occasion of our meeting he was so much concerned about a private anxiety that I delayed my confession. He had determined that the corner stone of our chapel must be extracted, for he held that no good would attend ministrations from a place of worship whose foundation had been laid by one of the greatest rascals recorded in modern history. The architect, however, demurred to this proposal and submitted that to erase the inscription on the foundation stone would surely meet the case. In grappling with this problem I forgot my own purpose of confession and never more returned to it.

And to-day, sane and balanced of mind, I walk in the world of men and fear not the gaze of any fellow creature. My life has taken a turn for the better; prosperity promises; the future never looked so fair. Above all, my mental balance is once more normal and I enjoy a repu-

tation for sound judgment and trustworthiness that brings my lesser neighbours to me in many of their difficulties.

And now I state the case against myself impartially and in print. I place myself without reserve at the mercy of man and incidently unravel a mystery that has puzzled the most astute intellects of our criminal service.

My theory: that for a fearful period I was a tool in Higher Hands, cannot at least be disproved, and I do not believe that any jury of my fellow-countrymen will condemn me to suffer for the part I played in the destruction of a most notorious enemy of society. Indeed, any earthly punishment would be an anticlimax and a jest at this hour. Nothing that wit of man might devise could put me again to the tortures of the days that are gone; no darkness of eternal seclusion—not the bitter waters of death itself—could torment me as I have been tormented, could do more than reflect phantasmally the mordant horror and long drawn agonies of the past.

Eden Phillpotts.

LE RÊVE

Below me roared the spinning world apace—

I had been dead but for a moment then—

Beside me stood the Angel feared of men,

Poised in the ether with unearthly grace.

Stars fumed and bubbled, hissing through blank space;

The vast machinery cast again, again

A phosphorescent glow upon us, when

I saw a smile light up the Angel's face.

"Whither?" I asked. He said: "Thou judg'st; not we.

Look in this mirror and thine answer speak—

Yon Heavenly star, or this black void past sight."

He held the glass. Joyful, I sprang to see

What glorious thing I was.—Then, with a shriek,

Leaped weeping into sempiternal night.

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

THE TIDE OF TURBANS

AGAIN on the far outposts of the western world rises the spectre of the Yellow Peril and confronts the affrighted pale-faces. This time the chimera is not the saturnine, almond-eyed mask, the shaven head, the snaky pig-tail of the multitudinous Chinese, nor the close-cropped bullet-heads of the suave and smiling Japanese, but a face of finer features, rising, turbaned out of the Pacific and bringing a new and anxious question to the dwellers on the so-called peaceful ocean. Nor is the apparition of a race different from that of the land it threatens, but of the same ancient Aryan stock. It is not, indeed, a question of the yellow and the white, but of the Oriental and the Occidental. It is nothing more nor less than a threatening inundation of Hindoos over the Pacific Coast.

The Pacific Slope, being the sea-frontier toward Asia, is the Western bulwark of America, and as such has borne and is still to bear the brunt of the invasion by the swarms of swarthy people from the ancient lands of the Orient.

The American, far removed on the globe, finds it difficult to accept the Hindoo as a brother of the blood. Between him and this dark, mystic race lies a pit almost as profound as that which he has dug between himself and the negro. The racial equality of the East Indian he acknowledges, but a closer affinity he unconsciously denies. The two civilizations will not mix. Hence the citizens of the Pacific States look askance upon the strange, new immigrants the steamers bring to them from over the Pacific, hence they speak, much perturbed, about the "yellow peril."

The agitation against the Chinese has long ago ceased in the Pacific States. The sons of the Celestial Kingdom have become, indeed, a valuable asset to the people of California. They have kept within the circle of their lowly labors and made themselves eminently useful as house-servants, vegetable-gardeners, laundry-men, cooks and laborers. They have helped to develop the State and to settle, in part, the eternally vexing question of domestic help. They walk no longer on the streets of San Francisco in deadly peril of the brickbat flung by the malignant gamin. John Chinaman is as useful in the Far West as he is in the coolie class in India. It is the Japanese, those brown, busy little men from Nippon who are now engaging the attention of the people of the Pacific States. In them they behold eager and intelligent rivals in business, ambitious prospectors for trade. Whether they "corner" the potato crop of the State, inflating the prices, whether they compete formidably with the white tailor, boot-maker, grocer, fruit-grower or farmer, they must

always be reckoned with as a factor strongly affecting the prosperity of the white inhabitants. They are gradually ceasing to be the servants of the Americans and are becoming dangerous rivals. It is to prevent the indomitable Japanese from becoming masters of the situation that sentiment and legislation are now directed against them. The Chinese were formerly a menace to native labor, as the Japanese are now a menace to native industry.

The Hindoo Invasion is yet in its infancy; only the head of the long procession has entered the Golden Gate. The question is one that abounds in interest to the statesman, the citizen, the student of economics and of history.

It is assumed that the unrest bred in the Far East by the Russo-Japanese War, a feeling that spread itself over the eastern confines of India, is the cause of the strange migration of a people who had seldom left the confines of their own land. Overcoming the fetters of caste and creed and their weird superstitions concerning the sea, thousands of Hindoos, their fancy on fire with the tales they had heard of the rich and wonderful land across the Pacific, left India and came to California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Ready for any sort of work, they seized eagerly upon all that was offered them—and sent back golden tales of prosperity to their native villages—how a man might earn as much here in one day as in a month at home, how no famine blighted this fair land, how there was work for all. Some became toilers in mines and iron foundries, others pickers of fruit or workers in the canneries or lumber mills, but most of them found employment as section hands on railways.

For miles their turbaned figures may be seen wielding crow-bar or shovel along the tracks. Hundreds of them are encountered in the mighty lumber-mills buried in the thick fir forests along the Columbia River. They live in camps and colonies, and their usual expenses amount to little more than three dollars a month—a sum that would scarcely support a white man for three days.

The Hindoos who have come to the Far West to work are usually bachelors or widowers. There are no women among them. The reason for this may be sought in the peculiar reluctance of the Hindoos to expose their women to the shameless gaze of the western unbeliever. There are many Brahmins among them, humble workers in arduous positions. The restrictions and regulations of caste naturally cannot be observed among the groups of men, for that would entail intolerable confusion. The camps usually have their own cooks and a strict vegetarian diet is maintained, as in their own land.

"We eat no meat," said a stately Brahmin to a lady who visited the camp, "that is, no beef—the cow is sacred."

"But you drink milk?" she objected, "and your cow gives you the milk!"

He lifted his brows in astonishment as he replied: "Yes, we drink our mother's milk also, but we do not eat her!"

It was the same son of India who, wishing to become a citizen of the United States, refused to remove his turban while taking the oath and so remained a British subject. Always the turban remains, the badge and symbol of their native land, their native customs and religion. Whether repairing tracks on the long stretches of the Canadian or Northern Pacific railways, feeding logs into the screaming rotary saws of the lumber-mills, picking fruit in the luxuriant orchards or sunny hill-sides of California, the twisted turban shows white or brilliant, a strange, exotic thing in the western landscape.

No legal bar, under the present treaty, can be set up against the coming of the Hindoos. Being subjects of Great Britain, they possess an undisputed right of entry to the United States. In the Dominion, Victoria and Vancouver are the common destinations and centres for the Indians. Much dissatisfaction, as is known, has of late resulted in these two cities because of the influx of the Hindoos.

In New York an institution called "The India House" has recently been founded by a philanthropic gentleman named Myron T. Phelps. Its purpose is to encourage the immigration of the educated East Indian to the United States, to provide a home for students and young merchants who come to New York for the purposes of trade, and in general to advance the welfare of the Hindoo in the States. This project has, however, been looked upon with strong disfavor by the Indian conservatives at home, as being a centre for fostering the revolutionary spirit that threatens England in her great eastern empire.

Whatsoever aspect the Indian invasion may yet assume, it is, beyond doubt, an important one both to the United States and to England, affecting the possessions of the latter country especially, either for good or for evil in India and in Canada. In the meantime, students and statesmen will watch with growing interest the tide of turbans streaming Westward out of the congested land of India.

Herman Scheffauer.

CELT AND SAXON

CHAPTER XI

INTRODUCING A NEW CHARACTER

LETTERS and telegrams and morning journals lay on the breakfast-table, awaiting the members of the household with combustible matter. Bad news from Ireland came upon ominous news from India. Philip had ten words of mandate from his commanding officer, and they signified action, uncertain where. He was the soldier at once, buckled tight and buttoned up over his private sentiments. Vienna shot a line to Mrs. Adister O'Donnell. She communicated it: "The Princess Nikolas has a son!" Captain Con tossed his newspaper to the floor, crying: "To-day the city'll be a chimney on fire, with the blacks in everybody's faces; but I must go down. It's hen and chicks with the director of a City Company. I must go."

"Did you say, madam?" Patrick inquired.

"A son," said Mrs. Adister.

"And the military halloaing for reinforcements," exclaimed Con. "Pheu! Phil!"

"That's what it comes to," was Philip's answer.

"Precautionary measures, eh?"

"You can make them provocative."

"Will you beg for India?"

"I shall hear in an hour."

"Have we got men?"

"Always the question with us!"

"What a country!" sighed the captain. "I'd compose ye a song of old Drowsylid, except that it does no good to be singing it at the only time when you can show her the consequence of her sluggery. A country of compromise goes to pieces at the first cannon-shot of the advance, and while she's fighting on it's her poor business to be putting herself together again: So she makes a mess of the beginning, to a certainty. If it weren't that she had the arm of Neptune about her! The worst is she may some day start awake to discover that her protecting deity's been napping too.—A boy or girl did you say, my dear?"

His wife replied: "A son."

"Ah! more births." The captain appeared to be computing. "But this one's out of England: and it's a prince I suppose they'll call him:

and princes don't count in the population for more than finishing touches, like the crossings of t's and dottings of i's, though true they're the costliest, like some flowers and feathers, and they add to the lump on Barney's back. But who has any compassion for a burdened donkey? unless when you see him standing immortal meek! Well, and a child of some sort must have been expected? Because it's no miracle after marriage: worse luck for the crowded earth!"

"Things may not be expected which are profoundly distasteful," Mrs. Adister remarked.

"True," said her sympathetic husband. "'Tis like reading the list of the dead after a battle where you've not had the best of it—each name's a startling new blow. I'd offer to run to Earlsfont, but here's my company you would have me join for the directoring of it, you know, my dear, to ballast me, as you pretty clearly hinted; and all's in the city to-day like a loaf with bad yeast, thick as lead, and sour to boot. And a howl and growl coming off the wilds of Old Ireland! We're smitten to-day in our hearts and our pockets, and it's a question where we ought to feel it most, for the sake of our families."

"Do you not observe that your cousins are not eating?" said his wife, adding, to Patrick: "I entertain the opinion that a sound breakfast-appetite testifies to the proper vigor of men."

"Better than a doctor's pass: and to their habits likewise," Captain Con winked at his guests, begging them to steal ten minutes out of the fray for the inward fortification of them.

Eggs in the shell, and masses of eggs, bacon delicately thin and curling like Apollo's locks at his temples, and cutlets, caviar, anchovies in the state of oil, were pressed with the captain's fervid illustrations upon the brothers, both meditatively nibbling toast and indifferent to the similes he drew and applied to life from the little fish which had their sharpness corrected but not cancelled by the improved liquid they swam in. "Like an Irishman in clover," he said to his wife to pay her a compliment and coax an acknowledgment: "just the flavor of the salt of him."

Her mind was on her brother Edward, and she could not look sweet-oily, as her husband wooed her to do, with impulse to act the thing he was imagining.

"And there is to-morrow's dinner-party to the Mattocks: I cannot travel to Earlsfont," she said.

"Patrick is a disengaged young verderer, and knows the route, and has a welcome face there, and he might go, if you're for having it performed by word of mouth. But, trust me, my dear, bad news is best

communicated by telegraph, which gives us no stupid articles and particles to quarrel with. "Boy born Vienna doctor smiling nurse laughing." That tells it all, straight to the understanding, without any sickly circumlocutory stuff; and there's nothing more offensive to us when we're hurt at intelligence. For the same reason, Colonel Arthur couldn't go, since you'll want him to meet the Mattocks?"

Captain Con's underlip shone with roguish thinness.

"Arthur must be here," said Mrs. Adister. "I cannot bring myself to write it. I disapprove of telegrams."

She was asking to be assisted, so her husband said:

"Take Patrick for a secretary. Dictate. He has a bold free hand and 'll supply all the florituri and arabesques necessary to the occasion running."

She gazed at Patrick as if to intimate that he might be enlisted, and said: "It will be to Caroline. She will break it to her uncle."

"Right, madam, on the part of a lady I've never known to be wrong! And so, my dear, I must take leave of you, to hurry down to the tormented intestines of that poor racked city, where the winds of panic are violently engaged in occupying the vacuum created by knocking over what the disaster left standing; and it'll much resemble a colliery accident there, I suspect, and a rescue of dead bodies. Adieu, my dear." He pressed his lips on her thin fingers.

Patrick placed himself at Mrs. Adister's disposal as her secretary. She nodded a gracious acceptance of him.

"I recommended the telegraph because it's my wife's own style, and comes better from wires," said the captain, as they were putting on their overcoats in the hall. "You must know the family. 'Deeds not words' would serve for their motto. She hates writing, and doesn't much love talking. Pat'll lengthen her sentences for her. She's fond of *Adiante*, and she sympathizes with her brother Edward, made a grandfather through the instrumentality of that foreign hooknose; and Patrick must turn the two dagger sentiments to a sort of love-knot and there's the task he'll have to work out in his letter to Miss Caroline. It's fun about Colonel Arthur not going. He's to meet the burning Miss Mattock, who has gold on her crown and a lot on her treasury, Phil, my boy! but I'm bound in honor not to propose it. And a nice girl, a prize; a fresh healthy girl; and brains: the very girl! But she's jotted down for the Adisters, if Colonel Arthur can look lower than his nose and wag his tongue a bit. She's one to be a mother of stout ones that won't run up big doctors' bills or ask assistance in growing. Her name's plain Jane, and she's a girl to breed conquerors; and the same you may say of her

brother John, who's a mighty fit man, good at most things, though he counts his fortune in millions, which I've heard is lighter for a beggar to perform than in pounds, but he can count seven, and beat any of us easy by showing them millions! We might do something for them at home with a million or two, Phil. It all came from the wedding of a railway contractor, who sprang from the wedding of a spade and a clod—and probably called himself Mattock at his birth, no shame to him."

"You're for the city," said Philip, after they had walked down the street.

"Not I," said Con. "Let them play Vesuvius down there. I've got another in me: and I can't stop their eruption, and they wouldn't relish mine. I know a little of Dick Martin, who called on the people to resist, and housed the man Liffey after his firing the shot, and I'm off to Peter M'Christy, his brother-in-law. I'll see Distell too. I must know if it signifies the trigger, or I'm agitated about nothing. Dr. Forbery 'll be able to tell how far they mean going for a patriotic song. 'For we march in ranks to the laurelled banks, On the bright horizon shining, Though the fields between run red on the green, And many a wife goes pining.' Will you come, Phil?"

"I'm under orders."

"You won't engage yourself by coming."

"I'm in for the pull if I join hands."

"And why not?—inside the law, of course."

"While your Barney skirmishes outside!"

"And when the poor fellow's cranium's cracking to fling his cap in the air, and physician and politician are agreed it's good for him to do it, or he'll go mad and be a dangerous lunatic! Phil, it must be a blow now and then for these people over here, else there's no teaching their imaginations you're in earnest; for they've got heads that open only to hard raps, these English; and where injustice rules, and you'd spread a light of justice, a certain lot of us must give up the ghost—naturally on both sides. Law's law, and life's life, so long as you admit that the law is bad; and in that case, it's big misery and chronic disease to let it be, and at worst a jump and tumble into the next world, of a score or two of us if we have a wrestle with him. But shake the old villain; hang on him and shake him. Bother his wig, if he calls himself Law. That's how we dust the corruption out of him for a bite or two in return. Such is humanity, Phil; and you must allow for the roundabout way of moving to get into the straight road at last. And I see what you're for saying: a round-about eye won't find it! You're wrong where there are dozens of corners. Logic like yours, my boy, would have you go on picking at the Gordian

Knot till it became a jackasses' race between you and the rope which was to fall to pieces last.—There's my old girl at the stall, poor soul! See her!"

Philip had signalled a cabman to stop. He stood facing his cousin with a close-lipped smile that summarized his opinion and made it readable.

"I have no time for an introduction to her this morning," he said.

"You won't drop in on Distell to hear the latest brewing? And, by the by, Phil, tell us, could you give us a hint for packing five or six hundred rifles and a couple of pieces of cannon?"

Philip stared; he bent a lowering frown on his cousin, with a twitch at his mouth.

"Oh! easy!" Con answered the look; "it's for another place and harder to get at."

He was eyed suspiciously and he vowed the military weapons were for another destination entirely, the opposite Pole.

"No, you wouldn't be in for a crazy villainy like that!" said Philip.

"No, nor wink to it," said Con. "But it's a question about packing cannon and small arms; and you might be useful in dropping a hint or two. The matter's innocent. It's not even a substitution of one form of government for another: only a change of despots, I suspect. And here's Mr. John Mattock himself, who'll corroborate me, as far as we can let you into the secret before we've consulted together. And he's an Englishman and a member of Parliament, and a Liberal though a landlord, a thorough stout Briton and bulldog for the national integrity, not likely to play at arms and ammunition where his country's prosperity's concerned. How d'ye do, Mr. Mattock—and opportunely, since it's my cousin, Captain Philip O'Donnell, aide-de-camp to Sir Charles, fresh from Canada, of whom you've heard, I'd like to make you acquainted with previous to your meeting at my wife's table to-morrow evening."

Philip bowed to a man whose notion of the ceremony was to nod.

Con took him two steps aside and did all the talking. Mr. Mattock listened attentively the first half-minute, after which it could be perceived that the orator was besieging a post, or in other words a Saxon's mind made up on a point of common sense. His appearance was redolently marine; his pilot coat, flying necktie and wideish trousers, a general airiness of style on a solid frame, spoke of the element his blue eyes had dipped their fancy in, from hereditary inclination. The color of a sand-pit was given him by hair and whiskers of yellow-red on a ruddy face. No one could express a negative more emphatically without wording it, though he neither frowned nor gesticulated to that effect.

"Ah!" said Con, abruptly coming to an end after an eloquent appeal. "And I think I'm of your opinion: and the sea no longer dashes at the rock, but makes itself a mirror to the same. She'll keep her money and nurse her babe, and not be trying risky adventures to turn him into a reigning prince. Only this: you'll have to persuade her the thing is impossible. She'll not take it from any of us. She looks on you as Wisdom in the uniform of a great commander, and if you say a thing can be done it's done."

"The reverse too, I hope," said Mr. Mattock, nodding and passing on his way.

"That I am not so sure of," Con remarked to himself. "There's a change in a man through a change in his position! Six months or so back, Phil, that man came from Vienna, the devoted slave of the Princess Nikolas. He'd been there on his father's business about one of the Danube railways, and he was ready to fill the place of the prince at the head of his phantom body of horse and foot and elsewhere. We talked of his selling her estates for the purchase of arms and the enemy—as many as she had money for. We discussed it as a matter of business. She had bewitched him: and would again, I don't doubt, if she were here to repeat the dose. But in the interim his father dies, he inherits; and he enters Parliament, and now, mind you, the man who solemnly calculated her chances and speculates on the transmission of rifled arms of the best manufacture and latest invention by his yacht and with his loads of rails, under the noses of the authorities, like a master rebel, and a chivalrous gentleman to boot, pooh poohs the whole affair. You saw him. Grave as an owl, the dead contrary of his former self!"

"I thought I heard you approve him," said Philip.

"And I do. But the poor girl has ordered her estates to be sold to cast the die, and I'm taking the view of her disappointment, for she believes he can do anything; and if I know the witch, her sole comfort lying in the straw is the prospect of a bloody venture for a throne. The truth is, to my thinking, it's the only thing she has to help her to stomach her husband."

"But it's rank idiocy to suppose she can smuggle cannon!" cried Philip.

"But that man Mattock's not an idiot and he thought she could. And it's proof he was under a spell. She can work one."

"The country haen't a port."

"Round the Euxine and up the Danube, with the British flag at the stern. I could rather enjoy the adventure. And her prince is called for. He's promised a good reception when he drops down the river, they say.

A bit of a scrimmage on the landing-pier may be, and the first field or two, and then he sits himself, and he waits his turn. The people change their sovereigns as rapidly as a London purse. Two pieces of artillery and two or three hundred men and a trumpet alter the face of the land there. Sometimes a trumpet blown by impudence does it alone. They're enthusiastic for any new prince. He's their Weekly Journal or Monthly Magazine. Let them make acquaintance with Adiante Adister, I'd not swear she wouldn't lay fast hold of them."

Philip signalled to his driver, and Captain Con sang out his dinner-hour for a reminder to punctuality, thoughtful of the feelings of his wife.

George Meredith.

(To be continued.)

AVE TRIUMPHATRIX!

I

ATTAR OF SONG

Even as my mother Lilith, I have wound
About my heart the serpent of desire.
A purple galleon on a sea of fire
Has borne my footsteps to forbidden ground,
Where, glittering with corruption of all time,
Death in its shadow, dreams the Upas tree;
But with its dew, as sugar sucks the bee,
I have enriched the honeycomb of rhyme.

A riot of strange roses is my life—
Pale as Narcissus gazing in the brook,
And crimson red as the great Rose of Strife—
Transformed by love with lyric alchemy,
Like to the attar of some Arab's book,
Heart of my heart, into one song for thee.

II

THE BURIED CITY

My heart is like a city of the gay
Reared on the ruins of a perished one
Wherein my dead loves cower from the sun,
White-swathed like kings, the Pharaohs of a day.
Within the buried city stirs no sound
Save for the bat, forgetful of the rod,
Perched on the knee of some deserted god,
And for the groan of rivers underground.

Stray not, my Love, 'mid the sarcophagi—
Tempt not the silence . . . for the fates are deep,
Lest all the dreamers, deeming doomsday nigh,
Leap forth in terror from their haunted sleep;
And like the peal of an accursèd bell
Some voice call ghosts of dead things back from hell!

III

THE IDOL

When from thy heart the altar veil was drawn
I saw an idol on a golden throne.
Upon his forehead burned a ruby stone;
His visage was more lovely than the dawn.
He made the heavens a loincloth for his hips,
Within his hand he lightly held the globe,
But the design upon his mystic robe
Was as the beast of the Apocalypse.

God's sons, dear heart, no longer mate with man.
I too, once caught in Satan's black trapan,
Bowed to an idol from an alien star;
But through the clouds of incense sick with myrrh
Spied on her brow the sign of Lucifer:
The crimson ruby was a crimson scar!

IV

WANDERERS

Sweet is the highroad when the skylarks call,
When we and Love go rambling through the land.
But shall we still walk gaily, hand in hand,
At the road's turning and the twilight's fall?
Then darkness shall divide us like a wall,
And uncouth evil nightbirds flap their wings;
The solitude of all created things
Will creep upon us shuddering like a pall.

This is the knowledge I have wrung from pain:
We, yea, all lovers, are not one, but twain,
Each by strange wisps to strange abysses drawn;
But through the black immensity of night
Love's little lantern, like a glowworm's, bright,
May lead our steps to some stupendous dawn.

V

TRIUMPHATRIX

As some great monarch in triumphal train
Holds in his thrall an hundred captive kings,
Guard thou the loves of all my vanished springs
To wait as handmaids on thy sweet disdain.
Yea, thou shalt wear their tresses like bright rings,
For their defeat perpetuates thy reign.
With thy imperious girlhood vie in vain
The pallid hosts of all old poignant things.

Place on thy brow the mystic diadem
With women's faces cunningly embossed,
Whereon each memory glitters like a gem;
But mark that mine were regal loves, that lost
And loved like queens, nor haggled for the cost—
And having conquered, oh be kind to them!

George Sylvester Viereck.

EUGÈNE BRIEUX

When I said on the first night of *The Three Daughters of Mons. Dupont* that, granting the play were adequately presented—and I thought I might claim that much for it—it would now be decided for some years to come whether there were a reception for Brieux in America—several of the critics leaped forward to assure me that I need not worry, there was *not*, that *The Three Daughters* was provincial. But it seems to me the provincialism lies in those who, because the debate is carried on in francs, not dollars, and in thousands, not millions, miss the trend and universal application of Brieux's marvellous character-drawing, and fail to enjoy his eschewing of all the spurious complications and coincidences that go to make up the ordinary theatrical plot. Of course Brieux is a Frenchman, not only by birth, but by belief; and so, naturally his plays deal with French themes. But France is one of the foremost nations of the world and the French conditions of which this, its foremost dramatist, treats, tho they may in some instances be slightly more prevalent in France than elsewhere, are not strictly confined to his native land. And the method by which he treats of these conditions, thru extremely verisimilar character delineation, renders the apparently particular theme, universal. The play mentioned above, for example, deals with the evil effects arising from the mercenary arrangement of marriages by parents. That such arrangements are more common in the French republic than in the American is undoubtedly true. Yet it is equally true that such arrangements do exist in America.

Between families of great means over here, altho the actual negotiations may be more diplomatically managed, they are nevertheless quite generally attended to in a manner that is fundamentally the same. In the international marriages with nobility, moreover, of which so much discussion has been raised, the similarity between the cases American and French, except in the matter of degree, becomes practically an identity. And in his character portrayal, the universality of the dramatist becomes even more evident. It will scarcely be disputed, I think, that even in America there are some men financially tricky; there are others who care for the pleasures of marriage without desiring to burden themselves with its chief responsibilities, children; and that there are women whose yearning for the joys of motherhood may lead them, when they find themselves liable to sink in the sea of eternal celibacy, to grasp at the saving spars of marital offers from men whom they do not really love. It is of such real stuff as this that the dramatic conflicts of Brieux are made. And

surely such stuff also makes the dramatic conflicts of life, whether in America or in France.

It was about some seventeen years ago that I first saw a performance of one of Brioux's plays, *Blanchette*, and I was then so impressed by his splendid dramatic gift that I immediately cherished the idea of bringing him before the English-speaking world.

To my mind Eugène Brioux, Frenchman, psychologist, humanitarian, is as great a dramatist as the world has produced since Shakespeare. In dramatic technique, in an insight into character or a warm sympathy with suffering humanity, and in ability to delineate character in conformity to its inward as well as to its outward verities, he is scarcely surpassed by Molière himself, the greatest dramatist in France before him.

His knowledge of the theatre and its requirements is so masterly that he is able to contrive pieces theatrically effective without recourse to theatrical expedients. Never does one find him resorting to tricks of the stage, ready to his hand, to gain the interest of his audience. By the sheer interest of the struggle does he hold one, so that the result seems like life itself, when we are able to view it from within.

And the aid to the accomplishment of this artistic achievement lies in the perspicacity with which he sees the actors and actresses of the world's dramas, and the consequent pertinent view he obtains of the problems of life. It is because of this that he gains his unerring and helpful sympathy.

It has been said of Brioux that his plays are hopeless in outlook on life; and at other times, that they are extremely didactic. In reality neither charge is true. He has no general system of lessons for the regeneration of mankind, as perhaps has Bernard Shaw. Neither does he view life's troubles as a pessimist. On the contrary he seems to believe that grievous conditions arise from man's faulty practices. Each of his plays shows that the miseries in it are the consequences of some particular malpractice of men, and therefore that the remedy lies in a reform of that practice. To this extent only does he preach—tho he rarely does it thru his characters themselves. And surely, when a man believes that evils arise from men and are remediable by them, one cannot in justice call him a pessimist.

It is his very love of humanity, his very keen insight into the helplessness of men's sufferings, once they are subject to their own wrongly founded conventions, that leads him to take up problem after problem, and trace each to its solution in and by man. In *L'Evasion*, for example, he deals with the blighting effects of medical theory on the individual, and with the charlatanism that enters so largely into modern medicine.

Le Berceau, treating of the sacredness of the marriage tie, is an arraignment of divorce. *Les Remplacantes* (which imitated legislation in the French Chamber) shows the evil and devastating effect of the system of bringing wet-nurses from the provinces for the children of the Parisians. The futility of organised charity is dealt with in *Les Bienfaiteurs*, while *Résultat des Courses* shows the break-up and degradation of a working-man's family thru the husband's addiction to betting. *L'Eugrenage* depicts the frauds and evils of French political life, and *La Robe Rouge*, the working of the French judicial system—showing how an examining magistrate strives above all things to secure convictions so that he may stand well with the Ministry of Justice. In *Blanchette* one sees the conflict brought into a peasant family by the daughter's having received an education above her station in life. *Les Hanneçons* (known here as *The Incubus* or *The Affinity*) is, as Brieux himself wrote to me, "a study of free love and of the misery that is bound to ensue when a couple have nothing in common but their physical infatuation." And finally *La Foi*—Brieux's one excursion out of the modern life of his own country—discusses, under the thin disguise of Ancient Egypt, the whole question of faith, and the need of the human race for faith, whether true or false. There are several other plays of this author which one might proceed to cite, were it necessary. It seems however that these instances will suffice to show the stupendous range of his work. In volume it is an epitome, in dramatic form, of the whole life of modern France.

Brieux once said that his dramatic ambitions were inspired and guided by the introduction to Herbert Spencer's philosophy. It can well be believed. He writes because he feels a faith in humanity, a sympathy with it, a desire to help it. Once that is understood, Brieux is understood. Many people have pictured him as a morose, cynical, unsociable individual. I have never, as yet, had the good fortune to meet him. But I have been told by those who have, that his nature is quite the opposite. He is genial, affable, sociable. He goes about the world mixing with it, and enjoying it, as the lover of it and ultimate believer in it would not as Ibsen who, at any rate latterly, shut himself up alone, sewing on his own buttons that he might owe nothing to others' labors—tho it is true that his wife always had to sew them on over again.

It is probably this sympathetic mixing with the world to which is due Brieux's impeccable realization of character on the stage. The presentation of his thesis hardly ever seems to rob his characters of their truth, their elasticity. Bernard Shaw, a social dramatist for whose brilliant work I entertain a deep admiration, often fits his character to his theme. Often, too, he is witty or didactic at the expense of imme-

diate truth to nature, however effective he always remains. But Brieux's characters never have to adjust themselves to the play and its argument. They remain true to themselves.

And they are sketched with life-like detail on the surface as well as beneath it. A thousand little touches strike incisively home to our memory of the everyday people we meet, besides striking deeper to our knowledge of the everyday souls we know. Ibsen's characters once held the palm for being life-like. But beside those of Brieux they are as fish in an aquarium against fish in the open sea. There is a greyish-greenish kind of mist pervading the creations of the potent but morose Scandinavian: one sees or hears of something strange and one says—"That is 'Ibsen'"—"There is an Ibsen character." One would never say, "There is a Brieux character"—for Brieux's people are the men and women of real life.

Considering then the splendid technique, the keen insight into nature, the wonderful ability to represent this nature, the great sympathy with men and the optimistic endeavor to clear their path of the pitfalls which they have dug into it, all of which are the possessions of Eugène Brieux, shall we further mince matters and withhold from such a creator the supreme title of "genius"?

And if we grant him the title, shall we assume that New York, which has not received him with enthusiasm, rejects genius? No, I think not; for there have been offered to me explanations. Brieux is extremely free-spoken, free-spoken with the seriousness of high artistic and ethical endeavor. And the New York public, as a whole, seems as yet not quite prepared for that. In London, too, only two of his plays have managed to pass the censor, for dealing with immoral matter seriously is still confused with dealing with serious matter immorally. Plays of pure immorality have been enacted; and a large section of the public crowds to see *The Girl from Rector's* and *The Girl With the Whooping Cough*, which are outspoken, not in the right way of Tolstoi and Dr. Parkhurst, which is the way of Brieux, but in the opposite way, the wrong way, which is the right way from the box-office point of view. The patrons of this form of art do not relish the serious. And those who do relish the serious are not yet, as a whole, prepared for plain-speaking. But I have received intimations from many of the most eminent men and women of letters here that the serious-minded playgoers are becoming prepared for outspoken stage discussion. And I feel sure that when the time is ripe Brieux will be welcomed for what he is. One of the men of letters before-mentioned wrote me, "I believe that within five years, Brieux's plays will be given in New York before large and crowded auditoriums."

Within five years! It is some time. But it will pass. At least it gives hope, and is better than a dark future of repulse. Already I am told that the western people of the United States, beyond Chicago, are much more appreciative of such work than their eastern compatriots. Actors have told me of the cordial receptions accorded such plays, but poorly received in the east, once they had crossed "the frontier." If it takes five years for the spirit to permeate the east—well, five years must elapse. But perhaps it will not be so long.

Laurence Irving.

THE WRAITH OF VENUS CONTEMPLATING A MODERN ADONIS

The lazy languid day was framed with gold.

While passing o'er the earth, where lush reeds quiver
The shade of Venus, wanly aureoled,
Yearning, beheld disporting in a river,
'Mid splashing foam and silver spray, a boy
Exultant in his radiant youth and laughing for sheer joy.

Upon the fields the sun was hot, the flowers
Lay swooning in the ardent arms of June.
But here, enchanted by the scene, the hours
Reluctant seemed to pause, as if too soon
They knew would pass this lad, who, fresh and fair,
Drew from the fields the clover-sweet and honey-heavy air.

"Fair lad, thy russet limbs and crisp black curls
Are those of Hyacinthus; o'er a dream
Fringed lashes veil thine eyes; soft as a girl's
Thy bosom pale as flecks of curdled cream;
Like berries over-ripe and red thy lips,
Thy body sweet as honeycomb from feet to finger-tips.

"In yonder fields the honeysuckles yearn
For sweetness like the sweetness of thy breath,
While in the meadows purple poppies burn
And lilies of sheer rapture pale to death—
With hearts surcharged faint linnets strive to sing
That in thy gladsome body flows the freshest sap of Spring.

"As once the moon yearned to Endymion
The shadows pause, cool waters lave thy limbs,
The eager trees bend to caress, the sun
Grows fond, recalling what Arcadian hymns
Extolled, the mist-maids pause to muse on high
And put to anchor all the silver galleons of the sky.

"Fair youth, as yet the horrid scrawl of age
Mars not the poem of thy lips and eyes;
Thy mouth is fresh for kissing and the rage
Of passion in strong song or tremulous sighs.
Thou'rt lovely as a pink anemone
Plucked flower-like from the common tides of life's unlovely sea.

"Moulded of rose and ivory thy face
Peers through the window of each passing year—
A memory and a hope, the classic grace
That blessed the temples of an age grown blear—
The olden joy of life survives in thee,
The soul of all things beautiful and strong and wild and free!

"In time ago men worshipped at thy shrine
And there was dancing to the joy of flutes;
White doves were slain and by thine altars wine
Flowed to the frenzied ecstasy of lutes.
Thine ancient charm this barren age desires,
Immortal Youth, proclaimed of old with song and thunderous lyres!

"Live then, fresh Youth, and from each fruit of love,
With passion in thy veins unchecked and free,
Drain every drop and drink the joy thereof!
Yea, let no rapture pass, with wanton glee
Seize every niggard hour, each pang, each thrill,
For Youth, though brief, yields wondrous wine to those who dare and will!

"Ah, let each day of thine be framed with gold,
Plunge in the dizzy stream of mortal bliss!
Perfume each hour with flowers of loves untold!
Thy nights burn as one rapturous, swooning kiss,
Fire-shot, aflame!—Let Youth in fullness feel
The same delirious ecstasy that makes the planets reel!"

T. Everett Harry.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

There is an old saying that there is nothing certain except death and taxes, but nevertheless and notwithstanding, the signs of the times indicate that the Democrats will elect a majority of the House of Representatives this Fall. If the election were held at once we would have so large a majority that it would be unwieldy. It is more than six months to the election. A great many things may happen during that time, but it is hardly probable that enough will happen to pull the Republicans out of the pit which they have dug for themselves.

The trend of events is toward a Democratic House. In the Fifty-ninth Congress, elected in 1904, the Republicans had a majority of 114. In the Sixtieth Congress their majority was 57. In the present Congress, the Sixty-first, they had 47 majority in the beginning and have 45 majority now. Both the Fifty-ninth and the Sixty-first Congresses were elected in Presidential years, when the Republicans had the benefit of enormous campaign funds and when the whole of Theodore Roosevelt's influence and popularity were exerted in favor of a thoroughly united party. The true measure, therefore, of the trend towards a Democratic House is found in the reduction of the Republican majority of 114 in the Fifty-ninth Congress to 57 in the Sixtieth, and to 47 in the Sixty-first Congress. A like change at the ensuing election will give us a Democratic House by a small majority. That would probably be the result under ordinary circumstances with a united Republican party; but the party, instead of being united, is divided into factions which are fighting each other to the death. So we seem justified in expecting a Democratic House by a good working majority.

While President Taft was elected by a majority of more than a million of the popular vote, his majority was much less than Roosevelt's in 1904. Notwithstanding Taft's large majority, Democrats made notable gains in 1908. In addition to cutting down the Republican majority in the House from 57 to 47, Democrats elected Governors in Ohio, Indiana, North Dakota, Nebraska and Colorado to succeed Republican Governors; while the Republicans elected their first Governor in Missouri for four decades by reason of a Democratic row over the gubernatorial nomination, which also accounts for the fact that President Taft carried Missouri by 629 plurality in a poll of over 750,000. Locusts come every seventeen years, but Republican Governors of Missouri are

selected only every forty years. So, in the elections of 1908, Democrats made a net gain of four Governors. They also elected those splendid Democrats, Shively of Indiana, and Chamberlain of Oregon, to succeed Republicans in the Senate of the United States, which reduced the Republican Senatorial majority by four.

The first by-election, as the English call it, at which there was any test of public sentiment since the passage of the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot tariff bill was in the Sixth District of Missouri on the 1st day of February to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Judge De Armond. That election was held in mid-winter. There was a very large vote polled. The Democratic majority was just about double any that De Armond had received for ten years, and he was a very able and popular man. Our Republican friends tried to whistle that down the wind as an accidental performance. A few weeks ago another by-election was held—this time in the Fourteenth District of Massachusetts, where Eugene N. Foss converted a Republican majority of over 14,000 into a Democratic majority of nearly 6,000.

The results in these two Congressional Districts, two thousand miles apart, held under conditions and circumstances widely different and with populations as unlike perhaps as any two in the United States inhabited principally by white people, show that general causes are operating all over the country, among which are dissatisfaction with the Republican Administration, dissatisfaction with the Republican Congress, and, above all, dissatisfaction with the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot tariff bill, the worst bill ever put upon the statute books of the country. The result in that Massachusetts District caused the cold chills to chase each other up and down the spinal column of every Republican leader in the land, and causes them to fear that this Fall there will be a repetition of what happened in 1890, when the Democrats elected a House of Representatives with 146 majority; even New England giving a Democratic majority of her entire delegation.

In Ohio matters are in such a dreadful condition for the Republicans that President Taft, so the papers say, induced the Hon. Wade H. Ellis to resign from the Assistant Attorney-generalship in order to take charge of the Ohio Republicans and to try to find some Republican that they can elect Governor. But the newspapers report that things are in as bad a condition for the Republicans as they were before Mr. Ellis was appointed Generalissimo. I have heard that a certain Republican statesman, who was sent out into the Central West to make speeches and report what he heard, reported when he got back here that sixty per cent. of the Republicans in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas are insurgents. In Kansas the

Insurgent leaders claim that from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the Republicans in the state are Insurgents. Indeed, every mail brings letters to Washington from almost every state in the Union full of encouragement to the Democratic leaders.

At the great Democratic banquet held in Washington on Jefferson's birthday the Hon. Eugene N. Foss, newly elected to Congress from Massachusetts, declared that the chances are that one-half of the Representatives from the Old Bay State would be Democratic and that there was a possibility of defeating the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge for re-election to the United States Senate. In Indiana the Republican State Convention did not endorse the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot tariff bill and declared that it needs revision and that, if they are given power, they will revise it. Senator Beveridge is fighting for re-election on that platform, which is a flat contradiction of President Taft's oft repeated declaration that the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot tariff bill is the best ever placed upon the statute books. Indeed, the papers report that the President has refused to speak in Indianapolis or anywhere else in Indiana on his Western tour. Whether that is true or not I do not know, but it would seem to be rather a difficult feat for him to make a speech in Indiana on the tariff question without antagonizing Senator Beveridge's candidacy for the United States Senate, and Beveridge is the nominee of his party in State Convention assembled.

It may be asserted, without fear of successful contradiction, that the G. O. P. was never before in such a demoralized condition as it finds itself in now. On the 19th day of March, after four days of hard and bitter fighting, the Democrats and Insurgent Republicans, acting together, performed the great surgical operation of clipping Mr. Speaker Cannon's claws. The power of the House Republican machine is broken. In that great fight the Democrats stood together shoulder to shoulder and every man did his duty. There was no shuffling in the ranks and no dropping out of the ranks, and every Democrat is entitled to his full share of the honor. We came out of that fight thoroughly united and, by the blessing of God, we are going to stay united, thereby setting an example to the Democrats outside of the House. The truth is that Democrats everywhere are getting together, and Republicans present to the astonished gaze of man the appearance of a dissolving view. They are split up into factions and sub-factions which are fighting each other like the cats of Kilkenny. They have apparently lost the power of agreeing on anything.

Attorney-General Wickersham went out to Chicago not long since and delivered a speech at a banquet which made every Insurgent in Washington and out of it madder than ever. After delivering his speech the

Attorney-General declared that he could find no dissensions among Republicans, but he was seeing things through a glass rosily. He stated in the interview that Washington was a very poor viewpoint from which to survey the political field, a statement which the Washington papers resent. It may be said in perfect kindness that a banquet hall is not a very good viewpoint for looking the political landscape over. Everybody at a banquet is cheering everything that is said and usually there is on hand an abundance of the stuff which makes men cheer. So that even an orator so eminent as the Attorney-General is liable to be misled by banquet applause.

The truth about the whole situation is that the only hope the Republicans have is that when Colonel Roosevelt returns he will be able and willing to save them, but that hope is mingled with a great deal of fear, for they haven't yet been able to get a line on the thoughts of the great African hunter. And even if he undertakes to help them all he will be able to do is to cut down the Democratic majority in the House. He can't prevent us from having a majority.

So the whole situation may be summed up as follows: The Republicans are in the dumps and the Democrats are full of hope, and each party has good reason for its present state of mind.

Champ Clark.

Democratic Leader in the House of Representatives.

MAN, THE EARTH, THE SUN

A tiny atom on a whirling mote
Swinging around a little ball of fire
That flies with futile speed a fleeting course
Across a corner of the universe.

Seumas O'Sheel.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Without posing as a teacher of morals or even as a sociologist, it is hardly possible for one who sees more or less and thinks occasionally to avoid stray contemplations of social phenomena; and, in these days of men who tend toward feminine emotionalism and women who undertake to think like men, it is well to strike a balance once in a while between principles and impulse.

Casual philosophers have held it for a time-honored axiom that the great passion, Love, is and must always be supreme. Times were when they let it go at that; but now, seeing our days have fallen in an analytical age, the man who loves another man's wife and the woman who adores another woman's husband, not to mention the husband and wife who reciprocate, are apt to feel the necessity of an apology, or at least, some passing explanation. This usually boils down to a mere statement that one can't help loving whom one loves, which brings us to the problem of the emotions as opposed to thought, guided or unguided by moral principle. Once admitting the brain as a factor, there is no lack of reason to oppose such emotional vagaries.

There is, of course, the great mass of influences which we group vaguely as "moral"; and, right here, for the purposes of this discussion, it is well to establish an understanding of the term, morality.

Casting dogma aside and all codes of time and place, none will dispute the broad principle that it is immoral to seek anything at the expense of the rights of another, the term "rights" being construed broadly to include those that honorable usage confer as well as those strictly guaranteed by law. Under this definition one is free, morally, to be as foolish as one pleases, to injure oneself as deeply as one wishes to; but just so soon as an act touches the rights of another, it becomes immoral in the universal sense.

On such a basis it can hardly be denied that any attitude is distinctly injurious that tends to deprive husband, wife or children of the exclusive love and interest, together with the social status, which the agreements comprised in the contract of marriage guarantee. The married man or woman has given his or her word voluntarily, and however he or she may conceive later that the agreement works to his or her disadvantage, that, surely, does not release the honor of the promiser from the obligation of fulfillment. Where there is a case of mutual and free concurrence or where there has been a previous failure of the other party, the situation might, in the absence of children, be considerably

modified, but it is certainly unsafe for the would-be lover of somebody else to rely upon his own absolution in any case where the previous break in the marital relations has not been definitely, if not legally, established.

In the vast majority of instances, where the "misunderstood" husband and the "unappreciated" wife whine about their "mistake," as an apology for throwing themselves into the arms of new and presumably real affinities, they do unquestionably relax the obligation of promises honorably given, they bestow upon one what they owe to another, even though they undertake to limit their attitude to one of sentiment only, and they imperil the social interests and status of their children if such there be.

Naturally the man or woman who seeks or accepts this love that is due elsewhere is as surely guilty as the one who repudiates the debt of honor he or she has contracted. Oh, the pitiful justifications with which such social welchers strive to deceive their new loves—perhaps themselves! They have lived for years with this man or that woman; but, alas! the years have been disappointment, the union was not the real, the best. *Now* it is the true thing that has come into their lives. Who are they, poor mortals, to cast it aside? Therefore they break their word in deed or in essence, and the paramours in deed or in essence take, upon the worthless say-so of the word-breaker, that which belongs to others, and they are all to be pardoned, forsooth, because they "love." Heaven help us! If the silly weakness that is moved by such a tale of woe could but compass the truth,—that a man of character and breeding would never wash the smallest piece of his family linen in her presence, there might be fewer complications. And, be it said, it is highly probable that the poacher who justifies herself on the plea that she has limited her relations to those of sentiment merely, is the most guilty of all. Had she proceeded to the logical extreme with such a man, the chances are that he would tire of her much more quickly than of his former relations, whereas, by her professedly moral limitations, she holds herself in a position to sap the very foundations of the marriage and to destroy utterly whatever hope there is of reconciliation and renewed sympathy.

Much more respectable than the juggling of these people with real rights and real wrongs is the bold and bald claim: "I loved. One cannot govern love. I admit it is all wrong, but I cannot help it." This plea may fairly be said to be entered invariably, with or without the accompanying whine about the unsympathetic marriage. The whine is best dismissed, along with the plea of the merchant who claims exemp-

tion from a purchase contract because the goods have gone down in price or of the gambler who complains that the red has turned up when he bet on the black. For the man or woman who says: "I cannot help it," a new question arises.

Of course we should not be blamed for what we *really* cannot help, but the plea is not one to be passed over with light scrutiny. It is much too easily made—a sort of panacea for all the carelessness, lack of foresight and lack of self control in the world; but it is in the case of love that it is most often and perhaps most plausibly invoked.

To consider the point as to how far the great emotions may be said to control the intellect it is necessary to make some estimate of the individual. There are many in whom the impulse of the moment is always in the ascendant, and these people we describe generally as being of unsound mind. At the other extreme stand those who have no emotions, but they, probably, are so few that they may be practically ignored.

Most men and most women, then, have emotions more or less strong, and most men and most women have an element of intellectual self control that can be applied when it is really wanted. Naturally, persons in whom the former factor is pronounced and the latter weak—weak characters, as we term them—are much less potent under such conditions than those who have learned how to govern themselves, but even the intellectual and moral weaklings are not nearly so helpless as they would have us believe. If they can think enough to understand the nature and bearings of their inclinations, it is not such a very far cry to think enough to control them. The secret of the failure is generally that they do not really want to control them or, at least, not this side of a certain mark they have set: a mark that, as they draw near it, has always a tendency to recede, like the horizon or the foot of the rainbow.

It is to such temporizing that most of the abject collapses may be imputed, for it must be admitted that after one has allowed himself to slip down a certain distance it becomes harder and harder for the weak character to stay the descent, and there is a point where even the strongest may be overwhelmed by emotions that have been temporized with and coddled into a very torrent of madness.

Now without denying *in toto* the existence of those thunderbolts and occult sympathies that the sentimentalists call "love at first sight," and without commenting on the obvious advantages of an infusion of "second sight" in such cases, there is little doubt that they are exceedingly rare. It is pretty safe to say that the Great Passion is almost invariably a growth, and the elements that cultivate it find analogies hardly less material in the sunlight and the water, the trimming and the weeding,

and the rich or the sandy soil, as the case may be, that minister to the cultivation of material plants. Moreover the thought suggests itself in this connection as to just how far the element of plain contrariness does not enter as an incentive. It would be interesting to know how many lovers of other people's wives and perhaps more of other people's husbands, are influenced by the fact that the objects of their affection *are* other people's wives and husbands, how many of them would ever have dreamed of loving the professed affinity had he or she been single and free to love. But to return to the thunderbolts and occult sympathies, it is more than doubtful if either you or I have ever known of a veritable case of love at first sight. I doubt if there has ever been a love that could not have been pulled up by the roots at its first appearance above the soil and at a cost of little, if any, real suffering. Such a weeding out might involve the loss of a congenial friendship or the sacrifice of gratified vanity; but such considerations could hardly be held to establish the degree of spiritual anguish before which conscience and self control must stand impotent and mute. Later, all this may be, but that is no apology for the beginning. There is nothing for it at that point but for the offender to plead the imbecile-act in its entirety, or to come out bluntly and admit that in your heart you *want* to take the slide, that you expect to bring up at the bottom, and that you don't care whom you hurt.

Apart from the obligation not to gratify yourself at the cost of another's right—a cost to be paid in a measure, no matter how short a distance you go and how guardedly you tread in such affairs, there is evidenced a lack of natural refinement in seeking or receiving however soulfully an already entangled love. It involves a certain mingling of ideas that must always be repulsive, which it is needless to enlarge upon to the dainty and vain to argue with the vulgar at heart. Such elements do not lie within the realm of discussion. If you sense them, be duly thankful; if you do not, you cannot be made to, and the best you can hope for is to be wise enough to know your lack and docile enough to take another's opinion on the subject and let it go at that.

And the final word of it all is this: that the course always supremely practicable for the man of intelligence and honor and for the woman of decency and intelligence is to smash such sentimental fancies into unrecognizability at their first appearance. Perhaps they will be surprised to find how little it really hurts. Later in the game it may cost considerably more to avoid being a cad or a *déclassée*.

Duffield Osborne.

CONCERNING THE DECLINE OF THE PRINCIPLE OF REPRESENTATION IN POPULAR GOVERNMENT

In these days no considerable number of people yield assent to Lecky's theory, that every extension of the suffrage has involved a proportionate diminution in the efficiency of government "by the people." But we are all prepared to assent, that the enlargement of our electorate has decidedly changed and complicated the problems which confront us in the administration of our popular governments. If nothing else than the enormous increase in the number of voters had resulted from the adoption of manhood suffrage, sufficient would appear to make us re-examine some of our theories and practices. But we have not only this increase to consider. The changes in the character of the voters, the general absorption of men in personal matters to the exclusion of governmental questions, our enlarged ideas as to the functions and scope of the government—these and many other modified conditions demand attention.

This demand is the more insistent because there also appears a marked tendency to abandon the idea of representation which has hitherto been a decided characteristic of our popular governments, and to seek a direct administration of governmental matters by the people. We see this tendency appearing in many ways. Perhaps the most notable indication of it is found in the altered conception of our constitutions. Formerly, a constitution was regarded as merely a general outline or framework of government; details were regarded as forming no proper part of it; they were to be cared for by the duly chosen representatives of the people. Recent constitutions, however, are not framed upon any such plan; they contain the most detailed provisions on the minutiae of administration. The constitution of Oklahoma is a fair example. And even in the states where the older constitutions of the former type were long ago adopted, the process is going on by virtue of amendments prescribing how and when each particular act of government must be done. The people's representatives are thus reduced to mere puppets.

Nor is this elimination of the representative idea from our constitutions confined to express amendment; it has been accomplished by the establishment of hard and fast traditions so surrounding and modifying the original representative provisions that they have in reality ceased to exist. Our electoral system of choosing presidents and vice-presidents

is the most familiar example of such a process. Originally, it was intended to be entirely representative—the electors chosen by the people exercised their independent judgment in the choice of the president and vice-president, and were supposed to do so. Now, with no change in the wording of the constitution itself, the system is completely changed; the people really vote for the president and vice-president directly, the electors being only conduit-pipes to record the popular vote, and the principle of representation has entirely disappeared.

The same development is in evidence in a more recent change—that as to the selection of United States Senators. The Federal constitution still provides that such senators shall be chosen by the state legislatures, but, in several states, the system of representation involved in this provision, has been emasculated by demanding and receiving from candidates for the legislature, a pledge to choose the man for Senator who receives the highest number of popular votes. Here, again, the “letter” of representation remains, but the “spirit” has entirely changed and become one of direct selection by the people.

In quite a different field, we observe the same tendency. The direct primary movement, of which we hear so much at this time, is an indication of the mounting distrust on the part of the people in general of any representative plan for the nomination of candidates. It may be conceded that there was ample reason to demand some improvement in the pre-existing system of selecting party candidates, but that does not concern us now. The important consideration is that, in seeking an amelioration of conditions, we evince the desire to rid ourselves altogether of representation. We want to do it all ourselves.

It is idle to multiply examples, and to comment on the growth of the *referendum* pure and simple. No keen observer can doubt that the trend of thought and events is along the line suggested. What does it portend? Is it an evidence of sound and wholesome development? Or does it betoken retrogression and disaster?

Perhaps the ancient maxim, “*Vox populi, vox Dei*” is to be regarded as true, but, like many similar proverbial sayings, it means little without some definition. “*Populi*” is a rather ambiguous term. When we use it as meaning the collective qualified voters on any and all subjects, it requires more faith than most of us have, to assert that the present determination of this body will inevitably be correct, whatever may be said of its ultimate decision. Here, again, we are defining “*vox Dei*” as meaning a correct solution of any given problem. But, while any such definition is simple, we would find the greatest difficulty in inducing any agreement as to what is a “correct solution” of the problem before us.

Differences of opinion on such matters are what give rise to the sharp party divisions. But the principal difficulty of definition involved in this maxim is found in the meaning we ascribe to "*vox*" (of the people). In other words, *on what subjects* is "the voice of the people the voice of God?" Can we subscribe to the general view, that we have only to submit any matter to the determination of the voters, to secure a correct answer?

Even if we assume that the history of submissions to the people in the past would allow us to assert that the people have returned sound answers to the propositions submitted for their determination, it would seem that the present tendency, to submit more detailed and technical matters, requires us to consider the question further and afresh. Let us concede that the people's determination on some such big, ultimate question as whether slavery should be continued, has been, and would continue to be right. That does not help us in ascertaining whether it is proper to trust them to decide whether we shall have a protective tariff or one for revenue only. For, it is this sort of question which we are asking the people to determine in these days. Can there be any possible doubt that an economic question of this nature ought properly to be left to the people's carefully selected representatives, to be decided only after the most thorough study and consideration? It is absurd to expect the "average man" to have an opinion of any value upon so technical a matter; he has neither the time nor the training, as our recent experience demonstrates. Or, consider the sort of question we submit to the voters by way of constitutional amendments. How can we expect the ordinary man to pass intelligently on what powers an appellate judge shall be allowed to exercise? Or on how many judges there shall be? Or what the limit of indebtedness of any municipal subdivision ought to be? I take at random certain constitutional amendments recently submitted to the people of the state of New York. Surely, we all must agree that such questions as these require, for their answer, not only a special knowledge, but a peculiar training in certain lines of thought. We can not expect to find these at the command of the ordinary voter. The provisions of law on these subjects have no proper place in a constitution, which is people-made. Such matters should be cared for by the carefully chosen representatives of the people—men who should be elected because they have had the training necessary to comprehend and solve such problems and because they have such a sense of duty as will compel them to obtain the special knowledge essential for a proper and desirable solution of the problems.

If we ignore such considerations, however, we find an even greater

danger confronting us in this "direct" system of government—one which inheres in its very being. I refer to the necessity of submitting so *many* questions for the determination of the voters that we do not get even a careful consideration of them. The complexity of a government, under our modern conception of it, is amazing. The subjects of legislative and executive action have increased beyond anything the founders of democratic or republican governments could have imagined. Indeed, this complexity has become so great that we hear solemn warnings from statesmen of the first rank, to the effect that there is danger of our Federal government "breaking down of its own weight." The departure of the old *laissez faire* theory of government, and our advance along the paternalistic line, have imposed a tremendous burden on our rulers. Competition having been eliminated in some of the purely private commercial lines, a demand is made that our government shall assume the regulation of prices. In the so-called "public-service" businesses, we demand almost a complete supervision and regulation of all the activities of the corporation, including even such matters as their liabilities for injuries to employees. We must regulate, too, the number of hours men can work, the classes of occupation in which women or children can engage, the union of various interests in a "monopoly," the terms upon which property shall be allowed to be transmitted in case of death, the kind of water we are to drink, what meats and food supplies we are to eat, the serums or medicines to be given for certain maladies, the preservation of our game supply, and the thousand and one other similar matters concerning which we now find statutory provisions on our books. It is not necessary to catalog them. This mere indication of their general nature and diversity is sufficient to demonstrate the enormous field any government is now expected to cover.

If, then, we are to attempt to handle our public business (as we now conceive it) on the "town-meeting" basis, and to ask a direct vote of the people on every matter of moment, it is apparent that a great number of questions must be put to the people. And nothing is more certain than that we shall not get an intelligent answer—if, indeed, any answer at all, to most of the questions propounded. It is only necessary to consider the disparity between the size of the vote for the head of the ticket at any election and that cast for or against any constitutional amendment submitted, to be convinced on this point. If we even get one-half as large a vote upon the amendment as we do for the head of the ticket, we regard it as a fairly fully expression of opinion. Thus, we must expect from the "direct" system, not only a consideration of the questions submitted by an untrained body, but also a partial and careless expression

of opinion. One-half of the qualified voters do not vote at all on the question, and it is obvious that a good proportion of the other half (which does vote) can neither bring to the solution of the questions a sufficient knowledge, nor give it sufficient consideration.

Indeed, this very difficulty of securing an expression of popular opinion even as to who shall be chosen to rule over us, has furnished an argument against the adoption of the so-called "Massachusetts" ballot in other states. The opponents of this form of ballot, which requires a separate mark for each office, assert that it is too much to expect the voter to express separately his views with reference to the candidates for each office. Their contention is that the "blanket" ballot must be retained so that the candidates for offices other than those at the head of the ticket shall get a fair number of votes! Surely, if we can not demand and get an expression of opinion on the candidacy for the offices we deem essential, it is idle to expect that we can secure any sort of opinion on the countless questions which must be submitted to the people under this "direct" system of government!

It seems paradoxical that we should find these two diverse popular tendencies running side by side—the one, a demand for greater participation in government through the elimination of the representative plan, and the other, a growing indifference to the matters of government upon which directions are asked. At first blush, it would seem impossible for them to co-exist. But the explanation is clear. The people found that the representative system was not working as they had anticipated or expected; the representatives were not giving them the kind of government they wanted. The resultant dissatisfaction produced a not unnatural notion in the people's minds that the cure was to be found in the elimination or diminution of the representative plan. But they did not consider what this, and the substitution of the "direct" system of administration, involved. If a member of our physical body is troublesome, it does not follow that the best method of treatment is amputation. The continued existence of the member may be a *sine qua non*. If so, we must seek some remedy other than its removal. It must be treated in some fashion so that its sickness is removed and it is restored to its normal state.

Is it not so with the representative system? The attempt, in so far as it has been made, to get along without this system, seems to demonstrate the essential character of the system, and the necessity of seeking some remedy for the shortcomings of the system, other than the surgical operation. The "direct" method is impractical on account of the number of questions that must be passed upon and the unwillingness of

the people to give up sufficient time even to vote on them, to say nothing of the time and study necessary for the special knowledge and training which any proper solution of these complex problems involves. We must, therefore, seek some therapeutic treatment of the representative system.

It does not seem impossible to find such a treatment. Nothing is more natural than that the character and ability of our representatives should have deteriorated, under the tendency toward the "direct" system. In the first place, we have not been sufficiently careful in our choice of representatives, because we have regarded the selection as of little consequence in view of the real power being lodged in our own hands under the "direct plan. This thought has made us careless about whom we chose. Then, consider the mental attitude of the representative. It is not only true, that "those who trust us, educate us;" the converse of it is unquestionably sound, namely, that when distrust is manifested toward us, our sense of responsibility and duty is dulled. Accordingly, is it not quite explicable that our representatives have not maintained the high standing they formerly had? In view of our manifest efforts to lessen their power and responsibility, could we expect anything but a decrease in their efficiency and sense of duty? If so, the remedy for the defects which have troubled us in our representative system would seem to be along exactly the opposite line to that which we have thus far pursued. Let us cease to deprive our representatives of power and responsibility. Let us place real power in their hands, and, as a corollary, hold them to a rigid and comprehensive accountability. Let us choose men to both executive and legislative posts, of an ability and character which will give us the assurance that they will satisfactorily attend to these difficult governmental matters which are beyond our capacities, not only in point of education and training, but also because of our want of leisure to consider and determine them. If, then, the acts of our representatives shall demonstrate that we have erred in our choice of them, let us oust them and put others of better calibre in their place.

The drive of modern civilization has forced us to specialization along every other line. Why not in affairs of state? If any individual should attempt to be his own lawyer, physician, and dentist, in these days, we should certainly "write him down an ass"! And with reason, because we would know he was foredoomed to get his legal affairs hopelessly entangled, his health injured and his teeth in a bad state. Why apply any different rule to governmental matters? Because they are simpler? Truly, one would be ignorant or rash to make any such assertion! The task of the lawyer or doctor assumes diminutive pro-

portions when compared with the tremendous problems which any one in a governmental post must consider and determine. The complexity and gravity of the problems we are facing in state and nation is so great, that the strong, trained man of experience in governmental administration must often shrink from the responsibility of attempting to solve them, when he reflects on the consequences of a misstep. Does the mass of untrained and uninformed men regard themselves as better able to look out for these important affairs, simply because of their great number? It is difficult to see what other superior qualification they possess over the representative of training, conscience and education.

If the "direct" system is correct in theory and principle, why should it not be applied to our courts, as well as to our legislative and executive branches? Why delegate the administration of justice to certain men "learned in the law" and a picked body of twelve lay assistants? If the principle is sound for general governmental administration, it surely ought to be equally so for our judicial regulation! Surely, our fears of disaster would be amply justified, if we could foresee the introduction of the "direct" system in our courts! And why? Simply because we recognize our want of time and capacity for the tasks which would be imposed upon us. Yet we arrogate to ourselves the ability to run the vaster and more far-reaching affairs of legislation, which can unmake most of the rules the courts lay down!

And we do not consider at all what leisure we either can, or will, give to the large tasks we thus assume ourselves able to handle!

The philosophic historians of our governmental development have taught us that the surest method of testing any new thought or theory about government is by a careful examination of what has taken place heretofore. As Taine so vividly points out in his "Revolution," the *a priori* method of constructing a government, divorced from experience, seems predestined to failure, whether it be found amongst the revolutionary spirits of the French Revolution or our own earnest Puritan forefathers. There seem to be so many and, to our narrow view, such illogical factors entering into the problem of government, that we are driven back to the lessons taught us by the ages, in order to build the house the way it should go.

Fortunately, in this matter of "direct" administration of governmental affairs, we are not without this efficient help of a prior test. This same "direct" tendency appeared in Athens after the death of Pericles. Curtius paints the picture graphically. He says (Vol. III., p. 92) :

“The civic assemblies grew larger, louder, and less orderly; the business was carried on after a more passionate and tumultuous fashion, because the guidance of a superior spirit was absent, and *because the entire multitude accordingly took a more direct part in the proceedings, and unhesitatingly displayed its momentary feelings—its favor and disfavor, its satisfaction and its impatience.*”

And, later in the history of this foremost popular government, the tendency became even more marked. When a constitutional restriction or an established usage barred the way to the realization of some passing fancy of the people, or stood in the way of their desire to wreak vengeance on some unfortunate leader, the notion of “direct” administration, then become entirely dominant in the popular imagination, suggested at once the abolition of the restriction and a summary procedure by the vote of the people. More often than not, even the people themselves subsequently repented of the rash steps which their inexperience and inability to see all sides of the matter allowed them to take. But the deeper lesson was not learned. There never was the needed return to the sound and practicable representative procedure. The result was disaster, as we know. There may have been, and doubtless were, other causes contributing to the result; but it hardly seems open to doubt that the adoption of this plan of “direct” administration in large measure hastened the catastrophe.

And does not the horrible cataclysm of the French Revolution offer most cogent proof of the unwisdom of the “direct” plan? At the outset of that movement the representative plan was in force. The men in the original convention were, for the most part, those whose antecedents and training furnished a fair assurance that the work they had to do for the nation would be well done. And their work *was* well done, so long as they were allowed to perform their proper representative functions. When, however, the notion that all power lodged in the people ought to be exercised by them directly, became all-powerful, then began the *chute!* It is not necessary to follow the process. Every one is familiar with that. It is only essential to bear in mind the culmination, which was a “direct” administration pure and simple. The form of representation may have been maintained, but it was *only* form. The representatives were the veriest puppets, pulled this way or that by the strings in the hands of the populace. No governmental administration was ever more direct, and it seems safe to say that there never was a worse government. Taine says of the Revolutionary government (“*La Révolution*,” vol. 6, p. 161—the translation is our own):

“This is the direct government of the people by the people, with all that it carries in its train—the permanence of the local assemblies, the public deliberations of the political clubs, the continual harangues of the public speakers, a

multitude of projects started at public meetings, many assemblages and manifestations in the street. In all of this there is nothing which could be less attractive and more impracticable for the cultivated and busy classes. In our modern civilization, the daily occupation, the family and society absorb almost all our time. For this reason such a régime of direct administration suits only the idle and common. Having no real aim or occupation they pass their time at the political clubs, instead of the saloon, and they are the only ones who find themselves at home there. The others will not try to make themselves fit conditions suitable only for the coarse man of no family and without affiliations, having no occupation or standing, living in an unsettled fashion, of vociferous tendency, strong of arm, thick-skinned and unbending, expert in the street scuffle and for whom force constitutes the greatest argument."

Thus, both reason and experience demonstrate the folly of the present trend toward the elimination of the representative idea of government. Is it not high time for thinking people resolutely to set their faces against this fallacious tendency and diligently to demonstrate the real cure for the evils we are seeking to eradicate? Let us all see to it that a sound belief in the representative system is reinducted, and that such system becomes what it was intended and ought to be. With united efforts on these lines do we not stand the best chance for the improvement in results which we all so earnestly desire, however we may have differed as to methods?

John S. Sheppard, Jr.

BOOKS AND MEN

THE YOUNGER CHOIR

The world is always congratulating itself that it has got rid of its poets at last. It does its best, like some savage farmer, to weed them out, by every possible means—scorn, neglect, starvation. But no sooner has it disposed of one crop of poets, saying to itself, with complacency: "This, thank God! is a practical age," than there up-springs another crop, indomitably rebellious against the surface materialism of things.

I remember once travelling up to London, on the morning after Tennyson's death. In my carriage were two distinguished old ladies, who, as we stopped at a wayside station, looked out of the window and caught sight of a newspaper placard, on which in large letters was announced the poet's death.

"So Tennyson is dead!" said one of the old ladies; and after a pause, she added, "There are no poets nowadays." I smiled at the unconscious irony of the remark, for there seated opposite her was a member of the Rhymers' Club, on his way to a meeting at the Cheshire Cheese! He counted among his friends at least half-a-dozen young poets of whom those old ladies, of course, had never heard, but whom the world has since delighted to honor. As yet, however, their fames were hidden, as Crashaw sings, "in shady leaves of destiny." And so it always happens in the interval after the passing of any great age of poetry. The great old Dodona oaks have been cut down, and few pay any attention to the saplings that are surely there to take their place. Even Tennyson himself when a boy,—so goes the well-worn anecdote—hearing that Byron was dead, lamented the final departure of poetry from the earth—at the very moment when the torch had been placed into his own hand. "Glory and loveliness have passed away," sang Keats, at the very moment when he himself was about to create a lovelier world than had ever been created before.

So it has always been, so now it is, so it will ever be.

Then that chimera of "a materialistic age" in which there is no place for poetry—as if every age since the world began has not said the same thing about itself. "There never was," said Whistler, "an artistic nation, there never was an artistic period." It was a paradox, but like most paradoxes, mainly true. Most people would have laughed to hear of the beauty of the barges and warehouses on the muddy banks of the Thames.

But it was there all the while, and Whistler saw it, and now all the world sees it. Some day some new Whistler will see the beauty of the monstrous grain-elevators, the fantastic bridges and such like mastodons of American engineers—as you draw into St. Louis or Chicago, for instance, in some misty sunrise. For as of old, *ex forte dulcedo*; it is out of the strength, the organic strength, of things that beauty comes. Beauty, as some one said, is the smile upon the face of power; and the mistake of those who think that poetry is but a pretty rootless blossom, a toy, a detachable ornament, lies in their failing to understand that it is but one expression of the dream-force forever mysteriously making and re-making the visible world—a visible world not all granite and iron, but also violet and daffodil and face of woman and song of bird.

Every age is materialistic, every age is poetic. Every land is materialistic, every land is poetic. Every country has its *bourgeoisie*, and even in France and Italy life is by no means all poetry. That America is so unfavourable a soil for the cultivation of poetry as one usually hears I fail to see. Certainly it is, *par excellence*, the commercial country. But is not England also “a nation of shop-keepers”? Yet she has produced the noblest poetry in the world. One might as well say that because America is so strenuously commercial, it is hopeless to expect the dogwood to light up the woods in May. If there were no wild-flowers in America, no song-sparrows, no wood-thrush, then one might begin to fear for the existence of poets; but so long as the American soil produces the one, she cannot fail to produce the other,—for wild-flower and wild bird and wild poet are all alike the children of “the great sweet mother,” and she brings forth all alike with an irresistible fruition which no commercialism can check.

As it is, America has produced at least two great world-poets—Whitman and Poe; not such a bad record considering the short time she has been America; and one has only to glance at Stedman’s *American Anthology* to see what a positive host of minor sweet singers have warbled in this supposedly songless land.

And the singing still goes on. At the moment there may be no commanding voice. Indeed there is none. But anyone who has made it his business or pleasure—in this case one and the same—to watch the American literary situation must have been struck by the widespread ferment of poetical feeling in young America, and by the widespread distribution of really notable poetic talent. The number of young poets at present writing verse of a fine quality in America would astonish those who say that the age of poetry is past and that America is a land disdained of the Muses. On the contrary, it might rather appear, as Whitman prophesied,

that the Muses have migrated "from Greece and Ionia" and come to dwell beneath the Stars and Stripes.

In the volume, *The Younger Choir*, which is the occasion of these remarks, some thirty-six of these younger poets are gathered together for prayer and praise. Of course, as an editorial note explains, the volume by no means exhausts the supply of youthful poets. Indeed not. It merely, for the most part, represents a certain group of poets more or less affiliated around the enthusiastic personality of the editor of that vernaly suggestive little magazine *Moods*. The term "youth" as applied to poets is very elastic. The poet, indeed, is supposed to be eternally young, and I remember seeing Henley spoken of as one of the younger school of poets when he was long past fifty. To this day, Mr. William Watson and Mr. W. B. Yeats and others I could name are still spoken of as young poets. So, in regard to the present volume, the chronological qualification has been apparently equally elastic. Some of the poets included have been young for some time, and some—like Mr. Viereck—have been but recently hatched. Some have already made their names familiar in our ears: Richard Burton, Sadakichi Hartmann, Ridgely Torrence, Charles Hanson Towne, George Sylvester Viereck, Leonard Van Noppen, William Griffith, Elsa Barker, Zona Gale; but there are others with whose names I am less familiar to whom the volume owes some of its most striking contributions. The poems I am particularly thinking of are *The Cry of the Uncreated*, by Mr. Arthur Goodenough, and *They Went Forth to Battle But They Always Fell*, of Mr. Seumas O'Sheel, and *Before the Fall* by Miss Muriel Rice. Mr. Goodenough's poem is too long to quote entire, but these half-a-dozen verses will be sufficient to convey its striking idea:

In the din and dust of the street,
In the tumult which never dies,
From the gray dust under my feet,
I heard a voice arise:

"Forbear, O God!" it said,
"To give us a name and shape!
From hunger, and doubt and dread,
Let us, we pray, escape.

"We are quiet here in the earth,
And quiet let us be;
Nor beckon and call us forth,
To wrestle with destiny!

“Why should we join in the chase
Of the phantom men call Life?
We are better out of the race,
With its doubts, its sins and strife.

“Over us fall the feet
Of the ever hastening throng;
But we know not hurry nor heat,
Nor the burden of human wrong.

“In the world is scath and scar;
Malice, and lust, and hate;
Let us remain as we are—
Strangers to Time and Fate!”

Mr. Seumas O'Sheel's poem I must quote entire:

They went forth to battle but they always fell:
Their eyes were fixed above the sullen shields;
They fought the battle nobly but not well,
And sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell.
They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,
They were not weak as one who vainly wields
A futile weapon, yet the sad scrolls tell
How on the hard-fought field they always fell.

It was a secret music that they heard
A sad sweet plea for pity and for peace;
And that which pierced the heart was but a word,
Tho the white breast was red-lipped where the sword
Did press a cruel kiss, to put surcease
On its fierce longing, but did drink increase.
Ah, they with some strange troubling doubt were stirred,
And died for hearing what no foeman heard.

They went forth to battle but they always fell:
Their might was not the might of lifted spears;
Over the battle-clamor came a spell
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.
Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears;
Their names are old sad stories in men's ears:
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,
Who went forth to battle and always fell.

It is unfair to Miss Rice's poem to quote but a part of it, for her conception of Eve is so original—and, incidentally, so dramatic—that when "Eve Speaks" the reader should hear every word. However, the opening lines will give some idea of a conception which, I trust, Miss Rice will develop further. In all sincerity, I beg her to write a new *Paradise Lost*—from the woman's point of view.

Here are her opening lines:

I knew the doubt before the serpent came,—
Only it never seemed a doubt before.
I often used to wonder not in fear
But only for the joy of wondering:—
What if we ate the fruit and what would come?
And why had He forbidden us to eat?
Why did He ever give the fruit at all
Not wanting us to eat it? But all seemed
So glad and right before the serpent came.
Yet when the serpent spoke those thoughts of mine,
Somehow they were so terrible and strange
That I was glad that Adam was away.
And when I saw him coming from afar,
I ran to him and told him other things.
He laughed and wound my hair about his hand,
And kissed me. I was sure I could not tell:
He turned to leave me and I told him all.
He seemed so far from me before I spoke,
But after I had spoken, farther still.
He took the side against me with His God:
God was enough to be against me then.
I wanted Adam, all of him, with me.
I would not take his kiss without his love;
I would not let him hold me any more;
I ran away into the woods alone
And wept because he would not follow me.

Perhaps the greatest charm of this book of "young" singers is the pathos that always and everywhere belongs to youth—whether the field of action be poetry or what-you-will—the illusion that no one in the wide world has ever felt or seen or experienced THIS before. Mr. Louis Untermeyer, however, is somewhat of a spectator, and admits that

"It is the ancient, time old tale—
I do but tell it once again."

Of course, the point is how well you tell it—how well you tell again the old tale. How well you sing the old songs!

Even though it were in my power, I would not nip genius in the bud—rather to the limit of my capacity, would I nurse and nurture it and feed it upon the honey and cakes of praise. Yet even the youngest poet ought to know that some things have been done before, and when he essays elfin faery verses in irregular metres, after manner, let us say, of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, he should, at least, do as well as George Darley—of whom, probably, he has never heard, exquisite poet of fairyland though he was. Anyway, he should surely have read Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*—with all those charming italicised lyrics of a faery realm that went back, at least, to Chaucer.

Mr. Otto S. Mayer has contributed to this volume some *Passages from Philero*—in which occur two good lines:

“Hast ever known the yearning for a song
You could not sing?”

Mr. Russell Herts has contributed, perhaps, the most remarkable line in the whole volume. It goes, if I can spell it correctly:

“Bof—Boof—Boo!”

“The Elf” speaks these wonderful words. I am not attempting to jeer either at Mr. Mayer or Mr. Herts. I know well enough how well they can write, but I trust there is no harm in saying that they ought to print some of their unpublished masterpieces instead of thus clumsily competing with such delicate spinners of the rainbow as I have named.

Yet it is only fair to Mr. Herts that I should make another quotation: these lines from *A Page from the Scripture of Freedom*, animated by a noble spiritual sentiment which, we may hope, is in the air to-day, and which may re-mould our sad world a little “nearer to the heart's desire”:

I would be free and without fear!
Free of the hatreds of the harsh and the humility of the humble;
Loyal to myself and to mankind;
Vibrant with appreciation of the beauty and truth of all things,
And of the nobility of all men,
And of the sublimity of the great soul.

Free and without fear!
Free to clasp hands with other men,

And with fair women;
 Free to flaunt my opinion,
 Or to toss it aside for another's;
 Free to find fervid joy in the sunset,
 or the wooded mountain,
 or the squirming snake,
 or the wondrous beauty of
 a human spirit, or a poem, or
 a painting, or a little child.

Free and without fear!
 Fearless in the face of the smiles and scathings of men;
 Fearless of the deeds of men,
 Or of aught that I myself may do.
 Fearless for the faithfulness of my friend,
 Or for the chastity of my wife,
 Or for the honesty of my neighbor;
 Or of the sounds, or darkness, or poverty, or pain.
 Finally and at last, fearless and unafraid of Death,
 The destroyer of all I have kept,
 But powerless over all I have given—
 The living inheritance of Eternity.

Free and without fear!
 For in all the universe there is naught can curb or restrain me,
 Nor aught of which I must be afraid,
 For in me is the sublime strength,
 And the power and glory of eternal things.
 In me is the happiness of men,
 And in men my happiness. . .

.

Yes, in spite of its somewhat variegated chronology, this book is—
 youth once more!

Here once more is a fresh voice crying:

“My soul is limitless. The stars its girth
 Could scarcely weave. My soul outshines the sun.”

The age of the singer is not given—the singer being a woman.
 Again:

“ . . . Against the kings of wrong
 Hurl singing armies with such power of song
 That their proud walls shall topple, and the strong
 Be strong no more.”

This time it is a man—true singer too, Mr. Leonard Van Noppen.
 Once more:

“Man’s mind is larger than his brow of tears,
 This hour is not my all of Time; this place
 My all of Earth . . .”

Another good singer too, Mr. William Ellery Leonard—whose quaint *Scholar’s Return* is one of the best poems in this *Younger Choir*.

I have wandered into speaking of manner rather than matter—though who shall say which is which in real writing!—and, therefore, I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude to Mr. Joyce Kilmer for his quite charming *Ballade of My Lady’s Beauty*. Heaven knows! we had enough of the “ballade” and such “old French forms” in England, twenty years ago. Yet, now and again, the form is worth while, and Mr. Joyce Kilmer seems to me somehow to have captured in his lines something of that old music that lives still in the ballades of Charles D’Orleans, and—of course—in

“Mais où sont les neiges d’antan”

There are more forceful, serious and “ambitious” things in this little book, but poetry, after all, is a question of art, and, be the subject great or small, it is artistic mastery that counts in the end. One great line on a small matter will last longer than a million small lines on a great matter.

Therefore, I beg leave to quote Mr. Joyce Kilmer’s *Ballade of My Lady’s Beauty*—so delicately like Villon—

Squire Adam had two wives, they say,
 Two wives had he, for his delight;
 He kissed and clypt them all the day,
 And clypt and kissed them all the night.
 Now Eve like ocean foam was white,
 And Lillith, roses dipped in wine,
 But though they were a goodly sight
 No lady is so fair as mine,

To Venus some folk tribute pay,
 And Queen of Beauty she is hight;
 And Sainte Marie the world doth sway
 In cerule napery bedight.
 My wonderment these twain invite,
 Their comeliness it is divine;
 And yet I say in their despite,
 No lady is as fair as mine.

Dame Helen caused a grievous fray,
 For love of her, brave men did fight;
 The eyes of her made sages fey
 And put their hearts in woful plight,
 To her no rhymes will I indite,
 For her no garlands will I twine,
 Though she be made of flowers and light,
 No lady is so fair as mine.

L'Envoi.

Prince Eros, Lord of lovely might,
 Who on Olympus dost recline,
 Do I not tell the truth aright?
 No lady is so fair as mine.

And here is a lyric of delicate and charming quality from a pen quite unknown to me—that of Mr. Philip Moeller:

No word has wounded the silence;
 You chanced to pass me by,
 And you looked in my heart and smote me,
 And stars broke in the sky.

And if we should love hereafter,
 Then bitter death were well;
 And heaven indeed were Heaven,
 And hell no longer Hell.

Yes! it is youth—this book of *The Younger Choir*—and what better could one say of it? Youth—with the old dreams, the young hopes, the immortal faith, and—the same old youthful imitativeness. Naturally, this book will remind others, as well as myself, of another book—in two

eager poems that strove for a place in those two volumes, Time has chosen but one, the poem headed *Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae*; that poem in which Ernest Dowson distilled his life in one immortal tear:

“I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.”

Our club existed for the sake of that lyric, and I am sure that each—surviving—member of the club is glad of it. It is no small honor to be even a humble listener at the first reading of a great lyric.

Ernest Dowson has gone where, perhaps, he quotes Catullus to—Catullus. *Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

Like Lovelace, he has left behind him one song. One song, as has been proved time and time again, is enough, if only you sing it well. When one thinks of the bulky immortality of some poets, it is cheering to think that a man may live as long on one little lark-throated lyric as—well! Spenser with all the books of his *Fairie Queene*. Possibly longer.

Is there such a long-lived lyric in this book of *The Younger Choir*?

It is an extreme, an unfair, question—I admit! I ask it, because one is always asking for the improbable, and hoping for the impossible. A lyric such as Ernest Dowson’s is not born every day. No rhythmic concatenation of clubs can make it. Yet in all such devout congregations of earnest young souls there is a smoulder of the divine fire which, at any moment, may leap up into a tragic masterpiece.

It is quite possible that this may happen if the “Moods Publishing Company” fulfil their promise of publishing a second volume of *The Younger Choir*.

Richard Le Gallienne.

THE REAL MANSFIELD.¹

A book of such signal, such remarkable merit as this biography of Richard Mansfield by William Winter, the dean of American dramatic critics has, I believe, never before appeared in the annals of the American stage. The merits of this work, in two bulky volumes totalling more than seven hundred pages, are by no means to be apportioned merely in the ratio of its extent. And it must be pointed out, at the outset, that the first volume, dealing solely with the life of Mansfield, is vastly more interesting than the second volume, dealing with Mansfield’s

¹ *Life and Art of Richard Mansfield.* By William Winter. In two vols. Moffat, Yard & Co., N. Y.

interpretations of all the most prominent or memorable rôles he ever assumed, as well as touching upon many of much slighter interest. This second volume, necessarily expanded to great length by long disquisitions upon the plays in which Mansfield appeared, serves perhaps more as a reflection of Mr. Winter's tastes, predilections and prejudices, than as an interpretation of the art of Richard Mansfield. And yet, in itself, it furnishes a notable personal tribute to a great American actor from a critic of vigorously picturesque style, classic standards and positive convictions. The pathos of great acting is that it is evanescent, leaving behind only memories that can never succeed, in written expression, in re-invoking sensations comparable to those originally invoked by the master actor. In a famous poem, Gautier lauds that form of art which is enduring because it uses for its medium material of permanently lasting quality.

Tout passe. L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.

The great actor lives in the critical consciousness of the great judge of acting; his work only can become permanent and classic, in the real sense, if it receive adequate interpretation and appreciation at the hands of the artist, as gifted in the art of criticism as the actor is gifted in the art of acting. Richard Mansfield, in his lifetime, was a great creator of beauty, no matter how evanescent or temporary those images of beauty may have been. And Mr. Winter has translated those images of beauty into another medium, giving to those who never saw Mansfield some sort of vivid realization of his art, to those who had studied and admired him a renewed image of the great actor in the mirror of great critical art—enabling them, as it were, to re-capture the first, fine care-less rapture some special rôle of Mansfield's may originally have communicated. Nor are these interpretations the futile efforts to grasp the halo of fleeting memories, but, practically without exception, a collection of vividly artistic impressions recorded contemporaneously with the living creation of the rôle. In that sense, the second volume of this work is rich in vital impression, rarely valuable as a true picture of the esthetic reactions set up in the consciousness of a highly specialized poetical and critical intelligence by high and admirable histrionic art.

The first volume, dealing with the life of Mansfield, leaves a curiously variegated and complex impression. Only in a certain strained and imperfect sense may it be described as the biography of Richard Mansfield. It is undoubtedly true that its signal merit is its accuracy; volumes—of which it seems like a reflection; a book published in London some fifteen years ago: *The Book of the Rhymer's Club*. Out of the many

the facts of Mansfield's exterior life are recorded with certainty. Moreover, the frankness of the book is startling, and, at the same time, worthy of highest praise. For there is no effort to glaze over the crudities of Mansfield's temper, the overweening vanity and insolent hauteur, the petty envies and ignoble jealousies. So far as it goes, this book is the "natural history" of Mansfield's moods and fits, his ascent to the heights of enthusiasm and aspiration, his descent to the depths of dejection and disappointment. All this, and much more, are we given in this vitally real, thoroughly "naturalistic" record. But, on the other hand, this "biography" of Mansfield is also an "autobiography" of Mr. Winter; nor is this statement to be understood in any cheap or superficial sense. It is, in great measure, a record of the mutual correspondence, personal and written, of a great actor and a great critic; at times, it seems to be little else. It not only exhibits Mansfield feverishly mounting to that summit of histrionic art in English-speaking countries vacated by the death of Henry Irving, but it also reveals behind Mansfield a potent, fecund intelligence at work, thrusting him forward along paths of dignified and classic achievement. We must realize, in William Winter, a truly creative instrumentality in the development of Mansfield's mind and art. It is no exaggeration to say that the American stage through Mansfield working in conjunction with Winter, profited to a degree that would never have been realized had Mansfield lacked the omnipresent motive for classic models and standards unceasingly exercised by Mr. Winter.

When this is said, however, the best has indeed been told. It must be confessed that the book comes almost in the nature of a revelation. The public was prepared to accept Mansfield on a high plane—a plane of dignified achievement and ever-mounting aspirations. But one puts down the book with the uncomfortable sensation that Mansfield was really acting in character in so frequently giving a handle to his detractors. The actor takes on a more heroic cast; the man dwindles to narrower, to smaller proportions. Mansfield had an inexhaustable fund of boyish gayety; a quality of temperamental charm that he displayed in full flower to his intimates; a faculty of spontaneous *verve* and *abandon* that found full play in his happier moments. As father and husband he was irreproachable, unceasingly tender and considerate; and the life led apart from the life of the stage seemed as if lived in another world. Take him in his public career, a man in the world of men, competing for the very highest place in the sphere of his endeavor, and his vaulting ambition became a monomania and an obsession. He was suspicious of everyone; at times he labored under the delusion of fixed ideas—that there were conspiracies against him, that powerful forces were leagued

together to compass his downfall. He was the supreme *enfant gâté* of the American stage—an *enfant gâté* that, too often, became an *enfant terrible*. When fate had been perhaps not too kind and criticism none too lenient toward glaring, patent faults, Mansfield lashed out with unreasoning fury against those who sought to administer the "bitter tonic drink of truth;" and even the friendship of a lifetime, cemented by a thousand ties of act and thought, did not restrain him from outbursts of black anger and puerile reprobation of the man who had ever sought to hold him true to the highest standards of classic art. To even the most superficial observer, Mansfield betrayed a passionate desire for personal aggrandizement on the stage, not only at the expense of his own support, but also in defiance of the true purport and meaning of the dramatist whose play he happened to be interpreting. There were moments in plays produced by him when the spectator felt tempted to cry aloud in vehement protest against the distortion of meaning, the false focussing of interest, imparted by Mansfield's unrepressed and irrepressible effort to assume a false prominence unwarranted either by the lines themselves, by the obvious purport of the dramatic motive, or by the classic tradition of the rôle. This was the Achilles' heel of Richard Mansfield.

The tragedy of Richard Mansfield, which may likewise be termed the tragedy of William Winter, was his wholly inadequate grasp, nay, his utter deficiency in appreciation, of that great modern movement in art and drama associated with the name of Ibsen and the contemporary school of drama. It was a mark of Mansfield's narrowness of view that his genius turned ceaselessly toward the fantastic and the *bizarre*. He labored under the conviction that the public ever demanded something new, something *outré*, something "different." *Peer Gynt* was a mere concession, on Mansfield's part, to what he regarded as a "craze," on the part of the public, for Ibsenism; he was never himself in the rôle, never acted it under the positive conviction of its lofty quality as a work of great art. And even if, at first, he was carried away by the merits of *Peer Gynt*, he always had to contend against the unreasoning prejudices of Mr. Winter, who wrote him on August 19, 1906:

As to Ibsen—I think you are possessed of *my* opinion. I have read many of his plays, and I have seen several of them on the stage. He was a man of talent, but narrow, morbid, dismal, depressing, and sometimes nasty. He says nothing that has not been better said by earlier and better writers. I cannot conceive of any circumstances under which I would contribute in any way, directly or indirectly, to aid or favor the Ibsen movement. I am earnestly and deeply desirous to promote your welfare and happiness, and as long as I am writing I shall write thoughtfully, justly, and kindly about your acting; but if you go into the Ibsen business, you must go without me. I will not touch "Peer Gynt" or anything else from Ibsen's pen.

And to this, Mansfield significantly responds: "I do not love Ibsen, —but something novel and extraordinary has to be found. I propose playing 'Peer Gynt' in a spirit of travesty, and to present it as a 'phantasmagoria'. I shall leave it to the people to find out the fun. . . . I want to hoist the Ibsen craze with its own petard."

Mansfield's alienation from the most vigorous forms of modern art, his dissociation from that movement in modern dramaturgy which holds out the highest hopes for the future development of the art of the stage, may truly be described as the penalty Mansfield paid for Mr. Winter's untiring support and championship. And yet what brilliant and memorable interpretations might Mansfield, with his cynical temper and pessimistic *timbre*, have given of Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck*, of Harvard Solness in *The Master Builder*, of Dr. Stockmann in *An Enemy of the People*!

To Mansfield, we owe memorable interpretations of Captain Bluntschli and Dick Dudgeon, in Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* and *The Devil's Disciple*, respectively. And yet it was another case of the "sop to Cerberus"—more of a defiant challenge to a supposed public taste, than a step prompted by any real desire to promote the cause of advanced modern art. In speaking of *Arms and the Man*, as produced by Mansfield in 1894, Mr. Winter writes: "No play by that author had previously been presented in America, and, although the novelty did not attract much attention, the success obtained by Mansfield, as *Bluntschli*, eventually launched Mr. Shaw upon a tide of publicity which has not yet ceased to flow." All honor to Mansfield for being the pioneer in producing the works of a virtually unknown author, who has become the most widely produced dramatist now living. But it must be clearly pointed out that Mansfield's productions of Shaw's two plays had no immediate effect in winning general attention to the work of Shaw. It was not until Mr. Arnold Daly showed his confidence in Shaw's merits as a dramatist by producing many of his plays with great success throughout this country, shortly followed by productions at Vienna, Dresden and Berlin, that Bernard Shaw first became known to the general public as the most brilliant figure among living dramatists.

Had Mansfield carried out his intention of producing Bernard Shaw's *Candida* in 1895, with that notable interpreter of modern parts, Janet Achurch in the title-rôle, he might have launched forth upon a series of productions of modern plays that would have set the standard in America for years to come. In the preface to the second volume of *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*, Mr. Shaw says: "Mr. Richard Mansfield, who had won distinction for my *Arms and the Man* in America by

his impersonation of Captain Bluntschli, went so far as to put the play actually into rehearsal before he would confess himself beaten by the physical difficulties of the part. But they did beat him—.” When I inquired of Mr. Mansfield why he abandoned *Candida*, if it were because he were beaten by the physical difficulties of the part, he laconically replied (in a letter dated July 2, 1904): “I abandoned *Candida* because I didn’t like it.” And he added significantly: “Fads will have their day, of course, but they are poor things to build upon. The stage is for actors and plays for acting.” And yet, on turning to Mr. Winter’s book (vol. I, p. 232), one finds in a letter from Mansfield to Mr. Winter, dated April 10, 1895: “I have discarded play after play, and I am in despair. I cannot present—I cannot act, the sickening rot the playwright of to-day turns out. Shaw’s *Candida* was sweet and clean—but he’s evidently got a religious turn—an awakening to Christianity; and it’s just two and one-half hours of preaching, and I fear the people don’t want that. Also there is no part for me but a sickly youth, a poet, who falls in love with *Candida*—who is a young lady of thirty-five and the wife of an honest clergyman, who is a Socialist! There is no change of scene in three acts, and no action beyond moving from a chair to a sofa and *vice versa*. O, ye Gods and little fishes!” For unconscious humor, this interpretation of *Candida* deserves immortality.

Mr. Winter’s monumental work, in completeness, accuracy and realistic portraiture a model for the younger generations of dramatic critics to follow, is seriously marred by the polemic appendices in which are violently attacked: Mr. Clyde Fitch for his claim to joint authorship, with Mansfield, of that slight and inconsiderable play, *Beau Brummel*; and Mr. Paul Wilstach for daring to write a biography of Mansfield and for making unwarranted use of Mr. Winter’s published *Critiques of Mansfield*. Much may doubtless be said in Mr. Fitch’s behalf; and Mr. Edward A. Dithmar, in a recent review of Mr. Winter’s book, says: “Fitch wrote every line of the dialogue, though, of course, Mansfield made changes, as was his right. . . . Mansfield led him (Fitch) before the curtain at the summons of the audience. The play has lately appeared in book form, with Mr. Fitch’s name on the title page, with the sanction of Mrs. Mansfield.” There is no reason to question Mr. Winter’s claim to the original conception of the play; but his judgment has been warped in the controversy to such an extent that he is incapable of doing Mr. Fitch justice. In the case of Mr. Wilstach, there is no reason to doubt that he was authorized by Mansfield to write his life; and Mr. Winter is undoubtedly correct in his charge, verified by several “deadly parallels,” that Mr. Wilstach made unjustifiably free use of the writings of Mr. Winter about

Mansfield, without either explicitly acknowledging that indebtedness, or employing the customary quotation marks. But it is both cruel and unfair to speak evil of Fitch now that he is dead and can no longer speak in his own defence. And it is deplorable that Mr. Winter should have marred a work otherwise memorable and definitive, by the violent expression of feelings of personal rancour, or even of righteous indignation and moral reprobation. Such polemics belong not to definitive biography, but to evanescent journalism.

Archibald Henderson.

THE ROAD TO THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

I

The courtesan's road, from her school-girl beginnings to the Bridge of Sighs, has often been paced in fiction, but never before by a host of readers nearly as large as the public that absorbed fifty-eight editions of Hermann Sudermann's *Song of Songs*¹ in its German original, and four large imprints of Mr. Thomas Seltzer's excellent English translation, all within a few months, and with no perceptible signs of abatement in public interest as yet. Such a phenomenal success in the book-market would under any circumstances be worthy of note. But when it is considered that Sudermann's novel deals with a topic tabooed by circulating libraries and the great mass of fiction-devouring *hoi polloi*; that it spreads over six hundred and forty pages of ordinary library octavo; and finally, that its German *mise-en-scene* must needs be alien to the sympathies of the average American reader—when all these handicaps are duly taken into consideration, then the success of the book this side of the Atlantic will surely invite an analysis affording a cue to its general appeal.

The *Song of Songs* is a fatalistic survey rather than a criticism of contemporary German society or of any of its constituent elements. It has not the vast sociological sweep of *Vanity Fair*, *Nana*, or *Splendeurs et Miseres*. It does not deal in mass-effects or open broad historical vistas. Whenever social forces are introduced, a knowledge of their bearing upon the individual fate is quietly taken for granted. The author, with artistic single-mindedness, is concerned with society only in so far as it

¹ *Song of Songs (Das Hohe Lied)*. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer; New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1910.

makes and breaks his heroine. The epic flow of his narrative is often interrupted by detail, anecdote and landscape painting, but never by subjective reflection or by sitting in judgment over his own creatures. He does not exhibit his heroine to the public with the knowing cockney winks and smirks of Thackeray; he does not make her the idol of a sombre symbolism, as Zola does in *Nana*; or does he indulge in the naive grandiloquence and the stage asides of Balzac. Not the least attractive feature of his novel is a certain stern and manly tenderness with which he handles erring womanhood, overlooking nothing, concealing nothing, but never indulging in that blackguardly and cowardly enjoyment of woman's frailty, which disfigures the pages of so many French novelists and sketch-writers of more or less talent. With the visor of epic self-effacement drawn closely over his own features, he shadows his heroine from her school-girl days on into the remotest nooks and corners of her inner consciousness and outward existence. With ghostly steps he walks abreast with her, all the way from early puberty to early ruin, never faltering, never withdrawing, without prurient grimace or philosophic monologue, a stern demonstrator of every-day actualities in their bearing upon a woman ill-born, ill-reared and ill-advised—Lilly Czepanek, the heroine of the *Song of Songs*.

II

The life-story of Lilly Czepanek is a tale of Bohemia—of that section of society where culture and refinement are cast adrift from their economic moorings and, rudderless, go to wreck. In the very first sentence of his book the author's stout German heart goes out in sympathy to his ill-starred heroine, awakening a kindred feeling of compassionate liking in the reader:

"Lilly was fourteen years old, when her father, Kilian Czepanek, the music-master, suddenly disappeared." It is a genuine stroke of intuition, this simple sentence at the outset of Sudermann's novel, for it puts poor Lilly at once under the protecting care of the reader. To be born into the shabby-genteel poverty of Bohemia, is bad enough. But to have lost one's father at fourteen, and shortly thereafter one's mother, is so solemn a plea in mitigation of uncharitable judgment upon a beautiful and affectionate young girl gone astray, that we cannot help admiring the author's ethical genius as displayed in this introductory appeal to the ordinary humanity of all sorts and conditions of men.

But the skill of Mr. Sudermann in making this orphan the common ward of all his readers is by no means exhausted in a mere recital of her

early loss of father and mother. With a true poet's instinct, he lingers long and lovingly upon the sacred confines of Lilly's school-days. He dwells upon her affection for her teacher, her girlish friendships, the adoration of her baby heart for her worthless scamp of a father, her misty musings before the image of her patron saint, her sweet helpfulness in distress—all to be remembered by the reader during his perusal of the dark and shameful pages of her after-life. We are made to understand, in these early chapters of her troublesome life, that it is an excess rather than a defect in finely feminine qualities that tends to her undoing. Her school-teacher, a poor consumptive, takes leave of her with words of doom:

"Listen, child, sweet, I want to give you a piece of good advice to carry away with you. You have too much love in you. All three kinds: love of the heart, love of the senses, love springing from pity. One of them everybody must have, if he is not to be a fossil. Two are dangerous. All three lead to ruin. Be on guard against your own love. Don't squander it. That's my advice."

This pointed characterisation of a half-grown girl on the part of her dying teacher will strike a reminiscent chord in the breast of nearly every reader of mature experience in life. Some winsome schoolgirl or other with more than her share in the common loveliness of unspoiled youth has come within the ken of most of us—some girl, whose exquisite femininity, perverted by an evil environment, turned later on into an instrument of death and disgrace. And of the early love that many of us have borne to some dear face of our school-days now over-clouded by the shadow of dishonour, a generous share is unconsciously transferred in the reading to Lilly Czepanek, temperamentally foredoomed to take to the road that leads to the Bridge of Sighs.

III

With her father a runaway to parts unknown and her mother suddenly gone insane, little Lilly is delivered over to the tender mercies of the world at the age of sixteen. A prominent lawyer is appointed her guardian by the courts. His first speech to his ward is an outrage upon the bewildered soul of a girl on the threshold of womanhood:

"You cannot continue with your schooling, that's plain. There's no money for it. But even if you had the means, I'm not certain whether in view of your future—however, a governess may make a brilliant match—it sometimes occurs, chiefly, to be sure, in English novels—but there is the danger too, that you might—excuse me for the word—on the spur of the moment I can't think of another—besides, it's the right one—that you might be seduced. What I'd rather see you than anything else is the lady in a large photographic establishment who receives

customers. But it seems to me you haven't enough self-confidence as yet for that. One must make a deep impression at first sight, because people who leave an order have to have some inducement for coming back to call for their pictures. I've selected something else for you, for the purpose more of giving you a short period of trial than of providing you with a permanent position. It's in a circulating library. It will give you plenty of opportunity—discreetly, you know—not to hide your light under a bushel. The remuneration, I need scarcely say, will be moderate—free board and lodging and twenty marks a month. . . . There you are, young lady! Mercy on us! Why are you crying?"

Why, indeed, waste tears, since this self-same siren-song of mercenary opportunities will be henceforth sung into her ear by all the evil genii of society: by youthful harpies of her own sex, by old hags, by military libertines and the irresponsible rich, by kept young women and superannuated industrial slaves, by her own guardian at the beginning and by the uncle of her lover at the end of her career—they all have only one message for her: beauty is power—husband your strength carefully and craftily—marry riches if you can—get them by an outlawed alliance if you must—and if you listen to the counsels of your generous blood, be sure not to be caught before you have scraped together an ample independence! Had she paid heed to this wisdom of cold-blooded corruption incessantly dinned into her ear, poor Lilly might have become in time a successful courtesan and a conqueror of society. But the discourse of her honesty to her beauty, though not powerful enough to keep her from falling, was at all times sufficiently strong to debar her from minting it into an economic success. Her soul remains free from the taint of greed to the very last, and the reader may well extend to her the benefit of that judicial clemency which forgave her sister of ancient Palestine—*quia multum amavit*.

IV

It is the author's uncommon craftsmanship rather than the common plot which makes the *Song of Songs* a work of imperishable art. The details of the story are so trite a page from every metropolitan *chronique scandaleuse*, that they are hardly worth the re-telling: a girl from nethermost Bohemia married at the age of eighteen an aristocratic libertine of fifty-four. By the sheer force of gravitation that draws youth to youth, she drops into the arms of one of her husband's young retainers, is divorced and cast upon the world again, drifts to the metropolis, and there lives the life of a rich man's mistress, with male knavery and female abandon seething all around her and intruding themselves constantly upon her existence. At last, at the age of twenty-five, she experiences the one great passion of her life, but her past steps inexorably between her and her lover. Spurned by the man upon whom she looked

as her redeemer, she makes straight for the Bridge of Sighs. But the same passive yielding to uncontrollable instincts that has ruined her life, preserves her now from physical death. Her death in life is brought about by a second marriage to a man unloved. With this shrill dissonance the book closes.

This story of the *mulier Samaritana* has been written and re-written innumerable times, ever since men began to reflect seriously on the rights and wrongs of her troubled existence. Our German poet in the *Song of Songs* stands revealed in the meditative and momentarily irresolute attitude of the Son of Man writing mystic characters with his staff into the burning sand of Asia. But while he ponders over the matter, a divine light, vouchsafed to prophets and poets only, breaks in upon him: like the Nazarene he suddenly perceives the total inadequacy of male justice dealing with woman's frailty. It is this intuitive insight into the nature of sex domination and sex enslavement which raises him and his book above the level of impure sensationalism. With loftiest irony he pillories in its pages those pitiful knaves who look upon a mistress as an object of social ostentation, an outward proof of prosperity like jewelry or flashy garments. All the gold-plated Lotharios of society are paraded in a sort of rogues' march before the reader, denuded of their airs and graces: a colonel of the Uhlans, who lives with Lilly in marital corruption, corruptly ending in her infidelity; a lieutenant of the same regiment, whose soul is like a shallow basin incapable of holding a flood of love and affection; a manufacturer who drapes himself in the purple of Lilly's beauty as in a showy and expensive garment; a dissolute artist who quietly waits at the Acherontic shore of Bohemia until she has descended to him; a journalist whose intellectual brilliancy is pressed into service as an instrument of seduction—all tools of fate in Lilly's undoing, and such abject tools that the heroine by comparison maintains herself in the reader's regard, all her sins and follies from first to last notwithstanding. Her love is squandered upon worthlessness, as the rains of heaven are wasted upon barren soil. Such mishaps are of eternal recurrence. It is this very continuity of her fate throughout the ages which engraves the records of it upon the reader's memory and assures the immortality of Sudermann's epic of womanhood more sinned against than sinning.

J. Fuchs.



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